Hello, Hello (Tell Me What You Want Right Now)
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Hello, Hello (Tell Me What You Want Right Now)

by daedayyarchive (jongdaedayy)

Summary

A/B/O fic. The Bangtan boys live out their lives in the middle of a stressful comeback, relationship drama, and miscommunications. Honestly, they just need to learn to talk about what they want better...

Completed!!!

[2/1/2019: edited to clean up the tags :)]

Notes

Hey, hi, welcome to my sins. I keep thinking about a/b/o and BTS and...this happened. Tags and relationships will be added as they come up, so stick around.

This is my first BTS fic, so if anyone seems OOC...I'm sorry. I'm trying my best!

Un-beta'd so all mistakes are my own.

This chapter features Yoongi rimming Jimin senseless and Jimin producing a fuckton of slick for it. Yoongi loves it.

See the end of the work for more notes

Yoonmin I

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi has Jimin on his knees, chest and face pressing into the bedding with a pillow under his hips to help keep him propped up. The man in question has his face buried between Jimin's cheeks, licking and delving into his whole like it was his damn job. Jimin produces a lot of slick naturally, but Yoongi's tongue continues to coax more and more out of him. Jimin feels like he's losing his mind, burning up from the inside out with arousal.

"Hyung, p-please…" Jimin whimpers, wanting more. But Yoongi is more than content where he is, and continues teasing the poor Omega into oblivion. He pulls back just slightly to lick with the flat of his tongue from Jimin's balls up to the small of his back, scooping up the pooling slick along the way. Jimin keens, grip tightening in the sheets by his head and hips kicking forward. Yongi grips his waist, hard, and jerks Jimin back toward his face, tongue spearing inside of him once again

Jimin moans at the feeling, fighting the urge to just hump the pillow and Yoongi's face. Yoongi had told him to stay still at the beginning of this, but it was so *hard* . It felt amazing, of course, but it seemed like it was building to nowhere, not enough stimulation to tip him over the edge.

Yoongi pulls away completely, groaning deep in his chest. Jimin whines at the loss, but the reverberations from Yoongi's moan travel all the way up his spine, making him shiver. "God, Jiminie," Yoongi says, voice deep and rougher than normal. "I could eat you out forever. I'd live off your slick if I could."

As nice of a thought as it is, Jimin just really want to cum right now. He raises up onto shaky elbows, looking over his shoulder. Yoongi's pupils are blown wide, from arousal and all the pheromones from Jimin's slick. The entire lower half of his face was shiny with it, some even smeared up his nose and onto his forehead. The sight makes arousal throb low in his belly, slick pulsing out of his hole and his little cock leaking into the pillow beneath him.

"Fuck, look at you." Yoongi spreads his ass cheeks with both hands,

watching as the slick slides down his perineum towards his balls. “Leaking all pretty for me. You’re so good for Alpha.”

“Alpha~” Jimin whines, dropping back down onto the bed. “P-please. I n-need you-” Jimin breaks off when Yoongi presses a thumb into his perineum, short-circuiting his brain. Its *so close* to where he wants it. He wants to feel Yoongi inside him, fingers curling and finding that sweet spot that his tongue just can’t reach.

“Need me to what, hm?” Yoongi rubs his thumb around slowly, slick coating it quickly.

“In me,” Jimin pants. “Please, Yoongi, I-I need you *in me* .”

Yoongi hums like he’s considering something. “What if I want you to come off my tongue, huh? I know you could do it.”

Jimin simpers. “B-but, Alpha,” *I can’t* , he wants to say. *I need more* . He’s cut off by Yoongi slapping his ass cheek with his freehand.

“Jimin,” Yoongi slips easily into his Alpha voice. “You either cum this way, or not at all. You decide.” And then he’s going back in with his tongue, lapping up the slick he’s missed. Then he plunges into Jimin’s hole, stroking his walls before coming back and pressing a sucking, open mouthed kiss to it.

Jimin whines, high and airy, burying his face into the crook of his elbow. He’s been on edge for so long now, but he just. He needs more, but Yoongi doesn’t seem keen on giving it to him.

So he thinks. He thinks about Yoongi’s fingers, curling inside of him. He thinks of Yoongi fucking him hard in their bed, in the shower, anywhere and everywhere. He thinks about Yoongi’s voice whispering filth into his ear as he thrusts into him.

He thinks of Yoongi’s knot, hot and pulsing in his little hands. He thinks of how it would feel in him, plugging him up, even though they haven’t gotten to that point quite yet. He thinks of sucking Yoongi’s cock, taking it deep in his throat, tongue laving the length, weight heavy in his mouth.

He thinks of everything that could ever turn him on. Yoongi gripping the back of his neck, bruising his hips, biting his thighs. Yoongi licking the scent glands up his neck, not daring to bite bite but coming daringly close. *Yoongi, Yoongi, Yoongi*.

It works. It's a steep climb, but fuck, it works. Yoongi seems to sense that he's closer to the edge, tongue moving faster and lips coming into play more. Jimin mewls, losing thought and starting to hump back into Yoongi's face, cock dragging along the pillow. Yoongi allows him to this time, hands moving to Jimin's thighs to give him more room.

"Yoongi," Jimin cries. "A-Alpha, please, I'm s-so close."

Yoongi comes away just enough to say. "Cum for me, Omega."

And Jimin does, cum spurting from his cock and into the poor, desecrated pillow and slick pulsing from his hole and onto Yoongi's tongue. Jimin practically screams through it all, overwhelmed. Heat flashes across his entire body, leaving him weak and satisfied. He barely has the sense of mine to feel Yoongi move, suddenly kneeling up between Jimin's legs. He presses Jimin's ass cheeks together with his hands, thrusting his hard cock between them with Jimin's slick easing the way. Whines punch out of Jimin with every thrust, oversensitive and tingly.

A few thrusts in and Yoongi is groaning, cumming across Jimin's back in high arcs.

Jimin collapses onto the bed, Yoongi falling close behind him. Jimin uses the last of his energy, to roll over, not really caring that he's spreading Yoongi's cum across the sheets. They need to change them, anyway. He throws an arm haphazardly over Yoongi's waist, wanting to be close but to weak to follow through. He hears Yoongi chuckle, and his Alpha threads his fingers through Jimin's hair, stroking the sweaty strands. "I told you you could do it." Yoongi says smugly. Jimin can hear the damn smirk hiding there.

"Fuck you," He breathes, no heat behind it. Yoongi laughs again, fingers tightening slightly. Jimin smiles as he drifts off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

What'd you think??? Comment and leave kudos below! It's greatly appreciated <3
I'm already working on the next chapter, but I don't want to set a schedule bc I probably won't be able to keep it with how crazy my work/school schedule is...I'll get it up as quick as I can!

Jeongguk I

Chapter Summary

> This chapter features confused Jeongguk and Best Beta™ Hoseok, plus a little bit of cute, platonic Taekook cuddles.
>
> Unbeta'd so all mistakes are my own.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jeongguk is sprawled across his bed, staring unseeingly at the ceiling. Hoseok is on his bed on the other side of the room, reading or browsing social media on his phone or something. They share a room with Taehyung, who is out today, letting the two sets of couples of the house have their own rooms.

Jeongguk rolls onto his side, curling up a little, eyes focusing on the corner of Hoseok's bed. In his peripheral he can see his hyung's long legs bent at the knee, propped on the bed, the lean line of his torso. That's about it.

"What if I'm a Beta?" He asks quietly, honestly not meaning to let his thoughts come aloud.

"Hm?" Hoseok asks, lowering his phone to look at the younger boy.

Jeongguk blinks and clears his throat. "I said, uh, what if I'm a Beta? Since I haven't, you know...presented yet." He avoids Hoseok's questioning gaze, keeping his eyes on the other bed.

"Aw, Ggukie," Hoseok coos and it makes Jeongguk feel small. "I still presented, and I'm a Beta. Your senses still change, you become more attuned to smells and body language. It gives you the tools you need to be a good Beta, to notice when you need to stop an escalating Alpha or calm an Omega, whatever. You'd know."

Jeongguk tries not to pout, but...He's heard of late bloomers, of course. But he's nineteen and hasn't presented yet, and most people do by their eighteenth birthday. He's sick of wondering and, honestly...he feels like an outcast. The others, they fill their roles so easily. Yoongi and Namjoon as Alphas; Jin, Jimin, and Taehyung as Omegas; and Hoseok as their Beta. Jeongguk feels like he's slipping through the

cracks.

“Gguk? You okay?” Hoseok sounds concerned, and Jeongguk then realizes that he’s spaced out.

He knows he should voice his worries, probably. It can’t be good to keep bottled up. But...he doesn’t want to worry his hyungs. He can handle it.

“I’m tired of waiting.” He says simply, rolling onto his stomach to bury his face into his pillow. Hoseok doesn’t say anything. Jeongguk assumes it’s the end of the conversation, but then the bed beside him dips, a warm hand coming up to rub between his shoulders. He relaxes unconsciously into the comforting touch.

“Are you worried about what you’re going to be?” Hoseok asks quietly, moving his hand in soothing circles.

Jeongguk shrugs as best he can laying flat. “I used to be, maybe. But now I just want it to happen. I don’t care what I am anymore, I just want to be *something* .”

Hoseok is a good Beta, Jeongguk realizes. An amazing Beta. He can get anyone to open up without really trying. “You already *are* something.” Hoseok stresses. “Our golden maknae, fan favorite Jeon Jungkook. Your status doesn’t make you who you are; it’s just another facet of you. It won’t define you, and no one would think any less of you for whatever you present as.” His hand moves up, gripping Jeongguk’s shoulder. Jeongguk turns his head to face him, looking up at him through the fringe of his bangs. Hoseok is smiling softly, genuine and kind. “It’ll happen eventually. Don’t stress about it, we’ll handle whatever happens, Kookie.”

Jeongguk smiles and is about to thank Hobi for his kind words when Taehyung bursts through the door, making the both of them jump. “What’s going on in here? It’s so quiet! Are we having a cuddle pile?!” And suddenly Jeongguk’s got a back full of squirmy, giggly, *heavy* Kim Taehyung. Hoseok laughs at them, bright and true, while Jeongguk scowls and tries to throw Taehyung off of him, but the elder yelps and tightens his arms around his waist. He holds on for dear life, shoving his face into Jeongguk’s neck. Jeongguk gives in, settling back into the bed with Taehyung still on him. Taehyung chirps, a uniquely Omega noise, and rubs his nose behind Jeongguk’s ear as if he has an active gland to scent with. It warms his heart, making him feel included even though Tae’s not getting anything out of it like he would if he scented

Jimin or even Hoseok.

“Let me roll over, you dope.” Jeongguk grunts, shifting under Taehyung to try and get on his back. Taehyung lifts up literally *just enough* for Jeongguk to get on his back before plopping back down, nuzzling into his neck with another of those chirps. Jeongguk throws his arms around Tae’s shoulders, looking over to see Hoseok back on his own bed, giving them a fond smile that looks a lot like it says *see? I told you.* Jeongguk smiles back, letting Taehyung continue to “scent” him.

He knows that whenever he does present he’ll have his brothers by his side. He’ll welcome the new part of him but won’t let it define him, like Hoseok told him.

But, damn, he just wants to know what it *is.*

Chapter End Notes

Hey, hey, I'm back again. I managed to write ahead several chapters last night so I wanted to get another one up for you all. I'm planning to update twice a week for awhile now at least, so look forward to that!

Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated. Let me know what you think! <3

Yoonmin II

Chapter Summary

> This chapter features Yoonmin being cute, then Yoonmin being horny, and Namjoon just being done with it all. I was thinking about this video while writing this chapter. You're welcome ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There's a knock on Yoongi's studio door and he growls under his breath. "What?" he snaps and the other person takes that as an incentive to open the door. Yoongi's about to whip around and give the person a piece of his mind when he catches Jimin's sweet berry scent and the smell of hot ramen. He swivels his chair around, mouth watering for food and for his precious Omega.

Jimin smiles sheepishly at him, holding up the cups of ramen like a peace offering. "Jin-hyung told me you'd been here for awhile. I figured you'd probably forgotten to eat again."

Yoongi reaches for the ramen, which Jimin hands over happily. He moves to sit on the couch in the corner, but Yoongi makes a noise of protest. He turns back and Yoongi has his arms open, chopsticks in one hand and ramen in the other, offering his lap to the Omega. He giggles, "I can't sit on your lap while you're eating!"

"Who says?" Yoongi counters, gripping Jimin around the waist and pulling him down anyway. Jimin squeals, trying to not let his own ramen fall. When he settles, sideways in Yoongi's lap with his legs tossed over the arm of the chair, he's met with the Alpha's gummy smile. He smiles back before promptly shoving his mouth full of noodles. Yoongi follows suit.

They eat, and Yoongi talks about the song he's working on, how it's driving him a little crazy, how it doesn't sound quite right yet. In turn, Jimin tells him about his day, about dance practice and about goofing around with the maknae line. When they finish the cups of ramen, Yoongi sets their trash on his desk and hugs Jimin around his waist, burying his face into his neck to inhale Jimin's scent, sweet berries with a slight tart edge. He's obsessed with it, wants it in his nose, filling his head, at all times.

Jimin coos, wrapping his arms around Yoongi's neck to hold him close. He buries his face into Yoongi's soft hair, inhaling sandalwood with and undercurrent of baked pastries. It's an odd combination, but fits Yoongi so well. Jin once joked that when they're together they smell like pie. He'd be offended, if he didn't like the way they smell together as much as he does.

"This is what I needed." Yoongi says, breath fanning across Jimin's skin and making him shiver.

"Hm?" he asks, wanting Yoongi to elaborate.

Yoongi noses up a little higher, trailing his lips right over the biggest scent gland under Jimin's jaw. Jimin shudders, skin sensitive, as Yoongi licks at it like he can lap up his scent with his tongue. "My beautiful Omega, here to inspire me with his intoxicating smell and dazzling looks." Jimin blushes, pink dusting across his cheeks.

"Alpha," he whines, embarrassed.

Yoongi growls playfully. "None of that. You know how gorgeous you are." He tips Jimin's head to the other side to give it the same treatment. Jimin moans under his ministrations, nerves lighting up all over his body. Scenting isn't inherently sexual, but it's hard for it not to be when it's *Yoongi* doing it. Jimin brings up one hand to cup Yoongi's jaw, simultaneously hold him closer and rubbing the gland there with his thumb, releasing more of Yoongi's scent into the air. Yoongi moans, panting into his neck.

Just as Jimin is about to start grinding his hips down, there's a loud banging on the door, making Jimin jump and Yoongi growl into his neck. "Aish, knock it off you two! You're stinking up the whole building!" It's Namjoon, and he sounds annoyed.

Yoongi growls loud enough to hear through the door, and it's completely possessive and protective. Jimin feels it in his bones and he whines, curling closer in Yoongi's lap.

"Yah, none of that, Yoongi-ah. I'll come in there and pull him off you myself."

And then Jimin does something that surprises everyone, if the silence that follows is anything to go by. He growls deep in his chest, alarmingly rough and loud for an Omega. Yoongi pulls away, concerned, to see Jimin baring his teeth, hands clenching in Yoongi's jacket like Yoongi would ever push him away. "Mine," he says, eyes

flashing. Yoongi is genuinely worried Jimin might bite Namjoon if he tries to enter the room.

“Christ,” Namjoon sighs after a beat of quiet. “Fine, fuck it. Just air the place out when you’re done, yeah?” And he leaves.

Yoongi is about to break the silence when Jimin suddenly moves, shifting to straddle Yoongi’s lap and shove his face into the elder’s neck. Yoongi makes a noise of surprise and then Jimin’s attacking the scent gland he had been thumbing at before, sucking on it hard and making hormones rush through Yoongi’s entire goddamn body. “ *Fuck* ,” he groans but Jimin doesn’t let up. Good thing they aren’t doing any shoots soon, the makeup-noonas would have fit over the hickey Jimin is no doubt leaving. He’ll be wearing scarves for a week. Or more.

Jimin starts grinding their hips together, cocks trapped between too many layers. But, in this moment, they’re too impatient and in too public of a place to do anything about it. Yoongi grips at Jimin’s hips to steady him, as well as himself if he’s honest. His head is spinning from the pheromones Jimin is putting off as well as the hormones zipping through his own veins. Jimin finally pulls off, growling again. It’s so foreign, but so *hot* , Yoongi fucking loves it. “My Alpha. *Mine* .” He stresses, looking Yoongi in the eye with blown out pupils and a flush sitting high on his cheeks.

“Yours,” Yoongi affirms, cupping Jimin’s cheek with one hand. He pulls him down for a kiss that starts out surprisingly sweet before quickly turning heated. Their teeth clash as Jimin tries to actually climb inside of him, hips dragging sinfully together. Yoongi slides his hand under Jimin’s oversized sweatshirt, trailing up his stomach and chest before pinching his nipple, just shy of too hard.

Jimin mewls and it’s almost a scream, and he’s cumming between them, spurting hot into his boxers and panting into Yoongi’s mouth. The sweet moans he makes, the heat he’s putting off, is enough to send Yoongi tumbling over the edge, cumming hard into his own pants, incredibly intense for what little they did. Jimin collapses against him, panting hard into his neck. Yoongi wraps his arms loosely around Jimin’s back, resting his temple against the top of Jimin’s head as they catch their breath.

After an amiable silence, Yoongi tightens his arms and Jimin perks up a little, waking up from his doze. “Can I put that growl in a song?” He asks seriously.

“Hyung!” Jimin protests, squirming in his lap.

“It’s actually the hottest thing I’ve ever heard and I want to listen to it always.” Jimin laughs and it’s enough to make Yoongi smile, rocking his Omega side to side to make him squeal. “C’mon,” He says, patting at Jimin’s thigh. “Let’s go get cleaned up and I’ll take you out for real food.”

Jimin pulls back, pouting. “You didn’t like my ramen?”

Yoongi coos, pinching at Jimin’s plush cheek. “Of course I did, baby, but after your little stunt there I’m hungry again.”

“ *My* stunt? You started it by molesting my neck!”

Yoongi scoffs. “Let’s agree to just blame Namjoon, yeah?”

Jimin hums in acceptance, climbing off of Yoongi’s lap with still shaky legs. They make their way to the little bathroom down the hall where Yoongi locks the door and lifts Jimin up onto the sink. He opens Jimin’s pants and cleans him carefully with some wet paper towels. Jimin whines about the cold, but Yoongi just shushes him. After he buttons Jimin back up and kisses his nose, he tends to his own mess.

As he’s finishing up they hear voices outside the door, and it’s Namjoon and Jin. Jin must have come to haul Namjoon out of the studio. “What’s that smell?” he asks, voice muffled through the bathroom door. “Did someone bring pie in? Can I have some?” They hear Namjoon gag a little and Jin says “What? I want pie!” And Jimin is laughing so hard he almost falls off the sink.

Chapter End Notes

> You can choose which cheek Yoongi pinched at the end there, hehe. ;) Let me know what you thought, kudos and comments are always appreciated < 3
>
> I have through chapter 11 written at this point, and chapter 12 is outlined and ready to be started. I'm going to post updates on Sundays and Wednesdays now, since that's when I usually have off from work. If I have to miss a day for whatever reason, I'll do my absolute best to have it posted the next day.

Namjin I

Chapter Summary

Some domestic Namjin fluff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jin smells like flowers and the scent is just as beautiful as the man that exudes it

Namjoon, on the other hand, smells like smoke. Like a roaring campfire, warm and heady. He always hated his own scent, they way it made it seem like he was always lighting up a cigarette or just coming out of a burning house. He hated the way it flared up when he got angry, or when he was spitting raps on stage, like someone was stoking the coals and making the fire flare brighter. He had more than a couple Omegas in the past turn their noses at him, wrinkling them at the intensity of it.

In passing, before they were officially together, he had asked Jin if he liked his smell. It was something he was self-conscious about, and getting the opinion of their oldest hyung seemed important. Jin had hummed, thinking seriously, before saying. “Of course. It’s you, Namjoon. Warm and comforting in a time of need but hot and dangerous when it’s necessary.” Namjoon had been speechless, to say the least. He stuttered a thank you and left the room as fast as he could without falling on his face.

It’s kind of hard to hate his scent in moments like these, though, with Jin curled sweetly in his lap with his nose buried in his jugular and chin resting on his sternum, inhaling like Namjoon was offering him lifeblood. Namjoon catches whiffs in waves of Jin’s scent, like fresh blooming gardenias and jasmine bundled together, with something like honey drizzled over them. It makes him dizzy in the best way. Jin heaves a content sigh, nuzzling closer and plush lips parting over the exposed skin of Namjoon’s collarbone. Namjoon tightens his hold around Jin’s chest and thinks that a nap sounds amazing.

His thoughts are dashed, however, when Hoseok calls for Jin from down the hallway. They had left their bedroom door ajar to keep an ear out in case the others started causing too much ruckus. They aren’t

like Yoongi and Jimin, they wouldn't try for anything too *intimate* with everyone else home. Jin whines a little, making Namjoon's heart twist, before he clambers up. He presses a soft kiss to Namjoon's lips before saying, "I'll be right back, Namjoonie." and leaving the room. Namjoon hears him call out an annoyed "What? What do you want?" and it makes him smile.

Suddenly, Yoongi is in the doorway, hip propped against the frame and arms crossed over his chest. He's got that classic shit-eating smirk on his face. "And you say Jimin and I stink up the place." He wrinkles his nose dramatically but can't keep it up, breaking into a gummy smile. Namjoon knows he's joking.

Namjoon smiles back. "Gotta drown you guys out, yeah?" Yoongi rolls his eyes and turns to leave when Namjoon calls him back. Yoongi's got a questioning look on his face and Namjoon bites his lip, battling the anxiety in his chest before asking, "What do we smell like? Jin and I?"

Yoongi tilts his head, considering. "Like a forest fire that's spread over a spring field in bloom. Beautiful and dramatic. I think that's fitting, for you two. It's nice."

Namjoon fights a grin but let's it consume his face anyway, happiness blooming in his chest. "Thanks, hyung." he says honestly.

"Yah, don't mention it." As he leaves, Jin re enters the room, climbing back on the bed and collapsing into Namjoon's chest. He groans dramatically, burying his face into Namjoon's hoodie.

"What happened?" Namjoon asks, carding his fingers through Jin's soft hair.

Jin turns his face to the side so his voice isn't muffled. "Jeongguk got his phone stuck behind the fridge."

"Why was he…? You know what, never mind."

"It's better that way, trust me." And then Jin shifts himself, tucking his nose back into Namjoon's throat, taking a deep breath and releasing it slow, almost like meditation. Namjoon buries his own nose into Jin's hair, breathing in jasmine and the slight scent of his own smoke. He decides Yoongi was right.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3

I know a lot of these chapters are pretty short, but they're getting longer as I write more of them so this shouldn't be an issue for long! See you all next Sunday ;)

Taehyung I

Chapter Summary

Cute vmin fluff <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Taehyung is half asleep when the door to his shared bedroom opens, light spilling in from the hallway. He assumes it's Jeongguk and Hoseok finally coming to bed and doesn't think much of it, curling closer in his blankets. But then someone is nudging at his shoulder, trying to pull his blankets off and he catches a whiff of berries. He keens, trying to roll away. "Jimin," he groans. "Leave me alone."

"Taehyungie," Jimin whines. "Yoongi-hyung is still in the studio and my bed is cold. Let me sleep with you. Please?"

Taehyung huffs and gives in, opening the edge of his blanket cocoon to let the other Omega in. Jimin chirps, climbing under the covers. They move together on instinct, having platonically cuddled enough to do it on muscle memory alone. Taehyung ends up on his back with Jimin across his chest, nose in his neck and an arm and a leg thrown across his body.

Hoseok jokingly calls Jimin a scent whore. He'd pretty much always rather have his nose in someone's neck, scenting them, even if it wasn't his Alpha (although that's what he'd prefer, of course). Jimin hadn't denied him. After all, he wasn't really wrong. Taehyung loves scenting with his best friend, anyway. His sweet berry smell was calming, and Jimin has said the same of his own vanilla and caramel scent.

"Much better," Jimin sighs, nose tucking closer. Taehyung just hums, already mostly asleep again.

They must have been asleep for awhile by the time Taehyung wakes again, because he can hear the soft sounds of Hoseok and Jeongguk sleeping in their respective beds. He isn't sure what woke him until he hears Yoongi's voice whispering, "C'mon, Jiminie, come to bed." There's a little light coming in from the crack in the door, lighting the room enough for him to see Yoongi crouched beside his bed, stroking at Jimin's cheek.

“Alpha,” Jimin whines, hand tightening unconsciously in Taehyung’s shirt. “M’comfy. I can’t leave Taetae, he’ll be all alone.” Taehyung’s heart flutters in his chest. Jimin is such a sweet Omega.

Yoongi sighs. “So, you want me to sleep alone?” Jimin makes a noise of alarm. “He sleeps alone all the time, he’ll be okay.”

Taehyung can tell Jimin is about to protest again, so he prods at the other Omega’s shoulder. “Go with your Alpha, Jiminie, I’ll be fine.” His voice is sleep deep and rough, and he can feel Jimin shiver against him.

“Tae,” Jimin tries to protest but Taehyung hushes him.

“Go with hyung. He needs you more than I do.” He can see Jimin’s pout in the low light, the little light there is glinting off his plush lower lip like he just licked it. Taehyung ignores the tingle in his chest.

“Okay,” Jimin says and he’s climbing out from the covers, taking Yoongi’s hand and letting the Alpha lead him out. “Sleep tight, Taetae.” He hears Jimin whisper. They close the door behind them and it’s dark again.

Taehyung sighs, cocooning himself up again and curling on his side. He can’t help but think his bed feels a little too cold now, phantom heat from Jimin’s body tingling on his skin.

The next morning, too early for him to need to be awake, Taehyung wakes up to the bed dipping beside him. He opens his eyes to see Yoongi placing a sleeping Jimin in his bed carefully. Taehyung grunts in confusion and Yoongi finally looks at him. “I’ve gotta go to the studio.” Yoongi says softly. He strokes Jimin’s hair and the Omega leans into it subconsciously. “He sleeps better with someone else, keep an eye on him for me?”

Taehyung grunts in a way that is supposed to mean *of course* . Yoongi bends down and kisses Jimin’s forehead, leaning over to ruffle Taehyung’s hair as well. Then he leaves the room as quiet as he came in. Taehyung lifts his blankets up to cover Jimin with them too. Jimin moves towards the heat on instinct, resuming the position he had been in when they fell asleep the first time.

Jimin’s nose moves lightly over the skin of his neck and Taehyung fights a shudder. “Taetae,” Jimin sighs and falls promptly back asleep. Taehyung wraps his arms around Jimin, tangling their legs together,

and falls asleep as well, dreading having to get up for schedules in a few hours.

But with Jimin with him and his bed warmed up again, he can’t find anything to complain about just yet.

Chapter End Notes

> It's 3 in the morning here so its technically Sunday, right? <3 Comments and kudos are always appreciated!!!
>
> Also I have a tumblr if you wanna follow me there! You can yell at me about this story or just about our 7 fave boys <3<3<3

Jeongguk II

Chapter Summary

> An awful interview leaves Jeongguk upset. Hoseok takes care of him, with some help from Tae and Jimin.

Chapter Notes

> Guys, on the last chapter we hit over 100 kudos and 2000+ hits <3<3 Thank you all so much for the support and for joining me on this wild ride. There's plenty more to come!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk hates interviews. Well, he hates this interview in particular. The MC questioning them is focusing too much on their class and dynamics, something they usually avoid talking about. They're all against class stereotypes, and the way the interviewer is trying to get Namjoon to admit that he's the leader because he's an Alpha makes Jeongguk's skin crawl.

And then the MC asks, "So, what do you think Jungkook will present as, huh? Is he exhibiting any traits?" and Jeongguk wants to crawl under the table.

Yoongi dismisses the question with a vague answer of they'll accept him no matter what, which is true, but then the MC turns to Jeongguk and focuses in. "What do you see yourself as? I see you as an Omega, but that might just be because you're young, you know?"

Heat flares in Jeongguk's face and he knows he must be beet red. He's very glad this is a radio interview. He hates talking about this stuff in general, but even more so when it's directed especially at him. He already knows he hasn't presented, he doesn't need it thrown back in his face. He just mumbles "I'm not sure. I feel the same as I always have, so."

The MC hums and Jeongguk knows he isn't happy with the answer, but he can't find it in himself to care. He just wants this to be over.

After an eternity and a half, the MC ends the interview and thanks them all for their time. They shuffle out of little studio room and make their way back to the van, led by the managers, to continue the schedule for the day. Hoseok sidles up next to them as they go down

the hall, a gentle hand on Jeongguk's arm. "You okay? It got rough in there."

Jeongguk snorts. "I'm fine, hyung. I can handle myself."

"You can," Hoseok agrees. "But you don't have to, not always."

The comment startles him a little, but Hoseok is gone before he can say anything about it. All the turbulent thoughts from the interview come back to him and he finds tears stinging his eyes, to his absolute horror. They make it to the van and he's sat in between Jimin and Taehyung, who are joking with each other. He'd normally join in, but his mind isn't in the right place. They notice, of course, and Jimin looks at him with a concerned pinch to his eyebrows. "Jeonggukie, are you okay?"

Hoseok's words come back to him and so he shakes his head, biting his lips to fight back the tears that had been threatening to spill the whole time. Taehyung makes a noise of alarm and Jimin coos soothingly, both of them hugging onto his sides. "No, Kookie, don't listen to that stupid guy." Jimin says and Taehyung follows with "We'll love you always, you're perfectly normal and amazing, don't you ever forget that."

The words make his tears finally tip over, combined with the fact that his two best friends are cuddling him so close. The older hyungs take notice and Jeongguk vaguely hears Namjoon say something to the managers up front. He hears the manager respond with, "We'll lodge a complaint on that MC, he was told to not talk about anything like that in the first place."

Jimin and Taehyung cuddle him the whole car ride, scenting at his neck and making soft, soothing noises. They let him cry, tears rolling silently down his cheeks, and he couldn't be more grateful to them. When the car stops to let them out, Taehyung uses his own shirt sleeve to wipe at Jeongguk's cheeks. Jeongguk grumbles and bats him away, earning him a smile from the older boy. He smiles back, albeit weakly.

They're allowed a break when they get into the studio to let Jeongguk compose himself. He's in the bathroom, wiping his puffy eyes with wet paper towels, when Hoseok finds him again. The Beta wraps his arms around Jeongguk's middle, hooking his chin over his shoulder. He can feel the older's gaze on him in the mirror and he drops his own into the sink instead.

“I’m proud of you.” Hoseok says, tightening his arms and squeezing Jeongguk close.

Jeongguk scoffs. “Why? Because I’m crying like a little kid that got dissed by the school bully?”

“Aish, no.” Hoseok says. “Because you’re letting the others help you. I know this has been hard on you, we all see it.” Jeongguk furrows his brow and Hoseok immediately hums soothingly. “No, don’t do that. It’s not a *bad* thing, Ggukie. We just want what’s best for you. We all care about you.”

Jeongguk kind of wants to cry again, but not for the same reasons. “I know that. I know you all do. This just… it sucks. I hate my body. It needs to make up its damn mind.”

“It will.” Hoseok assures, like it’s that simple.

They stay quiet for a moment, comfortable, and then Jeongguk asks, “Will you tell me about when you presented?”

“Oh,” Hoseok says, surprised.

“You don’t have to!” Jeongguk backtracks. “I’m just- I was just curious, you don’t have to-”

“No, it’s okay.” Hoseok soothes. “I just wasn’t expecting it. I mean, there wasn’t too much fanfare, since I’m a Beta. I was sixteen when it happened. I had the worst headache for a couple days, from my head all the way down my neck. My wrists ached all the time. I know now it was my scent glands coming in, but at the time I thought I was just getting sick. Then I woke up one morning and could suddenly *smell* everything, the scents that I had been told everyone had but couldn’t smell yet. I knew I was a Beta because I wasn’t producing obscene amounts of slick and I didn’t pop a knot, so.” Jeongguk mumbles an “ew” and Hoseok laughs. “Over the weeks after that I learned how to not let the scents overwhelm me, and eventually how to interpret body language and changes in smell so I could do my job as a Beta.”

“Holding everyone together.” Jeongguk says softly.

“Hm?”

“You, uh. You hold everyone together.” He says louder. “That’s what you do for us, I mean. You’re, like, the glue of the group.” Jeongguk is worried that he sounds stupid, but he catches Hoseok’s smile in the

mirror.

“Thank you, Kookie. That means a lot, actually.” After a moment, he finally releases Jeongguk. “You ready to go back out there?”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk says. He is, now. Talking to Hoseok always makes him feel better. So he throws his balled up towels away and lets the Beta lead him to where the others are waiting

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are always appreciated, I would love to know what you think! <3 See you all next Sunday~

Taehyung II

Chapter Summary

> Taehyung gets so used to Jimin falling asleep with him that when Yoongi-hyung actually comes home at a decent time, and he and Jimin go to bed together, Taehyung is left to struggle alone.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After that initial night, Jimin makes a habit of coming to Taehyung's bed when Yoongi spends late nights in the studio. Then, when Yoongi returns home he takes Jimin to their own bed and brings him back to Taehyung in the morning, if time allows. Taehyung's been waking up more often than not with Jimin in his arms and he definitely cannot say he doesn't like it.

It's created a problem, however. Like how tonight Yoongi had come home at a decent hour and he and Jimin had disappeared into their room almost immediately. So Taehyung went to bed alone. He should be used to it, right? He's done it for years.

But he's *not* used to it anymore. He *is* used to falling asleep with Jimin's heat across his body, his face in his neck, the smell of berries and a slight hint of baked pastries in his nose. Tonight, his bed is too cold and smells too much like just him and he can't fall asleep. He tosses and turns and tries to mellow his breathing, but he can't sleep. He has a fleeting thought of going to Yoongi and Jimin's room, but that's a disaster waiting to happen. Yoongi is fiercely protective when he first wakes up and Taehyung really doesn't want sharp Alpha teeth trapped in his arm. Namjoon had caught that treatment once, when he'd tried to wake them up for schedules, and it almost ended in a fist fight. Now, if the couple needs woken up the others just yell at them from the doorway and throw stuff at the bed.

So, that's a no go. He thinks of Jeongguk, laying a few feet away in his own bed. He may not have a scent yet, no, but he's warm and strong and always smells nice and clean. Jeongguk is usually open for cuddles. Taehyung has never done something like this, in the middle of the night, but he doubts the other will turn him away, especially if he pouts and whines that he can't sleep.

That decided, he climbs out of bed, shivering at the chill in the air, and tiptoes to Jeongguk's, careful not to wake Hoseok on his way. He kneels by Gguk's bed propping his head on one hand, and watches the younger's sleeping form. He looks peaceful and Taehyung hates to wake him, but he wants to sleep too. "Kookie?" he says softly, tracing the other's exposed arm with light fingers. Jeongguk twitches and grumbles and Taehyung giggles a little. *Cute.* "Jeongguk?" he tries again, shaking the other's shoulder. "Jeonggukie, can I sleep with you tonight?"

Jeongguk moans, eyes blinking open slowly. It takes him a moment to focus on Taehyung in the dark of the room, and he frowns lightly. "Tae?"

"Hi." Tae responds. "Can I sleep with you? I can't fall asleep for the life of me."

Jeongguk just grunts, closing his eyes again and scooting over to make room. Taehyung grins, his mission a success. He climbs onto the bed, joining Jeongguk under the covers. As tactile as he is, he immediately latches onto Jeongguk's side, head pillowed on his chest with Jeongguk's arm around his neck and shoulder. The warmth is already so much better, and even though Jeongguk doesn't smell like berries or anything, really, Taehyung is happy with his shower fresh scent. He hums happily, Jeongguk grumbling back at him, and finally, *finally* falls asleep.

The next morning, he wakes to their door opening. He's still cuddled up to Jeongguk, the other sleeping soundly. He hears feet pad slowly to the bed and someone's leaning over him, placing Jimin on the other side of Jeongguk, between the maknae and the wall. It's Yoongi, it's got to be. Taehyung feigns sleep, keeping one eye open to watch Yoongi trail a hand down Jimin's soft, sleeping face. Jimin whines, seeking the heat. When Yoongi pulls away, Jimin hugs at Jeongguk instead, arm joining Taehyung's across Jeongguk's middle.

Taehyung closes his eyes again, ready to go back to sleep, when there are lips pressed lightly to his temple. It's Yoongi, Taehyung knows, that sandalwood and pastry scent so close to him now. He tries not to react, to keep faking sleep, but his breath catches in his chest anyway. Yoongi strokes his cheek lightly and then leaves the room, closing the door quietly behind him. The skin of his cheeks seems to tingle in response.

Taehyung lets out a whoosh of breath he hadn't known he'd been

holding and his eyes fly open. The other two or still asleep and he envies them, a little. And then Jimin is moving, his hand inching up until he can grab a hold of Taehyung's own, their fingers tangling together on Jeongguk's chest. A storm of butterflies flare in Taehyung's tummy, and he squeezes Jimin's hand. Jimin returns the gesture, chirping happily in his sleep.

A million thoughts fly around Taehyung's head the most prominent being *What?* followed by *I'm so fucked* .

When they wake up for schedules a few hours later, Jeongguk is very confused as to why there is a third person in his bed now. He breaks the grip the Omegas have on him and climbs over Taehyung to start getting ready, grumbling a little as he goes. Taehyung blinks sleepily at Jimin and the other smiles at him, eyes puffy with sleep. Taehyung hums and starts to get up, but Jimin grabs at his arm before he can.

"Taetae, cuddle with me a little? I missed you."

Taehyung's heart flutters as he looks into Jimin's hopeful eyes. They still have a little bit of time before they really need to start getting ready, but Taehyung would have said yes regardless. He scoots toward the middle of the bed, Jimin moving toward him as well. Jimin immediately curls into his chest, nosing at his collarbones and letting out a content sigh. Taehyung presses his own nose into Jimin's downy hair, sweet berries pitched softer with sleep. He hums happily and curls his arms around Jimin, holding him close. This is what he missed the most, the companionship and comfort his best friend provides. It makes his stomach twist to think that Jimin, maybe, feels the same.

Chapter End Notes

> Guys, this past week has been hell on earth between work and school. But, reading all your comments and seeing all the kudos on the last chapter really helped me get through it. Thank you guys <3
>
> That being said, comments and kudos are greatly appreciated!!!! <3<3

Namjin II/Taehyung III

Chapter Summary

Taehyung goes to Jin and Namjoon for some comfort and advice.

Chapter Notes

Hey, everybody! I'm posting this chapter a day early because my schedule tomorrow is literally insane. I didn't want you guys having to wait all day for me to post, because it was looking like I wasn't going to be able to until like after 9pm CST. So, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jin and Namjoon are cuddling in their bed, a rare quiet moment in their schedules. Jin is propped against Namjoon's chest, between his spread legs, a battered paperback in his hands. Namjoon has his phone in one hand, looking over his notes for the raps he's composing and tapping in a few new ideas.

It's nice, and feels cozy and domestic. Namjoon wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. The only sounds in the room are Jin occasionally turning the pages and the sounds of Namjoon's keyboard whenever he types something. Namjoon looks away from his phone to look at the beautiful Omega in front of him. Jin's got his glasses on since they're home with nowhere to go. They're slipping down his nose a little, but the other is too engrossed in his book to notice.

With a fond smile, Namjoon reaches up with his free hand to push the glasses back into place. Jin blinks rapidly in surprise, attention torn from his book. He turns to Namjoon and scrunches up his face cutely. Namjoon chuckles, pressing a kiss to Jin's nose and then they go back to the way they were.

They stay like that for awhile, until there's a quiet knock at the door. They both glance up, surprised. The others had all seemed engrossed in their activities, Yoongi and Jimin holed up in their room and Hoseok, Jungkook, and Taehyung playing games in the living room. "Come in," Jin calls softly and the door opens to reveal Taehyung.

He looks...lost, and a little sad. He's wearing an oversized sweatshirt that Namjoon recognizes as Hoseok's, and baggy sweats that look suspiciously like Jeongguk's. He shuffles into the room, head down. They're both so used to seeing the Omega brash and over-confident,

joking around with the others with a never ending stream of energy. Seeing him like this is concerning, to say the least.

“What’s wrong, Taehyungie?” Jin asks, setting his book aside. Tae closes the door behind him and pouts, climbing onto the bed with them. He goes immediately into Jin’s arms, face in his neck and scenting lightly. Tae loves to scent, but he usually does so with Jimin and sometimes Hoseok. Taehyung is obviously upset, however, and Jin would never deny him. Jin wraps his arms around Tae’s shoulders, holding him close. Tae relaxes immediately, chirping low in his throat.

Namjoon’s protective Alpha instincts are going haywire. He brings one hand up to wrap around Jin’s shoulder, cupping the back of Taehyung’s head at the base of his skull. The Alpha’s touch makes Taehyung melt.

“Tell your hyungs what’s wrong, Taehyung-ah.” Jin says, stroking the other Omega’s back with light hands.

Taehyung heaves a deep sigh, burrowing a little closer. “I just...I don’t know. Hyungs, how do you know when you like someone?”

The question takes them by surprise. Taehyung had never shown much interest in anyone before now. Jin turns to look at Namjoon, who just shrugs a little. “Well,” Jin says carefully. “You want to spend time with them. All of your time, if you really like them. You don’t even care what you do, you just want to be near them.”

Namjoon hums in approval. “The sight of them makes your day even better.” He adds. “Their smile could turn your worst day into one of the best.”

“You just know, Taehyungie.” Jin says, kissing the top of the Omega’s head. “In your heart, you’ll really know.”

They had hoped it would help the confused Omega, but instead he just makes a noise of distress and Jin feels tears wetting his collarbone. Taehyung’s caramel and vanilla scent is kicking up in the air, tinged darker and almost burnt with his sadness. Jin clutches him closer, heart breaking a little at his torment.

“Oh, Taetae, it’s okay.” he coos. “It’ll all be okay, anyone in the world would be happy to have you. You’re amazing, Taehyung, don’t cry.”

But Taehyung does keep crying. He cries and cries until his throat is sore and his eyes hurt, head pounding. Jin and Namjoon never let him

go, offering him all the comfort they can give. He finally quiets a long while later, sniffling into Jin's chest. Namjoon shifts, extracting himself from behind Jin. Jin looks at him in confusion and Namjoon says, "I'm going to go get a washcloth and a glass of water. Maybe some chocolate from the stash."

Jin nods in approval and Namjoon leaves. Jin moves Taehyung so he's sitting higher in his lap, face more near his jaw than his chest. Taehyung whimpers but resettles easily. Jin hums a senseless lullaby, hoping to soothe Taehyung more. It seems to work, the other Omega practically purring into his neck. Namjoon comes back quickly, sitting on the edge of the bed next to Taehyung. Jin pushes at Tae gently, getting him to sit up. "Joonie's got some water for you, Taehyung-ah, and a snack, why don't you take it from him?"

Tae turns to face Namjoon and Namjoon's heart shatters. The Omega's face is red, splotchy from his tears, eyes puffy and swollen. He looks miserable. He wants to destroy whoever made the Omega feel this way. He offers Taehyung the water and he takes it, opening the bottle that's still ice-cold from the fridge. He lifts it to his mouth with shaking hands and Jin cups them with one of his own so Tae doesn't choke himself. He drinks half of it in one go before Jin makes him stop. He pouts, but Namjoon offers him an opened chocolate bar instead and he perks up some. He nibbles at the corner before taking a bite. As he chews, he offers it to Jin. Jin smiles, taking a little bite. Sweetness blooms over his tongue, but he wants Taehyung to have most of it. The poor boy needs it. Pleased, Taehyung turns to Namjoon, offering it to him as well. Namjoon smiles softly, taking a little bite as well. Happy with himself, Taehyung takes another bite of his own, shoving half of it into his mouth.

They let him finish in silence and Jin lets him have the water back. Taehyung hums happily as he drains the rest of the water. "Come here," Namjoon says softly and Tae leaves Jin's lap to climb into Namjoon's. Namjoon takes the washcloth he had brought with him and wipes off the Omega's face, freeing it from dried tears and the little bits of chocolate smeared around his mouth. Finished, Namjoon tosses the washcloth to the floor to be picked up later. He cups Taehyung's face with both of his hands. Taehyung chirps, leaning into the Alpha's touch. "Taehyung-ah," Namjoon says and Tae blinks, eyes focusing onto Namjoon's. "You deserve someone that'll take care of you. Someone that makes you the happiest person on the planet. If they're making you feel this badly, you need to talk to them. You shouldn't have to feel this way."

Taehyung's face crumples and he whimpers, high in his throat, before biting his lip. "I can't," he says quietly. "I-I can't, they won't- they wouldn't- I just *can't* ."

Namjoon wants to ask *why,* wants to demand who it is so he can knock some sense into them. But Taehyung clearly doesn't want to talk about it anymore, so Namjoon sighs. He strokes Tae's cheek with his thumb. "Just think about it, okay?"

Taehyung nods sulkily. He looks between Namjoon and Jin, biting his lip again. "Can I sleep in here tonight? You guys are so comforting and you smell so nice."

Namjoon turns to see Jin smiling, eyes soft. "Of course, Taehyung-ah." He says and Namjoon nods in affirmation.

Taehyung chirps and climbs off of Namjoon's lap, feet settling on the floor. "I'm going to go get some stuff." As he's leaving Jin calls, "Yah, brush your teeth and wash your face!"

"Yes, eomma!" Taehyung calls back and they both smile.

And so they end up Taehyung between them that night, Jin reading his book under lamplight while Taehyung shows Namjoon silly videos on his phone. It's nice, it's cozy, but Namjoon can't help the painful prick in his chest when he thinks of how sad Taehyung had been. The Omega deserves so much better.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought! Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3

I know the past couple chapters have been pretty Taehyung-centric, but I just love him a lot okay. The next chapter is Jeonggukie and after that some Yoonmin fluff :3 See you all next Sunday!

Jeongguk III

Chapter Summary

Jeongguk gets some nice...alone time in ;)

Chapter Notes

Hey, hi, I know I'm like two days early but I really wanted to post more for you guys and I have a lot of chapters finished...my doc for this fic is sitting pretty at 48,000 words, so. I figured you guys wouldn't mind :D <3

Don't worry, I will still post another chapter on Sunday!! Love y'all.

(Also, who else is so pumped for the world tour announcement???????? I'm going to try my damnedest to go to one of the Chicago shows aaaHHHHHH)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk closes himself in the bathroom, exhausted after the long day of practice. He turns the water in the shower on as hot as he can stand it before stripping down, tossing his dirty clothes in a pile by the door. He steps under the spray and sighs, wetting his hair down and savoring the way the water runs down his aching muscles. Then, he goes about his routine, shampooing and conditioning his hair, soaping his body up with body wash, scrubbing himself free of dried sweat.

As he rubs his body down, he can't help but feel a little turned on. He's nineteen and his sex drive is in high gear anyway. Being in such a stress-filled job with such tight schedules that sometimes he doesn't have time to *breathe* let alone relieve his...horniness certainly doesn't help. But, he's got time to himself now, while he's in the shower. The others are already well on their way to bed, and no one's going to come looking for him.

He grips his cock with a soapy hand, already half hard. He strokes a few times, getting to full hardness fast. He hasn't been able to do this in a while and *god* he needs it. He thumbs at the head of his cock, whimpering at the stimulation. His legs feel weak from the exertion of the day and his arousal, and he props his free hand against the wall of the shower to steady himself.

The water pouring over him makes the slide so much better, the heat and steam clogging up his head in the best way. He lets his mind wander, thinking of beautiful women with generous curves, of pretty lips and long hair. His thoughts shift and morph, the women turning to boys with thick thighs, plush asses, tight stomachs. He rolls with it, he's always been pretty open with who he's attracted to so he doesn't question them at all.

He thinks of hands roaming his body, what it would feel like. He's never been touched that way before, sexually, and he finds himself craving it. He's so curious, feels like he's missing something, especially with couples like Yoongi and Jimin roaming around the house and are so free with how they touch, how they interact with each other. Pretty much every person in the dorm had caught them at some point, in some form of sexual act. He wanted to know what it was like.

But all he has is his imagination, and he runs with it. Fingers brushing his nipples, running down his stomach, replacing his own hand on his cock. He can almost picture that the water running along his skin are feather light touches of a lover. He fights back a moan, knowing that even though he's alone in the shower he's not alone in the dorm itself. He strokes himself faster, wrist twisting on the upstroke, more than ready to find his release. He slumps back against the wall, the cool tile a shock but also kind of pleasant in contrast to the heat of the water and the arousal thrumming in his veins. He uses the hand he had been propping himself up on to pinch at his nipples, spikes of pleasure shooting down his core. He's so *close.* The final thought that tips him over the edge is a hot mouth ghosting over his thighs, tonguing his balls, and laving at his tight, untouched hole.

He cums *hard* , ropes swirling into the water at his feet and some landing on the wall across from him. He's breathing hard but all the tension in his body is gone, the buzzing in his head disappearing and replaced with blissful quiet in the afterglow. He rinses himself (and the wall) and shuts the water off. He steps out, drying off with a fluffy towel from under the sink. Finished, he wraps it around his waist, too tired to go about his normal after-shower routine. He gathers his dirty clothes and leaves the bathroom, shivering at the chill of the air on his still damp skin.

He makes his to his bedroom to find Taehyung and Hoseok still awake. Hoseok is on his laptop and Taehyung is curled up in Jeongguk's bed, smiling at his phone. He tosses his clothes to the floor, making his way to the closet to change into sleep clothes. He drops the towel, quickly pulling on a pair of briefs, but Taehyung lets

out a low whistle anyway. Jeongguk turns to glare at him and the other just gives him a box-shaped smile. Jeongguk finishes dressing in a white t-shirt and baggy black sweats. He joins Tae on his bed, forcing him to scoot over against the wall.

Taehyung had taken to sleeping with him a lot, except nights when Jimin wanted to sleep in Taehyung's bed while Yoongi-hyung was working. It was a little odd, at first, but Jeongguk enjoys the company so he won't complain. When he settles under the covers, Taehyung props his chin on his shoulder, sliding his phone across Jeongguk's chest. "Look at all the ARMY's sweet messages from after that interview aired, Jeongguk-ah."

It's the interview where the MC interrogated him on him not presenting yet, the one that he had broke down crying after. Their fans had left hundreds of comments, some on other aspects of the interview hi, but an overwhelming amount defending Jeongguk and calling the MC out for being a rude asshole. Jeongguk smiles, heart swelling, and takes the phone to scroll through more. Taehyung hums happily, burrowing into Jeongguk's neck. "I told you you were amazing. They think so, too."

Jeongguk just smiles more and Hoseok declares that he's turning off the light. They're shrouded in darkness, Taehyung's phone suddenly becoming overwhelmingly bright. Tae takes it back, locking it and tossing it to the floor. They settle in, ready to go to sleep, and as he's drifting off Jeongguk whispers "Thank you, hyung."

Taehyung chirps happily, hugging Jeongguk tighter. "You're absolutely welcome, Ggukie."

Chapter End Notes

> Not gonna lie, it was a little weird to write smut with just one person in it lmao. What did ya think? Let me know!! Comments and kudos sustain me <3

> This one is a lil short but it felt too forced when I tried to make it longer. The next chapter is almost twice as long as this, so hopefully that makes up for it. Get ready for some protective Min Yoongi and just some general Yoonmin adorableness :D <3<3

Yoonmin III

Chapter Summary

> Jimin has a Bad Day™. Yoongi tries his best to cheer him up and becomes very protective in the process.

Chapter Notes

> Y'all remember in that Taehyung chapter when I mentioned Yoongi is very protective when he first wakes up, and he bit Namjoon once because of it? Well. This that story.
>
> Enjoy!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin has had a rough day. He's struggling with their new dance at practice, he hasn't quite met the weight the managers wanted him at and he'd been chewed out for it, and he just feels so worn out and exhausted. On his way back to the dorm, he had messaged Yoongi to see if he could come home early, that he needed to be with him. He hated pulling Yoongi out of the studio, knowing his Alpha was always so busy, but he needed his touch and his scent sooner rather than later, feeling like he was breaking apart at the seams.

Yoongi calls him not long after, rather than responding by text. "Are you okay, Jimin-ah?"

Jimin whimpers a little, pulling the covers up around his face from where he'd burrowed in their bed not long after arriving home. It was the only place that smelled like him *and* Yoongi. "Not really," he mumbles.

"What happened?" Yoongi coos and Jimin tries really, really hard not to cry. He doesn't want to be another pathetic, overemotional Omega. Even though he feels like one right now.

"I don't wanna talk about it." He says, throat tight. "Can you just come home?"

"I'm finishing up right now, I'll be there in twenty minutes tops. Want me to pick up some food?"

Jimin's stomach grumbles; he hasn't eaten since breakfast. But he

thinks about the weigh in, about the manager-hyungs disappointed faces. So, he says, “No. Just come home.”

“Okay,” Yoongi says. “I’ll be there soon. Be strong for me, okay?”

Jimin doesn’t feel very strong. But he’ll try, for his Alpha. Yoongi always knows best. “Okay, hyung.”

“I love you, Jiminie.”

“I love you, too.”

Jimin squeezes his eyes shut as he drops his phone, holding himself together by sheer force of will alone. Taehyung and Jin are somewhere else in the dorm, having left him be when he declared he was going to his room. He kind of wishes he had asked Tae to stay with him. But Yoongi is good on his word, as he always is, and is quietly entering their room not even fifteen minutes later. Jimin pokes his head out of the covers at the sound and the sight of his Alpha, at the pure comfort he exudes, makes him fall apart. He starts crying, unbidden sobs hiccuping in his chest and Yoongi is quickly kicking off his shoes and stripping off his jacket in his haste to get to the bed. Jimin reaches his arms out, needing Yoongi close, and Yoongi slides into the bed easily, pulling Jimin to his chest. Jimin cries harder at the warmth that rolls of his Alpha, the smell of sandalwood and baked sweets filling his head.

“Jimin,” Yoongi coos. “Oh, Jiminie, it’s okay. I’m here now, you’re going to be okay.”

Yoongi lets him cry because he knows that he needs it. Jimin’s head hurts, his eyes hurt, but it feels so good to finally let go. Eventually, his tears stop but his breathing won’t even out, air hitching hard in his chest and it *aches,* like he can’t get enough oxygen in his blood.

“Hey,” Yoongi says. “Hey, just breathe with me, Jiminie, okay?” Yoongi grasps his hand and places it onto the Alpha’s chest, next to Jimin’s cheek. “In,” he feels Yoongi’s chest puff out and he follows his lead, sucking in a shuddering breath. “Out.” Yoongi’s chest deflates and Jimin does the same. They repeat the process until Jimin is breathing normally on his own. Yoongi releases his hand, and cups his cheek, tilting his head upwards. Jimin peers at him through puffy eyes and Yoongi’s own are so soft, but look so concerned. He hates that he’s worried his Alpha so much.

“Tell me what happened.” Yoongi says softly and Jimin whimpers,

lower lip trembling. He needs to talk about it, but it doesn't mean he *wants* to. But he trusts Yoongi more than anyone he ever has, and so he talks.

He recounts his day, talking about the failed dance practice, the disastrous weigh in, how awful he's been feeling lately. He talks about how hungry he is, and how he rations his food and works out as much as he can but still can't make weight to keep the managers happy. He talks and talks and Yoongi lets him, eyes never leaving his face. When he's exhausted all his words, he stares into Yoongi's eyes, waiting for him to respond. When it takes a beat too long, he realizes that Yoongi probably thinks he's overreacting, that he's being too *Omega* about the situation. He squirms uncomfortably, wanting to get away from whatever talking to he's about to get.

But Yoongi tightens his hold, not letting him go. "Jimin," he says seriously, voice skirting on the edge of an Alpha timber. Jimin evades his gaze but Yoongi just forces his head up with the hand curving around his cheek and jaw. " *Jimin.* " he says again and Jimin meets his eyes despite his anxiety. "Jiminie, you are the best dancer I've ever seen." Jimin stills in surprise, brows furrowing. "You work so hard to please the ARMY, to please us and the managers. You're amazing at what you do and you'll figure out whatever is tripping you up, I know you will. The weight that the managers want to keep us at is ludicrous at best and we all know it. I know you want to be perfect, but you can't sacrifice you're well being for it. If you're hungry you should *eat* , you don't want to risk passing out on stage or during practice, huh?" Jimin shakes his head no. That would be awful. "You take such good care of all of us, Jimin-ah, you need to do the same for yourself.

Jimin wants to cry again, but his eyes hurt too much and he's depleted all his tears, anyway. As if on cue, his stomach growls loudly. He blushes hard, about to apologize, when Yoongi reaches for his phone before he can say anything. "I'm going to see if Jin-hyung will bring us some dinner."

That sounds amazing but Jimin tenses in spite of himself. "Yoongi-ah I can't, they want me to weigh in again and they'll be so upset if I miss it a second time."

Yoongi growls low in his chest and Jimin ducks his head in immediate submission. But Yoongi strokes his cheek, and Jimin knows it's not really meant for him. "If they've got anything to say about you trying to *sustain* yourself, then I'll take it up with them personally. I will *not* let my Omega go to bed hungry."

Jimin mewls, surging up to kiss Yoongi. Yoongi seems surprised, but returns the kiss quickly. It's sweet and chaste, an expression of love rather than something that's trying to lead to more. Jimin is feeling to raw for anything like that, anyway. When he pulls away, Yoongi strokes his lower lip with his thumb. "Let me message Jin, yeah?" Jimin nods and let's Yoongi lean away to tap out a message. When he's done, he pulls Jimin back close, and Jimin noses into his neck to get more of his Alpha's intoxicating scent.

Not too long later, there's a soft knock at their door. Yoongi calls for them to come in and Jin comes in carrying two heaping, steaming bowls of noodles. Jimin's mouth starts watering. He and Yoongi sit up to eat properly and Jin passes off the food with a smile and a cheery, "Eat up!"

Jimin knows that he probably looks like he's been bawling his eyes out- eyes puffy and bloodshot, tear tracks dried on his cheeks- but Jin, thankfully, does not comment. Jimin thanks his hyung graciously, picking up his chopsticks to dig in. Yoongi expresses a quiet thank you as well and Jin kisses both their heads, Yoongi grumbling lightly, and leaves them be, closing the door behind him.

They eat and chat idly, Jimin not up for heavy conversation and Yoongi knowing that too well. Jimin finishes his noodles and tips the bowl to his mouth, swallowing down the savory broth. He lowers it to see Yoongi beaming a gummy smile at him and he can't help but return it. When Yoongi finishes his own he takes Jimin's bowl and places it inside of his, leaning down to set them on the floor. He gets on his knees and reaches across the room to flip off the light. It's a little early to turn in for bed, but Jimin's exhausted enough to not really care and Yoongi could fall asleep at anytime, anyway. They settle back under the covers, Jimin sprawling himself mostly across his Alpha and Yoongi, in turn, wrapping one arm around Jimin's waist and carding his other hand through his hair.

They fall asleep easily, stomachs and hearts full.

Someone enters their room loudly and it takes Jimin a moment to realize it's the next morning. He groans, curling into Yoongi because he never wants to leave this bed or this man's arms. "Time to get up!" Namjoon sing-songs and Jimin whimpers. Yoongi is still seemingly dead to the world.

The covers are pulled off of Jimin's back and he fights to not kick at Namjoon in retaliation, cold air leeching through his sleep-warm shirt.

Then there are arms around his middle, attempting to haul him off the bed. He squeals in surprise, clutching at Yoongi's chest.

"Aish, Jiminie, you've put on weight." Namjoon jokes. "I used to be able to pick you so easy, remember?"

Before he can really feel the sting of the statement Yoongi's eyes snap open. A feral growl builds in his chest and Jimin is pushed to the side. He rolls on his back, confused, and is shocked to see Yoongi lunge at Namjoon, moving incredibly fast for just waking up. Namjoon, caught off guard, can't do anything to stop him when Yoongi wraps a hand tight around his wrist and jerks it up, sinking his teeth into the meat of Namjoon's forearm.

Namjoon shouts in pain and anger, his smoke scent flaring up dangerously. "What the fuck, Min Yoongi?!"

Yoongi growls again and lets go of Namjoon's arm, shoving him off the bed and onto the floor. "Don't you *dare* insult my Omega!" He shouts and tackles Namjoon on the floor. They fight, grappling for dominance, and Jimin can only watch in horror.

There's commotion in the hall and Hoseok appears in the door, staring in disbelief at the fighting Alphas. "Hey!" He calls, but they don't stop. "What the fuck, knock it *off!* " When they don't appear listen, Hoseok grabs the back of Yoongi's shirt, pulling him bodily off of Namjoon. Yoongi growls yet again, eyes flashing viciously. Hoseok shoves him onto the bed with Jimin, stepping between them and Namjoon. Yoongi, acting on instinct, moves to shield Jimin with his body from the rest of the room.

"You, get out," Hoseok says to Namjoon and he scrambles to his feet, glaring at Yoongi like he's lost his mind as he leaves. When he's gone, Hoseok turns to Yoongi and Jimin. "You," he says, pointing at Yoongi. "Get your fucking head on straight and meet us outside." He leaves, shutting the door behind him.

Yoongi is breathing so hard, snarls still rumbling in his chest. Jimin has never seen him this way before. He lets out a small whimper, Omega instincts taking over and telling him to submit to the angry Alpha. Yoongi freezes before whipping around to face Jimin. Jimin had pulled his knees up to his chest, hiding the lower half of his face behind his hands. "Hey," Yoongi says, demeanor changing immediately. He places a hand next to Jimin's thigh and Jimin whines. "I'm sorry, Jiminie," he sighs, rubbing a hand over his face

and through his hair. “After last night I already felt so protective of you. And then Namjoon, he said that, and I knew it would hurt you even though he didn’t mean it that way. My Alpha side took over and I reacted before I could think. I lost control. I’m sorry.”

Jimin lowers his hands, reaching one down to grab Yoongi’s. Yoongi fights so hard for control; of his life, of his work, of himself. Jimin knows this was a major step back for him and it hurts his heart to see the guilt all over the Alpha’s face. “It’s okay.” Jimin assures. “You were protecting me. Your Omega. You thought he was out of line. Your guard was down since you just woke up. I’m not mad, or upset, really. I was just shocked. You should really talk to Namjoonie, though.”

Yoongi sighs, bringing their hands up to kiss at Jimin’s knuckles. “I know. I will. I just...need to get it together.”

Jimin nods, understanding. They sit quietly, Yoongi staring into space and Jimin watching him, until he nudges at Yoongi’s thigh with his toes. “Hey,” he says and waits for Yoongi’s eyes to meet his. “I love you.”

Yoongi smiles, but it’s small and a little fragile. “I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

It's 12:44am and I'm still awake, so here's today's chapter! It's teeeechnically Sunday :)

Let me know what you thought! Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3

Y'all are the best seriously, the responses I've gotten so far have been amazing and I'm so happy. <3<3<3

Namjin III

Chapter Summary

> Jin is beautiful and Namjoon will always appreciate it. Especially when the Omega is on his knees for him.

Chapter Notes

> *waves* heya. Decided to post another chapter today so my schedule will line up with what I have outlined in my doc. Enjoy some Namjin smut on this lovely Sunday :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jin is beautiful.

It's no secret, not by a long shot, but Namjoon can't help but think it every time he looks at him, every time he catches a whiff of fresh flowers and honey, every time he hears him sing or laugh or do anything because Jin is *always* beautiful.

He is even more so where he is now, on his knees in front of Namjoon, who is sitting on the side of their bed. He's got his mouth wrapped around the head of Namjoon's cock, sucking lightly, looking beatifically up at Namjoon like he's given him the greatest gift in the world.

But Namjoon is the lucky one because he's got this beautiful, amazing Omega to take care of him.

They had found themselves alone in the dorm for the first time in God knows how long, and aimed to take advantage of it. They had stripped down the second their bedroom door was closed, licking into each other's mouths all the while. Namjoon was happy doing anything with Jin, but when Jin had pressed close, laving kisses across his neck and asking so sweetly, "Can I suck you, Alpha?" who was he to say no?

Jin hums happily, taking more of Namjoon into his mouth before pulling back again. He loves to tease and it drove Namjoon crazy in the beginning but now, now he lives for it. He watches, enraptured, as Jin slips his eyes closed and surrenders himself to the act, hollowing his cheeks and taking Namjoon to the hilt.

Namjoon groans, low in his throat, and Jin practically purrs in

response. He swallows once, twice, the head of Namjoon's cock breaching the back of the throat. The heat, the sensation of it all drives Namjoon wild and he could cum so easily right now, but he wants to hold out. He wants this to last. Jin seems to sense this as he pulls completely off, gripping Namjoon by the base with one hand and kitten-licking up and down his length. Namjoon moans again, reaching out with one hand to thread it in Jin's downy, soft hair. Not tugging or pushing or even guiding, just to touch the strands, to anchor himself to his Omega and this moment that they're in.

Jin leans into the touch, pressing the flat of his tongue to the underside of Namjoon before taking him in his mouth again, sucking lightly and bobbing some, not taking the whole length but enough to make Namjoon's thighs twitch, his breath hitch in his chest. "God," he breathes. "You're so gorgeous, Jin-ah. Taking me so well. Fuck, your mouth feels so good."

Jin mewls under the words, taking Namjoon deeper, stroking what's not in his mouth with his hand. Namjoon hisses, pleasure spiking up his spine. "Fuck, Jinnie, I could cum like this. Is that what you want, hm? Your Alpha cumming down your throat?"

Jin whines and nods the best he can with Namjoon's cock still in his mouth, pulling off to catch his breath. He strokes Namjoon lightly, breathing rough and eyes glazed over. "Please, Alpha," Jin says and his voice is hoarse, rougher than normal and sending shivers through Namjoon. "Please, cum in my mouth. I want to taste you."

How could Namjoon ever deny him?

Jin returns to him with a renewed vigor, swallowing all the way down and holding for a moment before coming back to the tip, tongue circling the head. He repeats, over and over, until Namjoon is dizzy with arousal. He's so close, and thoughts of holding out longer fly out of his head, replaced with pure need.

Jin, always attuned to his Alpha, senses how close he is. He tightens his plush lips and picks up the pace. The increased speed makes obscene, slick noises fall out of his mouth and drool leak as well, dripping down his chin. The sight of his usually put together Omega looking so disheveled makes Namjoon weak, fingers tightening their hold in Jin's hair. Jin uses the hand he had had on Namjoon's cock to move down and fondle at his balls, rolling them between deft fingers. The added pleasure tips him over and he grunts out a warning before he's cumming hard into Jin's waiting mouth.

Jin's eyes fall closed again, humming happily as he swallows the load. He keeps his mouth on Namjoon, sucking lightly like he can't help it. Namjoon would be all to willing to let him continue, but the stimulation is sending almost-painful aftershocks through his core. He uses his grip in Jin's hair to pull him off, making the Omega whine at the loss. Namjoon uses the last of his strength to bend down and lift Jin up, into his lap and onto the bed. Jin makes a startled noise but it morphs into a moan when Namjoon flips them over, Jin landing on his back with Namjoon covering his body. Namjoon shoves a thigh between Jin's legs, met with wet heat from Jin's dripping cock and slick coated cheeks. He moans low in his throat and if he hadn't just cum he would have then, feeling how aroused Jin got just from sucking his Alpha's cock.

Jin mewls, eyes blown wide and glassy. Namjoon leans down to capture those plush lips with his own, licking into Jin's slack mouth as he reaches down to stroke the Omega's sweet, little cock. Jin is bigger than most Omegas, sure, but Namjoon's hand still engulfs him, the pretty pink head barely poking out of the circle of his fist. Jin bucks into the grip and kisses Namjoon back with all the will he's got. Namjoon strokes him fast, the precum Jin is steadily oozing making the slide so easy. Namjoon can tell he's close even though this is the first that either of them have touched his cock. He leaves Jin's mouth even though he could spend an eternity there, kissing down his jaw and to the scent gland hidden underneath the strong line of it. The skin there is always sensitive, but even more so when Jin is worked up like he is now. Namjoon licks at it, releasing honeysweet flowers into the air, and sucks at it lightly, enough to stimulate but not enough to mark much beyond a light pink, knowing they have shoots coming soon. He'd love nothing more to bite and suck Jin's skin all over, until he's blooming purple and red, marked solely as his. But he doesn't want to incur the wrath of the makeup-noonas.

Jin is sensitive enough that the light touches fry his nerves anyway, and he's practically convulsing under Namjoon, his release ever imminent. "Namjoon," he whines. "A-Alpha, I'm gonna cum."

Namjoon pulls back enough to say, "Do it. Cum for me, Jin-ah," twisting his wrist as he does so.

Jin's breath hitches, hips grinding down onto Namjoon's thigh. His face bunches up, tears leaking out of the corners of his eyes, and he practically screams as he cums between them. Pearly white covers Namjoon's hand, some landing onto his stomach as well as Jin's own. Namjoon milks him through it, Jin's orgasm seemingly endless after so

long without each other.

Jin's whines finally take on a more pained tone, overstimulation making his body twitch. Namjoon releases his softening cock and wipes his hands on the sheets before collapsing next to his Omega, kissing at his jaw and cheek and nosing his temple. Jin blinks rapidly, eyes coming back into focus, as his breathing slows back to normal. He rolls on his side, burrowing into Namjoon, face in the Alpha's neck. He's always been a big cuddler after sex and Namjoon is in no place to complain.

Eventually he finds the energy to haul them out of bed, having to practically carry Jin's boneless form to the bathroom. They're still the only ones home so he has no qualms about wandering around nude. He turns on the shower, warming the water, before pulling Jin in with him. Jin moans as the water hits him, mind still a little lost from the post-orgasm hormone rush. Namjoon soaps the Omega up, wiping him down and carefully washing his cock and between his thighs and cheeks so that the drying slick doesn't irritate him. Jin whines but let's Namjoon work, bracing himself on the Alpha's shoulders.

Namjoon cleans them up quickly, shutting the shower off and toweling them down so they can return to bed. When they return to their room they burrow under the covers, carefully avoiding wet spots because they were too tired to change the sheets. Namjoon falls asleep with a smile on his lips, Jin's breath softly fanning across his throat and his weight comfortable across his chest.

They wake, later, to someone coming into their room and squealing, backing out immediately. Taehyung's voice rings out from the hall. "Oh, *gross* , Mom and Dad had sex while we were gone! *Augh,* I can't unsee this!!"

Namjoon snorts, amused, but Jin snarls in his neck. Namjoon brings a hand up to squeeze the nape of the Omega's neck, calming him down before he can shoot into the hall and launch a tirade onto poor Taehyung. They can hear Jimin laughing and saying, "Oh, come on, Taetae, old people have sex too!" He yelps soon after the statement, probably being hit by either Yoongi or Hoseok.

Namjoon smiles into Jin's hair, holding him close. They need to change their sheets, Jin will have to get up soon to make dinner, and Namjoon should probably check in with the others about their days, but they don't have to do any of that just yet. So Namjoon closes his eyes again, dozing off to Jin's heartbeat against his own, smoke and

wildflowers in his head.

Chapter End Notes

Whatcha think? Let me know! Comments and kudos keep me going <3

Taehyung IV

Chapter Summary

> Taehyung wants to spend more time with Yoongi. Just as friends, of course...yeah.

Chapter Notes

> Taehyung goes into a subspace like trance after scenting with Yoongi. If that makes you uncomfortable for whatever reason, read with caution. Love y'all <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taehyung has a plan. It may not be the best plan, none of his really are, but...it's a plan.

He wants to spend time with Yoongi-hyung. He's been spending so much time with Jiminie, especially with the other Omega sleeping with him while Yoongi is out. He spends time with all the members, of course, but he'd like to hang out with the older Alpha more. He thinks of Jin's words, of spending time with the person you like just because it's them. But...that's not why, Taehyung tells himself. Yoongi is his friend, and he's with Jimin anyway. He wants to spend time with his hyung, that's all.

Yoongi has been forced to stay home today; for his own well-being, Jin had stressed. Yoongi had grumbled, clearly wanting to throw a fit, but Jin just gave him a stern eomma-like stare and Yoongi gave in, locking himself in his and Jimin's room. Jimin, Jeongguk, and Hoseok are off at dance practice, Namjoon in the studio, and Jin off somewhere else in the dorm. Taehyung had been given the day off, as well, to rest his voice after hours and hours in vocal practice the last several days.

He approaches Yoongi's door, standing in front of it and debating whether he should really do this. It's incredibly likely he'll just be told to fuck off, but he wants to try regardless. He lifts his fist up to knock but freezes midway, anxiety seizing his chest. Maybe he shouldn't…

But then Yoongi calls out, "Just come in, Taehyung-ah, I can smell you stressing from in here."

Taehyung's heart jumps, surprise coloring his face. How long had he

actually been standing there? He opens the door carefully, poking his head inside. Yoongi is sprawled across his bed on his back, hood pulled up over his fluffy hair and phone on his chest. He glances over at Taehyung and gives him a slight nod, a quiet affirmation to come inside. He turns back to his phone. Taehyung steps inside the room, shutting the door carefully behind him. He shuffles further in, looking at his feet. Yoongi doesn't give him a second glance for awhile, until he realizes that Taehyung hasn't moved. He sighs, tossing his phone to the side. "What's wrong, Taehyung?" he asks, rolling his head on his pillow to look at Taehyung again. Taehyung purses his lips, making his way to the bed and sitting on the edge by Yoongi's legs. He ducks his head, contemplating on how to set his plan in motion. Yoongi nudges his back with his knee, making the younger look up at him. The cool expression he usually wears has faded, tinged more with concern. "Are you okay?" he asks softly.

Taehyung pulls a deep breath. Might as well jump head first. "I was reading this article." He says carefully. "And it said...it was talking about group dynamics, about people who are together all the time like we are. They say that...that for Omegas to relieve stress effectively, they should scent with their closest Alphas." He sees Yoongi's eyebrows raise. None of what Taehyung is saying is a lie, he actually did read all of this. It made him jealous, a little, because Jimin and Jin can scent so easily with their Alphas and Taehyung himself doesn't really have anyone to turn to. "And I just...don't do that, do I? I mean I scent with Jiminie all the time, he's my best friend, you know, but this article talks about Alpha pheromones triggering something in Omega brains and I'm just...what if I'm missing something?"

Yoongi blinks at him, regarding him slowly. His lips part like he's about say something, but he hesitates. This is it, Taehyung thinks. He's about to get thrown out of the room. Maybe out of the dorm itself. He could hide out in the studio until the others leave, he supposes, but that would make for a boring day.

Then Yoongi grabs at his wrist, anchoring him back into reality. "Taehyung-ah," he says fondly. "I care about you, you know? You're my dongsaeng. If you want to scent with me all you have to do is ask. I'm sorry if I've made you feel like you can't do that."

Taehyung's eyebrows shoot up. "It's not your fault!" He practically cries. "I never, I never asked, and...you've got Jiminie to take care of, he's your first priority, I know that. I just...scenting is nice, you know? I like feeling close to people."

Yoongi hums, thumb running over the inside of Tae's wrist. The small scent gland there lights up at the touch, making Taehyung shiver. "Jimin and I hole up by ourselves a lot. But you're right, we are a group. A very close group. If you ever need me, Taehyung, I'm here for you. As your hyung and as an Alpha."

Taehyung chirps, happiness blooming in his chest. This is going so much better than he could ever have hoped for. "Thank you, hyung." He says sincerely.

Yoongi just murmurs softly, pulling Taehyung towards him with the hold he's got on his wrist. Taehyung lets himself fall forward onto the Alpha's chest. Yoongi pushes his hood back, freeing up his neck. Taehyung purrs, taking initiative and situating himself so that he's laying beside Yoongi, head pillowed on his shoulder and nose tucked in his neck. He noses along the scent glands going up Yoongi's throat, met with fresh waves of sandalwood and sweet bread. The pheromones he receives make his head fuzzy, a low thrum building in the base of his skull. It's immediately different from scenting with Jimin. Jimin's scent makes him feel giggly, almost. It feels like camaraderie and companionship.

But Yoongi...Yoongi's scent, his presence, makes him feel completely and utterly *safe* . He feels precious, protected, like nothing could ever touch him, hurt him, while he's ensconced in Yoongi's arms. There's a tension that had been hiding between his temples that he hadn't even noticed until Yoongi's scent and the light touches on the back of his shoulders chase it away.

He sighs, burrowing closer. "You smell so nice." He muses and Yoongi chuckles.

"You, too, Taehyungie." And there's a nose buried into his hair, scenting the strands lightly. It's not as concentrated as it would be along his jaw and neck, but Yoongi seems happy nonetheless, if the groan rumbling in his chest is anything to go by.

Taehyung feels more content than he has in...weeks. Months, maybe. He could easily fall asleep here, which is fitting since he's with Yoongi. Yoongi's breathing is so mellow, so even, that it seems he's asleep already. That is until Yoongi scratches lightly at Tae's back, murmuring a low, "Are you happy, Taetae?"

Taehyung is beyond words at this point, pheromones driving him deep into his own head. So he mewls in response, nose tracking down over

Yoongi's adam's apple and into the hollow of his throat. Yoongi chuckles, rumbling deep in his chest. "I can tell. You're purring."

Taehyung hadn't noticed, but he does now. There are slight, almost soundless vibrations emanating from his chest and throat. He whines in embarrassment, hiding his face by shoving it into the fabric of Yoongi's hood.

"Aw," Yoongi coos. "Don't hide, Taehyung-ah. It's cute." Yoongi bring his other hand up, grasping the nape of Taehyung's neck. The touch sends a shiver down his spine. His neck has always been particularly sensitive, and the possessive Alpha gesture makes hist heart shudder in his chest. He feels the purr build in his chest again and doesn't fight it. If he can be vulnerable with anyone, it's Yoongi-hyung.

He's somewhere in limbo, between awareness and sleep. Yoongi had picked his phone up again, propping it on the back of Taehyung's shoulder. Tae is too comfortable too care. He breathes softly, Yoongi's scent filling his head each time. He feels stuffed full of cotton wool, so warm and relaxed. Every once in awhile he'll let out an involuntary chirp, the Omega side of his brain expressing its content. Yoongi will hum in response and Taehyung settles back down again.

He doesn't know how long they've been like this. It feels like an eternity and only a moment simultaneously. But it must have been a while because he hears the front door open, hears voices coming from the main room. Some of the others have come back home. An immeasurable amount of time later the front door opens again and Jeongguk and Jimin are hollering at each other, squealing and screaming in what can only be a wrestling match. Part of him wants to join, but a bigger part of him wants to stay right where he is.

Apparently they finish because soon after someone is opening the door to the room. He senses them pause in the doorway, the smell of berries wafting toward them. The door is closed quietly and Jimin pads softly towards the bed. "Is he okay?" he whispers and Taehyung whines involuntarily, drawn to the other Omega's voice.

Yoongi hums in response, putting his phone aside. Taehyung feels the Alpha's neck shift as he turns to Jimin. "Yeah, he's fine. Just wanted to scent for awhile. He's just out of his head a little, he'll come back when we stop."

"That happens to me sometimes, yeah?" Jimin murmurs and Yoongi hums in affirmation. The bed dips beside Taehyung and he lays a

light hand on the back of Tae's thigh. "How long has he been like this?"

"A couple hours." Yoongi answers. "Wanna take my place for a bit? I need to use the bathroom and stretch my legs."

Jimin must accept, because Yoongi is carefully pushing Taehyung off of him. Tae whines at the loss, trying to clutch him back close, but the Alpha's heat is quickly replaced by Jimin's. Yoongi steps off the bed and leans over to give Jimin a light kiss before leaving. Taehyung latches onto Jimin, burrowing into his neck to inhale the berries coming off of his skin. Jiming coos, wrapping Taehyung up in his arms.

"Oh, you're such a sweetheart, huh, Taetae?"

Tae purrs, still too far gone to answer. Jimin kind of squees at him and holds him closer.

Jimin's scent reacts differently in his brain than Yoongi's had. With each breath he finds himself becoming more aware, like waking up from slowly from a deep sleep. He blinks languidly, eyes focusing on the line of Jimin's jaw, the length of his neck. Jimin seems to tell that he's coming back, bringing a hand up to cup his cheek. He pulls away just slightly and Taehyung is met with Jimin's warm brown eyes, a fond smile on his lips. "There's my Taehyungie. Back with me?"

Taehyung nods, able to but not really wanting to talk. He's afraid of breaking the beautiful spell he's been under since cuddling up to Yoongi. He stretches lightly, back popping and the tense muscles of his thighs unwinding. Jimin lets him go enough to allow the movement, and when he's done Taehyung moves to sprawl his whole body over Jimin's, making the other Omega giggle. Tae smiles, burrowing his face in Jimin's chest. Jimin takes his hands, tangling their fingers of each one together.

Yoongi comes back into the room and sits next to them on the bed. Taehyung turns to him and beams a bright, boxy smile. "You're back again, huh?" Taehyung lets out a trill, rubbing his cheek on Jimin's chest.

"He's not talking, though." Jimin says and Taehyung doesn't like the worry in his voice at *all.*

"Give him a little time." Yoongi says, ruffling Tae's hair. Taehyung grins, leaning into the touch. "It's been a long time since he's scented

with an Alpha.”

Jimin seems to accept this, letting Taehyung bury his face back in his neck. After a moment Yoongi climbs over the both of them, settling on Jimin’s other side. His hand comes to rest on Taehyung’s back, the other threading into Jimin’s hair. “Jin-hyung is making dinner. He’s gonna come get us when it’s ready.” Both Omegas hum in response. They stay quiet afterward, not wanting to ruin the peace of the moment. Taehyung smiles, hiding it in Jimin’s shirt. He’s never been so happy, he realizes. He never wants to leave.

Chapter End Notes

What'd ya think? Let me know! Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3

Jeongguk IV

Chapter Summary

> Jeongguk overhears some of the others talking about him being unpresented. It doesn't end very well. But Jin is the best eomma and manages to fix everything (along with help from Best Beta™ Hoseok).

Chapter Notes

> Alright so I'm posting this from my phone. If any of the formatting looks weird, I'm sorry! I'll check it from my computer later <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's a rare night where they were all home at a decent hour, so Jin had made them an amazing dinner that they'd shared together, all crammed into the too small dining table. They'd then all gathered in the main room to watch movies. It was Jimin's turn to pick so they were watching some silly rom-com. During a slow part, Jeongguk had gotten up and headed to the kitchen to grab snacks.

He's on his way back when the soft sounds of conversation make him pause.

"I can't believe he hasn't presented yet." Taehyung is saying and Jeongguk's heart drops. They're talking about *him* . "It's crazy. I've never known anyone to present this late."

Hoseok scoffs, always ready to defend Jeongguk on this matter. "It's perfectly normal, Tae. The latest on record is like, twenty-five."

"Aish," Jimin says. Jeongguk leans against the doorway of the kitchen, bowl of chips still in his hands. He shouldn't eavesdrop, should let them know he's there, but he's too damn curious. "That sucks. Bad genes, right?"

"Has there ever been someone that never presented?" Taehyung asks. "What if Ggukie's like that?"

"Shut the fuck up." Yoongi says followed by a thump that means he probably threw a pillow at Tae.

Tae continues like it doesn't even faze him. "I just hope he does it soon. It would make our lives so much easier." The words make tears gather in Jeongguk's eyes, but he wills them away. Is he really that much of a burden? "I mean, it's all interviewers ever want to talk about. Our videos are swarmed with ARMYs making fan theories. If he'd just present, we could get past all that."

"He can't fucking control it." Hoseok spits. "He can't control his body like that. You don't think he would if he could? You're a fucking lunatic if you think that this is harder on *you* than it is on *him* ."

"I'm just saying!" Taehyung whines. "Of course it's hard on him. I love my little Ggukie, I want it for his own good too."

"Doesn't sound like it." Yoongi mutters.

"I have to agree, though." Jimin says. "It's tiring, right? Making sure he's included without being able to do the normal class stuff. Not that we all stick to status standards, but. I wish we could scent with him and stuff and it be more than me shoving my face in his neck to keep up appearances, you know?"

The words are suddenly too much for him, heart breaking at the trouble he's put his hyungs through. God, why can't he just be *normal* ? The bowl falls from his hands, shattering on the kitchen floor and sending ceramic and chips skittering across it. He doesn't notice it, or the noises of alarm coming from the living room. He rushes from the room, stepping through the living room and ignoring the looks from the others. Tears are tracking down his cheeks and a sob hiccups in his chest before he can hide it. He runs to his room, slamming the door behind him to shut the others out. He wishes it had a lock. It's dark so he makes his way to his bed on muscle memory, throwing himself down and pulling the covers over himself, burying his head under them too. It's almost too hot, suffocating, but anything is better than the horrid feeling crawling up his throat.

He cries, and cries, because it's all that he can do. He hates that he's this way. That his body can't make up its mind, that the others have had so much time to settle in their statuses and he's still fumbling around like a fucking kid. He must be wired wrong, there must be something missing. He wants it all to be over so he won't have to worry and his hyungs wouldn't have to *put up* with him anymore.

There's noises outside the door and he panics. He doesn't want to face any of them, not now. He can't handle it, he *can't* .

“Don’t you fucking dare go in there.” Hoseok is growling, the Beta unusually angry.

Taehyung whines. “But he’s so upset!”

“Why do you think that is, huh? Did you hear the shit you were saying about him? If he heard any of it then he has the right to be upset!”

“I-I didn’t mean it to upset him, I didn’t know he was there-!”

“Yah,” Jin says, voice hard. “I suggest you go back to the main room, Taehyung. You don’t need in the middle of this right now.”

“But-”

“I said *go* .”

He hears Taehyung walk away, grumbling. His tears have slowed, but he’s still sniffling uncontrollably, chest throbbing with raw emotion. The door opens and the light comes on, filtering through his blankets. He curls in on himself, making himself smaller. *Don’t look at me, don’t make me talk, I don’t want to burden you, please please please.*

Despite his silent pleas, the bed behind him dips. “Go away!” he shouts, voice muffled. He starts crying harder because he just doesn’t want to deal with any of this.

But a hand settles on his side. It’s big, warm, and it could be either Jin or Hoseok. He hopes that they aren’t both in here, but he has no way of telling without uncovering himself and that’s *not* happening.

“Jeongguk-ah,” Jin says, voice soft. “It’s just me. Everyone else is outside. Just, come out for me?”

“No,” He whines, trying to roll away. But his bed is too small and he doesn’t get very far when his head bumps the wall. “L-leave me alone.”

Jin sighs, shifting to lay down next Jeongguk’s blanketed form. “I’m so sorry, Ggukie. They were speaking mindlessly. What you’re feeling is more important than whatever issues they have. It’s miniscule compared to how much you matter. Please, come out and talk to me?” His hand is rubbing up and down Jeongguk’s side, comforting in a frustrating sort of way.

Tired of hiding, tired of fighting, tired of *everything* , Jeongguk gives

up and listens to his oldest hyung. He shoves the blanket off his face and down his body ferociously, pent up hurt lashing out. Jin lets him have his little tantrum until Jeongguk settles, rolling over to finally face the Omega. He refuses to make eye contact, staring instead at Jin's pink hoodie clad chest. "Fine. What do you want me to say?" He knows he's being petty, petulant, but there are still tears stinging his eyes, an ache deep in his chest, and he can't bring himself to be sorry.

Jin just reaches up and cups his cheek. "Tell me what you're thinking."

Jeongguk scoffs, rolling his eyes. "What I'm thinking? That I must be some sort of fucking freak, that my body must be defective."

"There's absolutely *nothing* wrong with you, Gguk-ah."

"Yeah? Tell that to the two fully presented Omegas sitting out there. They're fucking right, I'm such a fucking burden. Big Hit should just drop me and find someone *normal* ."

Jin growls, so sudden that Jeongguk jumps. The hand around his cheek moves to his jaw, forcing him to look up and finally look Jin in the eyes. He looks *furious* , face red and eyes flashing. "Don't you ever say that, Jeon Jeongguk." Jeongguk flinches at the use of his full name. "This group would be nothing without you. Bangtan wouldn't be *Bangtan* without you. Taehyung and Jimin can get over themselves. They were being assholes and they damn well know it, saying all that with you in the next room." Jin stops himself. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, and when he opens them again he seems a little more composed. His thumb runs across Jeongguk's cheek soothingly. "Your body is taking its time, and when you present it'll all be worth it. The wait *will* be worth it. You have to trust me on this, Jeongguk. Do you trust me?"

Jeongguk doesn't have to think about it. Of course he trusts him. "Yeah," he says. "Of course." He sniffs hard, laughing self-deprecatingly. "I guess I'm just being *sensitive* today."

"No," Jin says and moves to pull the younger closer to him and Jeongguk lets him, grateful for the comfort. He inhales the scent of clean laundry and Jin's body wash, wishing more than anything that he could see what he *really* smells like. "You have every right to feel the way you do. I know it's frustrating, and them spouting off nonsense doesn't help anything. Trust me, Namjoon is having a nice long talk with them right now."

Jeongguk lets the words sink in, cuddling into Jin's chest. Finally, he whispers, "Is it really that hard? Dealing with me being unpresented?"

"No," Jin says firmly, throat working against the top of Jeongguk's head. "Absolutely not. Taking care of you is no different than caring for the others, even if Jimin and Tae don't realize. You think it's easy dealing with two stubborn, headstrong Alphas and two stupid, immature Omegas? Thank God I have Hoseokie's help."

Jeongguk laughs in spite of himself and he feels Jin smile into his hair. The ache in his chest is finally dissipating, thanks to his hyung's words. Then, there's a knock on the door. Jeongguk pokes his head over Jin's shoulder to see Hoseok looking at them. He burrows back down, deciding to let Jin handle whatever he's got to say.

"They want to come apologize," Hoseok says softly. "Should I send them in?"

Jin looks down at Jeongguk for confirmation. Jeongguk bites his lip. "Will you stay with me?" He asks, voice small.

"Of course, sweetheart." He says, kissing Jeongguk's forehead. He turns and nods to Hoseok, who leaves to get the others. "You don't have to say anything to them." Jin says seriously. "And if you want them to leave, just say the word."

"Okay," Jeongguk agrees, pacified. Jin presses a final kiss into Jeongguk's hair before shifting them around until they're sitting side by side against the headboard, his arm curled protectively around Jeongguk's shoulders, the younger leaning into his side like he can't quite hold his own weight.

Taehyung shuffles into the room with Jimin close behind. There are tears drying on Jimin's cheeks, his eyes puffy. Taehyung is more composed, but he looks guilty and solemn. Hoseok is standing behind them like a guard, glaring daggers into the back of their heads. "Want me to stay?" He asks, eyes softening as they meet Jeongguk's.

Jeongguk shakes his head. "No. It's okay, Hobi-hyung."

Hoseok nods once, seemingly satisfied. He closes the door for them, heading back to Yoongi and Namjoon in the other room.

A tense silence follows. Jin is sitting by passively and Jeongguk refuses to be the one to break it himself. Taehyung bites his lip, eyes shifting from Jin to Jeongguk and back again. Jimin is staring at his

sock clad feet like he wants the floor to open up and swallow him whole.

“We’re sorry!” Taehyung bursts, too loud. It makes Jeongguk and Jimin jump. Jin just rubs at the bridge of his nose in exasperation. “We’re so, so sorry, Jeonggukie. We- *I* was being stupid. I didn’t really mean any of it, I love you just the way you are. You’re perfect, a-and amazing, and your status won’t change that at all, I’ll still love you no matter what. Even if you don’t present!” Jimin hits Taehyung hard in the side, forcing him to bite his lip and shut up.

“I’m sorry, Ggukie.” Jimin says quietly, voice breaking and tears welling up again. “What I said was thoughtless and I should never have said it. I *love* cuddling with you, scent or no. You’re so caring, so comforting that it doesn’t matter. I hate that we hurt you so much, you deserve so much better. We-we’re bad hyungs.” His tears fall as he’s talking, his face crumpling.

Jeongguk starts crying, too, because he loves them so much. He whines, clambering off of the bed to get to his hyungs. Jin lets him go, eyes soft and eyes suspiciously shiny. Jimin is the closest one to Jeongguk, so he grabs at his sweat shirt and pulls him close. He grabs at Taehyung’s wrist as well, and they collapse in a heap on the floor.

“I love you two.” Jeongguk says, voice tight. “Both of you. You did hurt me, but I know that you didn’t r-really mean it. I forgive you, you’re the best hyungs I could ever ask for, please don’t hate me.”

“Never!” They both cry and Taehyung cups Jeongguk’s cheeks with both of his hands. “Ggukie, we’d never hate you, we should be the ones saying that, we made you cry!”

Jeongguk shakes his head and pushes closer to them. They take him in their arms, his head going to Jimin’s neck and Taehyung’s arms wrapping around them both, his face squeezing next to Jeongguk’s on Jimin’s shoulder. They cry together, take comfort in each other, forgetting all the senseless words. Jin sits by quietly, letting his youngest dongsaengs hug it out.

Eventually they all calm down and Jin climbs off the bed. He kneels next to them, putting one hand on Jeongguk’s shoulder and the other on Taehyung’s. They all look up at him, cheeks wet and eyes red-rimmed. “How about a sleepover in the living room tonight, huh? We can make a big blanket pile and watch movies until we’re exhausted, yeah? The whole group, all of us.”

They trip over themselves to answer in excitement and Jin smiles. He kisses each of their heads before rising to his full height. “I’ll get the others to help me set up, okay? We’ll come get you in a bit.” He steps out of the room, giving the younger boys a smile before leaving.

They spread out on the floor to wait, Jeongguk sandwiched between his hyungs. Jimin has his face pressed into his neck and Taehyung is playing with his hoodie strings, twisting them around his long fingers. They stay quiet, knowing that even though they’d forgiven each other, the peace between them was still tenuous.

A little while later Hoseok comes into the room, a heart-shaped smile on his lips. “Bangtan cuddle nest is complete! Get your butts in here.”

And that’s how all seven members end up sprawled on the living room floor. Jeongguk is in the middle, Jimin and Taehyung on either side. Yoongi is cuddled up behind Jimin, Jin and Namjoon behind Taehyung, and Hoseok laying across all their legs, head resting on a pillow on the other side of Namjoon’s hip. He’s got the remote in his hand, flipping through their movies saved on the TV. “Jeongguk gets to choose! What do you want to watch, Ggukie?”

Jeongguk hums, chewing on his lip in contemplation. “Iron Man!” He says and the others groan, except for Hoseok. Jeongguk smiles mischievously. “Two.” He adds and the groans get louder.

Hoseok cackles. “Good choice.” He says and brings up the search bar.

Chapter End Notes

> Listen I just really really want to stress that Jimin and Taehyung don't say what they say in this with the intentions of being mean or hurting Jeongguk. They're just speaking mindlessly and end up saying some shitty things. They still love Ggukie, and Ggukie still loves them <3<3
>
> That being said, what did ya think? Let me know! Comments and kudos are always appreciated :3<3

Namjin IV

Chapter Summary

Jin goes into heat during dance practice...and Namjoon helps him out ;)

Chapter Notes

Y'all I know I KNOW I'm two days early but I'm so excited right now and I needed to post something so I could share.

I GOT FREAKING TICKETS TO SEE BTS IN CHICAGO IN OCTOBER!!!! I have ascended to a higher plane of existence. Everything is right in the world. And I am so goddAMN EXCITED!!!!

So here, have some Namjin heat smut to celebrate!!! Love you guys~ < 3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They're all in dance practice and Jin is struggling. That alone isn't very surprising, but he seems worse off than usual. He's tripping over his own feet almost immediately, face red and sweating buckets even though they've only just started. Namjoon keeps an eye on him, worried, and his own dancing suffers for it.

An hour in the choreographer-nim calls for a break, exasperated. The others head off to grab water but Jin stays by himself on the main floor, panting hard and eyes closed. Namjoon drifts closer to him, worried that he may not want anyone close to him right now. That's when he smells it.

Jin's flower and honey scent has kicked up, darker and stronger than usual. It's tinged with something almost pungent and it takes a moment for Namjoon to realize that it's the Omega's slick. He freezes- how has nobody noticed this yet?- and eyes his Omega closer. The other is shaking, fine tremors running through his whole body. The flush in his face has spread down his neck and chest, his white shirt soaked through with sweat and sticking to his skin. Glancing at the others to make sure they don't notice, he stalks over and grabs Jin's arm, hauling him to the far corner of the room. Jin jumps at the touch and whines, making Namjoon worry even more.

He pushes Jin into the corner with his back to it so that Namjoon is between him and the rest of the room, stance protective. He puts a hand on the Omega's neck, cupping his jaw, and Jin leans into it, eyes fluttering. His eyes are glassy, unfocused. "Jin-ah," Namjoon says but the other doesn't respond. He tightens his grip, letting a light Alpha edge slip into his voice. " *Jinnie* ." Jin mewls, knees buckling a little, more than confirming Namjoon's suspicions. "Are you- are you in *heat* ?"

Jin nods sadly, tears filling his eyes as he looks up at Namjoon. "I tried- I-I thought I could make it through p-practice, I thought I-I'd be okay, but it's hitting so f-fast this time."

Namjoon coos, tilting his forehead against Jin's. Jin mewls at the touch. Namjoon would love nothing more than to touch more, to make his Omega stop hurting, but there are others in the room with them. "Baby, you should have told me." Jin doesn't answer, eyes closed again. Namjoon sighs, thumb stroking the line of Jin's jaw. "Stay right here, okay? I'm going to talk to the managers. I'm taking you home." Jin nods carefully and when Namjoon steps away the Omega slides down the wall, curling over his own knees and making himself small. Namjoon's heart breaks but he walks over the the choreographer-nim anyway.

He clears his throat to get his attention, the other turning and eyeing him suspiciously. "Jin is in heat." Namjoon says, straightforward and simple. "He needs to go home."

The choreographer sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I figured something was up. Okay, alright, I'll call a car for him. Go over to the others, we'll start practice again soon."

Namjoon's brows shoot up. "Excuse me?"

"Go to the others." The choreographer says slowly, like Namjoon is an idiot. "I'll start practice as soon as I get a car called in."

"That's not happening." Namjoon says. "I'm not letting him go by himself."

"You need to practice, RM. You know you need more help than the others."

"I don't care. Jin is *my* Omega, remember? I'm not letting him spend his heat alone."

“You can go as soon as practice is over, I’ll let the managers at the studio know what’s going on.”

“Do you know how disastrous it can be when and Omega in heat is left to their own devices?” But Namjoon knows that the choreographer is a Beta with a Beta wife and Beta kids, so he probably doesn’t. “It wreaks havoc on their mental state. If I let him go alone, he’ll be heartbroken and fallen apart by the time I get home. That can’t happen.”

“Practice is more importa-”

Namjoon cuts him off, Alpha voice coming out in full force. “Jin’s *well-being* is more important. As the leader of this group and as his *Alpha* , he is my number one priority.” He hates using his Alpha voice on others if he can help it, but the choreographer is being unreasonable. “I’ll come back for practice when Jin does. The others will know it by heart by then, they’ll help us.”

They stare at each other for a long moment, unmoving, until the choreographer sighs, defeated. Namjoon tries to not feel too smug. “Fine, just- fine. Take him out front, I’ll get a car as quick as I can.”

“Thank you.” Namjoon says, bowing slightly as he walks away. He rushes back to his Omega to find Hoseok with him, a comforting hand running up and down the Omega’s shaking back.

Hoseok looks up at him as he approaches. “You’re taking him home, right?”

“Of course,” Namjoon says and Jin keens at the sound of his voice, head shooting up. He’s so far gone now, eyes completely unfocused, unseeing.

Hoseok nods. “Take care of him. I’ll make sure the others stay scarce tonight.”

Namjoon nods and lets Hoseok help him get Jin up, the other too weak to stand on his own. Namjoon picks his Omega up, an arm around his shoulders and the other under his knees. Jin mewls, burying his face into his neck. Namjoon takes him swiftly from the room, careful not jostle him too much. He can feel the sweat coming off of Jin’s body, the slick leaking through his underwear and pants and smearing across Namjoon’s forearm. He can feel the pheromones kicking around in his brain, Alpha instincts telling him to *mate, take, protect, mate* but he fights it off. He has to get Jin home first.

By the time they make it to the front there's already a car there. Namjoon is thankful, not wanting to make Jin wait too long. The driver spots them and steps out to open the door for them. Namjoon places Jin carefully in the van, climbing in beside him. Jin curls into him immediately, seeking his Alpha's scent. Namjoon is grateful he hasn't reached the sex-crazed part yet, despite the amount of slick he's producing.

The driver makes haste getting back to the dorm, driving through traffic as quick he can without breaking laws or endangering anyone. When he stops in front of the dorm Namjoon pulls Jin out of the car, thanking the driver hastily but wanting to get Jin inside as quickly as possible. Jin whimpers against, undulating his hips as best he can in Namjoon's grip. The heat is starting to really kick in, now.

He takes Jin to their room, setting him in the armchair that's situated close by their bed. Jin whines when Namjoon leaves him, trying to clutch at his shirt but his grip too weak. Namjoon hushes him and kisses his fever-hot forehead. "It will just be a moment, Jinnie. I'm going to put the plastic sheets under our bedding and get some supplies, okay?"

Jin whines again but nods a little. Namjoon knows it's the best he's going to get.

He works quickly, changing their sheets and grabbing water and and protein bars from the kitchen. When he returns to their room he finds Jin where he left him, but the Omega has stripped his shirt and kicked off his shoes, fumbling at his pants with weak hands. Namjoon coos, dropping his haul to the floor by the foot of the bed. "Oh, Jinnie," he sighs and Jin mewls.

"Alpha," he breathes, letting Namjoon move his hands so he can strip the Omega himself. "Alpha, it hurts. I need you."

"I know," Namjoon soothes. "I know, baby, let's get these off you and into bed." Pulling Jin's sweats and underwear off is easier said than done, the slick he's producing making it stick to his butt and thighs. Jin sighs when they're finally freed and Namjoon slides them the rest of the way down, taking off his socks along the way. He tosses them off to the side to be dealt with later.

He raises and hooks his arms under Jin's armpits, lifting him up and walking him over to the bed. He lays the Omega down, Jin practically purring as his back hits the mattress. Namjoon doesn't strip himself

yet. History has taught them that if he can coax a few orgasms out of Jin before he starts fucking him, he manages better through the heat. Namjoon's Alpha biology has built him to deal with an Omega in heat, yes, but Jin is damn near insatiable and they can use all the help they can get.

Knowing that Jin is far past desperate at this point he wastes no time before sliding two fingers knuckle deep into Jin's slick hole. Jin keens, nearly jackknifing off the bed, Namjoon takes his other hand and holds the Omega's hips down. He curls his fingers with practiced ease, thrusting in and out of Jin's leaking hole at a near brutal pace. Jin screams, throwing his head back and exposing his throat. Namjoon can't help it, he growls at the show of submission, leaning down to bite and suck kisses into the pale skin. Jin's cock is hard between them, dripping precum constantly and staining Namjoon's shirt with it. Namjoon removes his hand from the Omega's hip, letting Jin hump his hand and grind into his stomach. Namjoon kisses up his neck, claiming the Omega's lips in a searing kiss. Jin moans into it, a little slack jawed but trying his best nonetheless.

Jin just gets more and more desperate, spilling moans and whines between their kiss endlessly. Namjoon plants his knees on the bed and pulls away from Jin's lips, taking his cock in his free hand. He strokes him in time to the hand thrusting in and out of him, sliding a third finger in next to the other two. Jin mewls, tears slipping down his cheeks, and cums between them, painting his stomach and chest white. Namjoon pulls his fingers out of Jin's sopping hole but keeps his hand around his still hard cock, moving down his body until his face is between Jin's slick coated thighs. Jin parts them further on instinct. A rumble builds low in Namjoon's chest and he leans in to take Jin's balls into his mouth, first one then the other, still stroking his cute cock.

He spends a moment there before letting them loose, nosing down until he can lave at Jin's hole. The Omega is pumping out slick continuously, preparing his body for an Alpha's knot. Namjoon sucks it up greedily, letting the taste bloom hot over his tongue. It's like taking a straight shot of pheromones to his bloodstream, his head spinning with the intensity of it. His control won't last long like this but he can't resist, knowing he can wring one more orgasm out of Jin before he'll have to find release himself. His tongue swirls around the ring of muscle, delving in and curling to gather as much of the addictively sweet slick as he can. There's more slick than he can lick up, so it ends up sliding down his chin, his neck, dripping down his chest and into his shirt and the bed below them. This is exactly why

they have plastic mattress pads.

Jin is already close again, Namjoon can tell, hips bucking against his face and up into his hand, his hole clenching rhythmically around his tongue. He slides a long finger in along with his tongue, curling it to nudge at the Omega's prostate. Jin lets out a strangled moan, head tossing back and forth at the added stimulation. He holds out a mere moment longer before cumming again, adding to the mess already on his body.

The contractions of his orgasm force more slick out of his hole as Namjoon pulls his finger free, laying one last lick down before growling and raising up to strip off his shirt and kick his pants and underwear free. He's hard as steel, standing proud against his taut stomach. Jin mewls at the sight of him, reaching out for him like he's afraid he'll leave.

But Namjoon would never and he leans in to kiss his sweet Omega. Jin groans at the taste of himself on Namjoon's tongue, pulling away to lick at the slick staining his cheeks and chin. Namjoon groans, reaching down to slide his fingers back into Jin's hole, this time three straight away. Jin keens and pants against his face, hips undulating in tiny circles. "I'm ready," he cries. "I'm ready, Alpha, please, just fuck me. Fuck me, fuck me, I need your cock, *please.* "

Growling at the pleas Namjoon pulls his fingers away to grip the base of his cock to line himself up and slide into the Omega's waiting hole, the abundance of slick making it so easy. Jin lets out a long, high pitched whine, ringing in Namjoon's ears. His legs come up to wrap around Namjoon's waist, holding him closer. Namjoon thrusts, hard and quick. Usually when they fuck it's more like making love, slow and sweet. But there's not time for that now, not with Jin crying against him and hormones raging through both of them like wildfire.

Helpless noises punch out of Jin's throat with each thrust, his eyes rolling back and neck going slack like he just can't hold it up anymore. Namjoon takes the opportunity to bite the sensitive skin, returning to the marks he left before and making new ones as well. His brain is yelling at him to turn Jin's neck to the side, exposing the scent gland that is swollen there, ready to be bitten and mated. But he and Jin have never talked about that and even in his lust addled state he would never take advantage of it without Jin's consent.

His thrusts become erratic, having been on edge since he got Jin's slick on his tongue. He thrusts, deep and long, hitting Jin's prostate

each and every time. They're both tumbling closer and Namjoon can feel his knot starting to swell. Jin whimpers as he feels it tug at his rim on each thrust, hand coming up to clutch at Namjoon's shoulders. "Knot me," he cries. "Please, knot me, Alpha. I need your cum, need you to fill me up. *Breed me* ."

It's the final straw and Namjoon buries himself into Jin's body, knot fattening up and tying them together. Jin screams at the stretch, out of pleasure more so than pain. Namjoon sees stars as he cums, know making him pump endless amounts of semen into Jin's hole. The feel of it, of hot liquid coating his insides, makes Jin cum too, untouched between them. He screams and cries, orgasm so much more intense with Namjoon inside of him. He can feel the heat lift slightly, the Alpha's knot satiating some of his need.

Namjoon props himself on shaking arms, catching his breath before carefully rolling on his side, pulling Jin with him. Jin whimpers as the knot tugs at his sensitive rim, but Namjoon shushes him and kisses his nose. They settle together, Namjoon's cock still weakly leaking cum into Jin's insides.

Jin buries into his neck, nosing at the scent glands there. He purrs, eyes drooping with exhaustion. Namjoon decides to let him sleep while his knot deflates, aiming to wake him up and force him to drink and eat before they continue on. They've got another several days ahead of them, but Namjoon is prepared for the long haul. He'd endure anything for Kim Seokjin and fucking him through a heat is one of the easiest things on that list.

Chapter End Notes

> So, this is my first time writing heat sex. And, like, only my second time writing anal. So. There's that XD
>
> What'd you guys think?? Let me know, let me know! Comments and kudos make me thrive <3

Taehyung V

Chapter Summary

> Taehyung usually loves spending time with Jimin and Yoongi, but he's getting pretty sick of how it's making him feel. And then Jimin starts doing something that makes it all so much worse.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After scenting with Yoongi, Taehyung has taken to spending more time with the Alpha. Sometimes they scent, but a lot of the time they just sit close by each other, each doing their own thing. A couple times Taehyung made his way into Yoongi's studio, curling up on the couch while Yoongi worked on his songs. Spending more time with Yoongi also meant spending more time with Jimin, and more time with them both as a couple. They were good together, unbearably cute, and Taehyung loves seeing Yoongi care for his Omega, kissing him sweetly and feathering him with light, casual touches. He loves it, even though it makes his chest ache in an inexplicable way.

Jimin and Taehyung are in Jimin's room, curled up together on the bed and watching videos on Jimin's laptop. Yoongi is supposed to be coming home soon. Taehyung has already told himself that he's going to leave whenever the Alpha gets back, hating the thought that he's been cutting into the couple's alone time together. Even though they both assured Taehyung that it's no issue, that they love spending time with him, he can't help but feel uneasy.

Jimin seems happy, though, head pillowed on Taehyung's shoulder with the computer propped on their stomachs. Taehyung can admit that he's happy, too.

Eventually, he hears the front door open. He knows it must be Yoongi because everyone else is already home. When they video they're watching finishes and Yoongi still hasn't entered the room, Taehyung hits pause before the next one can start. Jimin makes a noise of confusion, and another one as Taehyung starts to get up. "I'm, uh, going to spend some time with Jeonggukie." Taehyung says lamely, sitting on the edge of the bed and scratching at the back of his neck.

Jimin pouts but mutters an okay. Taehyung starts to stand up, but

then the other Omega is reaching out, raising up and cupping Taehyung's cheek. Taehyung's breath hitches because Jimin is so close to him now, their faces mere inches apart. Jimin stares into his eyes for a moment before leaning in and pressing their lips together.

It's sweet, chaste, and Jimin's lips are so plush and soft under Taehyung's own. Taehyung is shocked into stillness, not returning the kiss but not pulling away. Jimin pulls back, stroking Tae's cheek, and says, "Have fun with Ggukie."

Taehyung nods dumbly, shooting up from the bed and leaving the room, closing the door with Jimin in there alone. He's standing in the hallway, a whirlwind thoughts swirling in his head, when Yoongi approaches from the living room. The Alpha gives him a gummy, sincere smile, clapping him on the shoulder before going into his room. To be with Jimin. Jimin, who just gave Taehyung the sweetest, most confusing kiss of his entire life. Taehyung can feel Yoongi's touch lingering long after the Alpha leaves, heat tingling across the skin of his shoulder.

It's a fluke, Taehyung decides. It's gotta be. An accident that Taehyung won't ever bring up again.

Except that it's not.

After that, every time they spend time alone and one of them has to leave, Jimin will press a kiss to Taehyung's lips and smile like he's holding a secret. They're always short, chaste, never lasting more than a second. Taehyung has no idea what's happening.

He doesn't know if Yoongi knows, and doesn't know if he should tell him. It's...It's not like Jimin is *cheating* , he and Tae are *just friends* , but Taehyung can't help but feel guilty. The Alpha probably doesn't notice anything because Jimin always smells like Taehyung after they hang out, and one little kiss wouldn't change much.

He thinks it will fade, that Jimin must be going through some weird phase, but it doesn't. Weeks go by and Jimin still does it every single time. And then, one time when they're in the couple's room with Yoongi, too, Taehyung yawns and says he should head to bed before he passes out. Jimin whines a little and lets him get up, but not without pressing another kiss to Taehyung's lips, like he had all those times before. But this time Yoongi is watching them, stare heavy and hot on the side of Taehyung's face, and Taehyung runs from the room like he's been set on fire.

He bolts to his own room, finding Hoseok there alone. He doesn't know where Jeongguk is and he can't really care, his own inner turmoil tuning everything else out. Hoseok jumps as Taehyung crashes in, eyeing the Omega warily. Taehyung knows he must look flustered, eyes wide and a flush sitting high on his cheeks, hands shaking. But he can't get himself under control.

"Taehyung-ah?" Hoseok calls out, bringing the Omega back to the present. He sounds concerned, he must have been trying to get Tae's attention for a while if the way he's waving his hands in Taehyung's face are any indication. "Hey, Taetae, are you okay?"

There's no point in lying because he's obviously *not* , so he shakes his head and lets Hoseok pull him onto his bed. He collapses into the Beta's chest, inhaling Hoseok's beautifully calming scent of oranges and other citrus, tinged lightly with cinnamon. The neutral scent is exactly the kind of comfort Taehyung needs in this moment, the light scent unable to release hormones in Tae's head like those of an Omega or an Alpha would. Hoseok strokes his hair, his back, knowing after years of living together the best way of calming the Omega down.

He's not crying, thank god, but he is shaking uncontrollably, breaths shuddering in his chest. Hoseok asks him what's wrong, trying to get him to talk, but he can't. He can't form the words and he *can't* talk about, can't explain what the hell is happening because he doesn't know himself.

Hoseok gives up on that front, but keeps holding Tae all the same. That's okay. That's what Taehyung needs.

He eventually falls asleep, exhausted, and Hoseok lets him stay on his bed. Taehyung is grateful, not wanting to go to sleep by himself right now. He wakes up a little when Jeongguk comes into the room. He asks Hoseok a question quietly, Hoseok answering just as soft, but Taehyung is just too tired to make out what they're saying. Jeongguk moves around the room, getting ready for bed. When the light turns off Taehyung expects Jeongguk to settle into his own bed. What he does not expect, and what he gets instead, is Jeongguk climbing onto the bed behind him, an arm thrown over his waist and hand laying on Hoseok's hip, a face burying between his shoulder blades. The touching gesture brings tears to Taehyung's eyes but he refuses to let them fall, burrowing instead into the comforting arms of his hyung and his precious dongsaeng.

The next morning Jin comes in to wake them all up for schedules,

puzzled by the sight that he finds. But he wakes them up anyway and Jeonggukie rolls off the bed first, mumbling something about small beds and morning breath. Hoseok stretches, attempting to dislodge Tae, but Taehyung just whines and clutches himself closer, not wanting to get up yet. Their schedule is all group stuff today and he really doesn't want to face Jimin or Yoongi yet. Hoseok just nudges at him, telling him softly that they have to start getting ready.

Taehyung does eventually get up, moving lethargic slow. He changes into clothes that'll be comfortable for the day, a pair of heather grey sweats and a loose fitting t-shirt. He spies one of Hoseok's pullover hoodie laying on the ground and grabs at it, pulling it on. He has a feeling he'll need the lingering scent clinging to it. Hoseok, for his part, doesn't say anything as he dresses himself. They meet the others in the kitchen, Namjoon and Jin eating with Ggukie at the table, Yoongi and Jimin making their own breakfasts. Taehyung stills as he sees them but decides to not let the couple affect his performance today, moving to grab a protein bar from the pantry and a bottle of water from the fridge. He sits next to Jeongguk at the table, peeling open his bar even though he's pretty uninterested in eating.

"That all you're getting today, Tae-ah?" Namjoon asks and Taehyung just shrugs, nibbling at his food. Namjoon accepts it but eyes him cautiously.

"You can have some of my porridge, Taehyungie." Jimin chirps as he settles next to Tae at the table. Taehyung flinches, staring at the bowl Jimin had pushed between them in offering.

It looks good, but Taehyung just shakes his head. "I'm fine," he mutters, taking another bite of his chalky, terrible protein bar. He washes it down with a gulp of water. Jimin looks a little crestfallen but doesn't say anything as he starts eating it by himself.

As they finish eating their car arrives out front, a manager calling to tell them to hurry up. They all move to grab their bags, and as Taehyung starts to head to the door, Jin grabs his arm, holding him back. The older Omega studies his face, asking a cautious, "Are you okay?"

Taehyung's not, of course, but he gives Jin a weak smile. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just...just tired."

Jin clearly doesn't believe him, but they have to get outside before the manager-nim starts getting hissy. Taehyung pulls away from his grip

and goes out to the car. Everyone is already inside and the only seats left are either next to Namjoon (which is solely reserved for Jin) or next to Jimin and Yoongi in back. Cursing his luck and Jin-hyung for making him wait, he climbs into the back and settles next to Jimin. Jimin smiles, big and wide, eyes turning into little crescents. He's so beautiful, Taehyung thinks, and wants to kick himself. Yoongi just nods at him, still half asleep with his hood pulled up and his arm around Jimin's shoulders.

Taehyung tries to make himself small, to not touch Jimin in anyway, but the van is only so big. His thigh ends up pressed against the other's regardless, heat seeping through the fabric of his pants at the contact. He rests his head against the window and fakes sleep, trying his best to ignore the soft spoken words of the couple beside him.

But then the van stops and there's a hand on his shoulder, another curling over his thigh. He jumps at the contact, eyes opening to find Jimin *right there* , smiling softly at him. "Time to start the day, Taehyungie." The Omega sing songs, and Taehyung smiles genuinely in spite of himself.

The day starts with vocal practice, focusing mainly on Jin, Jeongguk, Jimin, and Tae. The rappers practice, too, but nearly as much as the vocal line for today. They stay there for several hours, until the noona teaching them is happy with their performance. As happy as she can be, anyway. She praises Jimin and Jeongguk, and congratulates Jin on how far he's come, but doesn't do much more than nod and smile at Taehyung. It puts him in a worse mood.

As they leave the practice room, there's an arm tossed around his shoulders and Taehyung knows that it's Yoongi without looking. "You did really good today." The Alpha says, grasping the back of his neck with a strong, elegant hand. Taehyung fights back a whimper. He's spent enough time with Yoongi for the Alpha to know how weak it makes him. "Thanks," he mutters, shrugging off the Alpha's arm. He walks faster, leaving Yoongi behind and he can feel the other frowning at his back.

They meet up at dance practice, next, and go over the new songs for the next comeback and old ones as well to make sure they're still fresh. Taehyung keeps to himself, not goofing around with the other maknaes as he usually would and sitting against the mirrors by himself when the choreographer-nims call for breaks. He can feel the hyungs watching him, but Jimin and Jeongguk don't seem to notice, hooting and hollering and play wrestling like normal.

Of course , some sick part of him thinks, *you're nothing to them, just another warm body, a little play thing. Of course they wouldn't notice when you're gone* . He frowns, casting his eyes down to his water bottle. In his peripheral he can see Hoseok starting to approach him, but then the choreographer calls for them to group back up. Thank God.

But the next song he puts on is "War of Hormone." Taehyung doesn't think much, going along with the moves, until the part approaches where he's supposed to slap Jimin's butt. Jimin- cute, precious Jimin that's been kissing him for weeks like it's nothing. Jimin, who seems to act like nothing's wrong, like everything is normal when it's *not* . He doesn't want to follow through with the part, even though he's done it a hundred times. It's *different* now. He has to do something so in a last ditch effort to keep his sanity and keep the practice going, so he lifts a leg up and kicks Jimin instead. He goes about the song as if nothing happened, and the choreographer-nim seems to be enjoying the "banter," but he can feel Jimin's stare on him and when he looks back there's something akin to hurt on his face. Taehyung swallows down the lump in his throat.

When the choreographer finally cuts practice for the day and allows them to go home, Taehyung bolts for the door. He makes it to the van first and sequesters himself in the back seat. Jeongguk comes in next and starts to sit in the middle row, but Taehyung whines at pulls at the younger's arm until Jeongguk settles in the back with him. Taehyung is beyond relieved.

Hoseok gets in next, climbing next Jeongguk and cementing the fact that Taehyung won't have to sit by either Jimin or Yoongi. Thank Christ. Namjoon and Jin are next, taking the seats in the middle. Yoongi gets in last, with Jimin just behind him. Yoongi climbs in the front, the only seats left, and Jimin looks around as he steps inside. He sees Taehyung in the back, hiding beside Jeongguk, and looks unbearably sad for a moment. But then Yoongi pulls him close and their backs are to Taehyung, the van doors closing.

The driver takes them home and they pile out of the van the second it stops. Taehyung pushes ahead of the others, eager to get inside and hide in his room. As he's about to turn into the hallway from the living room, someone grabs his arm and yanks him back. He turns to find Yoongi behind him, out of breath and *livid* . The others haven't even reached the door yet.

"What the fuck is your problem?" Yoongi spits and Taehyung stares at

him, exasperated.

“What the fuck do you mean?” He counters, pulling his arm free and stepping backwards down the hallway. Yoongi just crowds up into him, backing Taehyung into his own closed bedroom door.

“I *mean* the way you treated Jimin today. You really hurt his fucking feelings.”

Taehyung scoffs, gripping the door handle. He would normally feel intimidated by the Alpha’s anger, but now he’s just tired and *over it* . “I hurt *his feelings* ?” His lips turn into an angry sneer. He opens the door slightly, stepping one foot back inside. “Consider it payback, then.” And he steps fully into his room, slamming the door in Yoongi’s surprised face.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I swear it'll be better soon.

Let me know what you thought??? <3

Yoonmin IV

Chapter Summary

Yoongi takes Jiminie out on a date to try and lift his spirits.

Chapter Notes

Updating early because I just can't help it :3 I'll probably still post a chapter on Sunday too, cuz I love you guys ＜3

Also if you didn't see, I posted a Yoonmin one shot yesterday! I'll warn you...it's pretty sad. But writing it meant a lot to me, and I would love you forever if you checked it out!! Give it a look see here.

Enjoy this chapter!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin has been feeling down. Really, really down actually, ever since Taehyung flipped a switch and suddenly wanted nothing to do with him, or Yoongi. The other Omega would go out of his way to avoid being alone with them, to avoid sitting next to them at meals or in the van, to interact anymore than he had to for vocal and dance practice. He wouldn't even meet Jimin's eyes anymore.

So, Jimin was pretty excited when Yoongi texted him this morning while he was at practice with Jeongguk and Hoseok, his Alpha at the studio. It simply said he had a surprise and to meet him in front of the dorm at six, wearing something nice. Jimin texted back an okay with a flurry of emojis because he needed this, needed time alone with his Alpha away from the dorms and the studio.

Jimin carries through his day, excitement bubbling in his chest as the clock ticks closer and closer to time to leave. When he arrives back to the dorm a little after four-thirty, he practically skips to the bathroom to shower and get ready. After showering he blow dries and styles his hair, putting a light bit of makeup on. He knows Yoongi doesn't like it when he wears too much.

He goes back to his room, towel around his waist, to get dressed. He's been thinking about it all day, but still hasn't really decided. He stares at his closet, knowing that it's getting close to time for him to meet Yoongi and he really needs to make up his mind.He settles on a white

button down with pale pink flowers printed all over it, their green stems curling around each other. He pairs it with black slacks, a black blazer, and all black low-top converse. Classy but still slightly casual.

He admires himself in their mirror, satisfied with the look. He glances at their alarm clock and it's five-fifty-five. He has to go meet his Alpha. He makes his way to the front of the dorm, the others all off doing their own thing so he doesn't meet anyone on his way. He steps out the front door and is greeted to Yoongi, wearing a black button down and black jeans, carrying a bundle of white and red roses.

Jimin coos at the sight of them and his charming, handsome Alpha. He accepts the flowers graciously, burying his nose in them to smell the beautiful aroma. "They're so pretty," he muses, stroking lightly at the petals of one of the white ones.

"Not as pretty as you," Yoongi responds easily and Jimin beams at him. Yoongi offers his arm and Jimin hooks through it with one of his own, cradling the bouquet of flowers in the other. He leads him to a company car parked out front, all black and sleek looking. He opens the back door for Jimin, letting him climb in first. Yoongi isn't far behind him and Jimin carefully sets the flowers down by his feet so he can hold Yoongi's hand. The driver already seems to know where to go, taking off as soon as they settle in.

"Where are we going?" Jimin asks excitedly, looking out the window at the passing streets as if they'll tell him the answer.

"You'll see." Yoongi says, sounding entirely too smug for his own good.

They eventually pull up to a restaurant, small and quaint but still fancy looking. Yoongi thanks their driver and asks him to return in an hour or so before opening his door and stepping out, holding a hand out for Jimin. Jimin eyes his flowers, wondering what to do with them, when Yoongi says, "Leave them, the driver-nim will drop them off at the dorm for us." The driver nods in assurance, so Jimin leaves them and takes his Alpha's hand.

Yoongi leads him inside, still radiating smug energy. What is he up to?

They step inside door and are greeted by a pretty hostess-noona. She bows, greeting Yoongi by name, and leads them to a table near the kitchen. Jimin immediately knows something is off. There are absolutely no people in the restaurant, aside from them, the hostess, and the workers in the back. She seats them, saying their first course

will be out soon, and leaves with another bow.

Jimin stares at Yoongi, eyes a little wide. Yoongi just smiles. “What did you do?” Jimin asks him incredulously.

Yoongi shrugs, still smiling. “Nothing,” and Jimin knows he’s a *liar* . “I wanted to take my precious Jiminie on a date, so I rented this place out for an hour. I ordered our meals ahead of time so they could start working on it before we got here.” Jimin keeps staring at him. “I thought you could use a quiet night out. Do you like it?”

Like it? Jimin has the sudden urge to climb over the table and kiss Yoongi senseless. But he resists, instead saying. “I love it, Yoongi-ah,” with a wide, dimpled smile.

Yoongi gives him a gummy grin as their first plate is brought out. There are several types of kimchi placed in front of them, along with bowls of rice. The server bows before taking his leave. Jimin practically salivates and the smells, trying to decide what to eat first. “I’m so hungry.” He says, finally picking one up with his chopsticks. “I haven’t eaten since breakfast.”

Yoongi stares at him blankly. Ever since that day, when Jimin broke down and confessed how much weigh ins were affecting him, Yoongi had been pushing him to eat regularly everyday. But old habits die hard. “We had a lot of practice to do!” Jimin defends. “There-there wasn’t time.” He finishes weakly.

Yoongi grunts, unamused. “More reason for me to stuff you full tonight, hm?”

The connotations of that statement aren’t lost on Jimin, even if Yoongi didn’t mean it that way. A blush stains his cheeks as he bites into the kimchi.

They don’t talk much as they eat, not much to say since they see each other every day. But every once in a while one of them will think of a story, a fact, a passing moment and will share. Their next course is brought out, bibim guksu piled high with steamed vegetables. Their old plates are cleared away and they tuck into their bowls.

The food is beyond delicious. Even though Jin’s cooking is amazing, there’s something to be said about having highly trained professionals make it for you. Jimin tries to not eat too fast, to pace with Yoongi and savor it, but it’s hard not too when it tastes so good and his stomach is screaming for it.

He does finish his bowl before Yoongi, but not by much. Their server returns and declares that dessert will be out momentarily. Jimin feels like he's being spoiled (which by all intents and purposes, he is). He slides his foot forward, nudging at Yoongi's own, knowing that since they're in public he can't show much more affection than that. Their in a rented out restaurant, sure, but fans and photographers could be anywhere.

Yoongi smiles softly at him, nudging back with his own foot. Jimin feels like a little kid, playing footsie with his crush, but he can't say he doesn't like it. It's Yoongi; he likes doing anything with Yoongi.

Their dessert is brought out and Jimin bites back a laugh, smiling instead at the plate placed between them. It's filled with mochi in varying flavors. Mango, strawberry, vanilla, and chocolate from the looks of it. He looks back to Yoongi to find the other chuckling silently, shoulders jumping and his hand hiding the grin on his face.

"You're so *mean* ." Jimin whines, but picks up his chopsticks anyway. He reaches for a mango one, picking it up and biting into it, letting the sweet, tangy ice cream melt on his tongue.

Yoongi drops his hand but is still grinning, reaching for a vanilla one himself. "You're so cute." He coos. "My mochi eating mochi."

Jimin kicks him, almost making Yoongi drop his little ice cream ball. But he recovers it, taking a bite and scrunching his face up at Jimin. Yoongi's a liar, the fact still stands. *He's* the one who's cute.

They finish their dessert, Yoongi letting Jimin eat most of it to satiate his sweet tooth. The hostess-noona from before returns, letting them know that their car has arrived. Jimin gripes about helping pay, but Yoongi stresses that he's already got it covered. Jimin pouts a little. He feels like the gesture, renting the whole place out and paying for several courses of food, is just too much. But Yoongi pinches his cheeks, telling him he's worth it and a thousand meals more, and it chases the guilty feeling away.

Yoongi leads him back to the car and once the door is closed and the driver starts driving, Jimin leans over and kisses Yoongi like he's been wanting to all night. Yoongi moans in surprise but quickly returns it, reaching a hand up to cup Jimin's jaw. The Alpha tastes like ice cream, a delightful mix of strawberry and chocolate that lingers on his tongue, but underneath it is all *Yoongi* , a taste that Jimin can't describe but loves anyway.

But then, in the back of his mind he notices that the driver just took a left instead of a right. He pulls away, confused, and is met with the fact that they are indeed driving *away* from the dorms. “We aren’t going home?” Jimin asks, turning back to the Alpha.

Yoongi shakes his head lightly, expression fond as he strokes Jimin’s lower lip with his thumb. “I’ve got more planned for you, Jiminie.” Jimin mewls and leans in to kiss him again. They kiss and kiss and kiss, exploring each others mouths like it’s the first time, until the driver stops and has to clear his throat at them. Jimin pulls away, gasping and blushing hard. Yoongi looks a little embarrassed, too, but it’s overshadowed by his pleased grin. They step out of the car, bowing to the driver who just gives them a stern nod. Yoongi tells the driver to go ahead and go home, that they’ll walk back to the dorm themselves. The driver looks grateful. Probably worried that they’d start humping each other in the back seat on the way home.

To Jimin’s surprise, they’re at the studio. He gives Yoongi a questioning look but the Alpha just smiles and takes his hand, leading him inside. Yoongi takes him to his own studio room, flipping the light on and taking a seat in the desk chair. He motions for Jimin to sit in his lap, so he does so. “I have something to show you.” Yoongi says, voice low. “But...I’m worried you won’t like it.”

Jimin coos, kissing Yoongi’s cheek. “I’m sure I’ll love it, Alpha.”

The honorific makes Yoongi preen, so he turns them to face the computer and wakes it up, navigating through browsers and files until he gets to what he’s looking for. “I know you have a lot of trouble sleeping when I’m not at home.” Yoongi explains. “And with Taehyung being...distant-” The thought of Taehyung makes Jimin’s heart ache, but he pushes it aside. “-that it’s been even harder. So, I...I made this, for you. To help.”

He presses play on the music file and the room is filled with a sweet piano medley, slow and heartfelt. Jimin listens, enraptured, as the song flows around them like water. It’s comforting, almost like it’s Yoongi’s touch caressing him. He knows that it’s Yoongi playing, it could be no one else, and that thought alone brings tears to his eyes.

Jimin lets them fall because there’s no reason to hide. The music builds but never gets too intense, flowing instead back to a slow lull, like the push and pull of the ocean tides he grew up next to. He knows Yoongi is watching him, observing his reaction, but all he cares about in this moment is the beautiful music filling his ears, his soul,

composed by his wonderful, loving Alpha.

The music eventually stops but the pair remain silent, Jimin basking in the wake of such beauty and Yoongi anxiously awaiting a reaction. Jimin eventually turns to face his Alpha, tears still streaming but from pure happiness rather than any kind of sadness. He reaches up to stroke Yoongi's cheek, which has one single tear rolling down it. "You wrote this? For me?"

"Yeah," Yoongi says, awkwardly nonchalant. "Do you...do you like it?"

Jimin laughs, a little exasperated, because it's such a ridiculous question. "I *love* it, Yoongi. It's gorgeous."

Yoongi breaks into a relieved grin, pulling his Omega in for a sweet kiss. "It loops almost perfectly." Yoongi says, their lips brushing as he speaks. "So you can play it on repeat."

Jimin hums, interested but even more so in the feel of his Alpha's lips. He presses their lips together again, his own parting so that their tongues can meet. They kiss deeply, passionately, but there's no heat behind it. For now, kissing is enough to satiate any need Jimin has and Yoongi seems to feel the same. They kiss for a long time, for forever, and the computer falls asleep beside them.

They pause for air a couple times before coming back together, like magnets, like puzzle pieces slotting perfect into each other. Jimin could live here, die here, and do so happily. Yoongi's hands roam his body; across his face, down his neck, over his shoulders but it's in a comforting way, not meant to elicit any sexual reaction. Jimin indulges in it, moving his own to cup Yoongi's jaw, to hold him close, to stroke the pale, perfect skin of his cheeks.

Eventually they stop with more of an air of finality, leaning their foreheads together and staring into each other's eyes. Yoongi strokes Jimin's cheek softly, making the younger smile, and whispers, "Let's go home."

Chapter End Notes

If you're curious, this is the shirt that Jimin is wearing :3

Let me know what you thought! Comments and kudos are always welcome.

(Don't forget to check out that Yoonmin one shot ;) - Here.)

Taehyung VI

Chapter Summary

> Some communication finally happens, between Taehyung and Yoongi at least.

Chapter Notes

> THE BOYS ARE FINALLY TALKING. At least a little bit. They're trying :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's been weeks since Taehyung started avoiding Jimin and Yoongi and he misses them desperately. He's been having constant headaches, can't sleep unless he's with Jeongguk or Hoseok (or sometimes both), but even when he does sleep he wakes up exhausted. Everytime he sees one of the couple, his heart shatters. It would be so easy to go to them, to apologize, but he's tired of having his emotions toyed with. As much as he's hurting now, he can't endure the weird feelings they sent him through again.

Yoongi looks much the same, but he's never been one to let his emotions show. Jimin, on the other hand, looks as miserable as Taehyung feels. Every time Taehyung sees him, he's bundled in one of Yoongi's hoodies, eyes downcast and drooping like he's not sleeping either. He walks around with his shoulders hunched in on himself, making himself small wherever he goes. Taehyung hates it but he can't do anything to fix it.

He leaves his room, where he'd been playing video games with Jeongguk, to get a drink from the kitchen. As he passes through the living room, he spies Namjoon and Jimin watching TV on the couch. Well, Namjoon is watching, Jimin is curled into the corner like he's trying to sleep. Namjoon catches Taehyung's eye, but Jimin doesn't seem to notice his presence.

Taehyung ignores them both, making his way to the kitchen. He sets his phone on the counter and grabs a glass to pour some juice into. He's opening the fridge when Namjoon comes into the room, staring at Taehyung with that intense leader-gaze of his. Taehyung ignores him, grabbing the juice carton and turning to the counter where he'd set his glass. He ignores him, until the stare makes annoyance prickle

up his neck. He slams the juice onto the counter, turning to snarl out a, “ *What* ?” in exasperation.

Namjoon stares at him a moment more before saying, “You haven’t been spending much time with Jimin, or Yoongi, lately. You hardly smell like them anymore.”

“So?” Taehyung asks. What the fuck is Namjoon getting at? “I’ve been spending time with Jeongguk.”

“Jimin misses you.” Namjoon says simply, tilting his head a little.

Taehyung is suddenly *pissed* . He growls and shoves past Namjoon, leaving his juice and his phone behind. “That’s not my problem.” He spits and bolts back for his bedroom.

He collapses onto his bed, but Jeongguk is too engrossed in Overwatch to notice him or how upset he is. It isn’t until he’s laid there a few minutes that he realizes his phone is still in the kitchen. He groans. He really doesn’t want to go back out there, but he needs his phone. With a world-weary sigh he shoves himself off the bed and leaves the room again.

He pauses in the hallway, hearing voices in the living room. He worries, for a moment, that Yoongi has come home but as he inches closer he realizes it’s still just Namjoon and Jimin.

“Jimin,” Namjoon is saying. “I need to talk to you.”

Jimin groans. Taehyung can’t see them from where he’s hiding, but he can imagine Jimin curling tighter in on himself. Jimin has always hated being confronted.

“I’m serious.” Namjoon says. “Sit up and talk to me.” Jimin must listen to him because then Namjoon is saying. “I know there’s something going on with you and Taehyung.”

Jimin doesn’t respond. Taehyung can’t blame him, his initial reaction was pretty similar.

“I was walking by your room a few weeks ago,” Namjoon admits. “Your door was open. I saw you kissing him.” Jimin makes a pained noise and Taehyung has to bite one back of his own. Namjoon has known? This whole time? “So, what was that about?”

Jimin scoffs, and it sounds wet, like there’s tears stuck in his throat.

“It was apparently nothing.” He says and he sounds so hurt. Taehyung’s heart breaks all over again.

“Nothing?” Namjoon clarifies.

And then Jimin is *angry* . “Yes!” he shouts. “It was absolutely *nothing* , it didn’t mean *anything* , okay? Lay off me!”

Then there are footsteps storming toward the hallway and Taehyung freezes. Jimin stops just in front of him, tears threatening to spill. He looks surprised for a moment, and then weary. “Taetae?” he whispers and Taehyung suddenly can’t be there anymore.

He can’t, he can’t be in this house, he can’t be near Jimin or anyone else right now. He stares at Jimin’s hopeless face and then darts around him, rushing past Namjoon and out the front door. He forgot his damn phone again, but he doesn’t care because there are tears burning his eyes and he has to *leave* . He passes Yoongi on his way down to the street, and the Alpha calls after him in question. Taehyung starts sprinting down the sidewalk, away from the dorm, away from his problems.

Except the problems are in his head and he can’t outrun that. He hears Yoongi yelling behind him but he keeps running, legs burning and chest on fire. He runs until his legs give out and he collapses on the ground, sobs wracking his body. Thank god it’s night time and no one’s out at this hour. Yoongi approaches behind him, out of breath. He kneels next to Taehyung and places a comforting hand on Taehyung’s shoulder, mouth open and about to say something.

But Taehyung doesn’t want to hear it, doesn’t want Yoongi’s touch on him. He lashes out, pushing the Alpha away, and turns on his heels, crab walking backward and out of Yoongi’s reach. “Don’t you *fucking* touch me!” He shouts, voice cracking with his tears.

Yoongi stares at him, like he’s unsure of how to handle the distraught Omega. Taehyung is usually calmed down by skinship, by a hand gripping his neck and a comforting scent filling his nose. But he doesn’t want that right now, especially not from Yoongi. “What’s wrong?” Yoongi tries, voice soft and careful.

It’s all brimming under the surface and Taehyung can’t keep it hidden anymore. “What’s wrong?!” He shouts back and he *laughs* , but it’s pained and mirthless. “What’s wrong is that you, you and *Jimin* -” the name hurts as he says it, yanked from his mouth like a rotting tooth- “fucking played around with me for *months* and it apparently meant

nothing! I'm so fucking glad you guys could get your kicks while my heart shattered every time I had to go back to my room alone!"

Yoongi stares at him, shocked. "Who- who told you that it meant nothing?" He whispers.

"Jimin!" And Taehyung's laughing again because what a sight he must be; the poor, stupid Omega that fell in love with his best friend and his Alpha, it must be so fucking funny. "He said it didn't mean *anything* , this entire fucking time he's been kissing m-me and making me question life itself and it didn't mean *a damn thing* ."

"You've got it wrong." Yoongi says, trying to come closer but Taehyung shouts and backs away again. "That's not right. We, we *care* about you, Taehyung. What he said, you heard him wrong, he didn't mean it like that."

"It sure fucking sounded like he meant it when it was coming out of his mouth!"

Yoongi finally sits down, several feet from Taehyung. He settles his feet on the ground, knees bent, and props his elbows on them, burying his face in his hands. Taehyung watches him, cautious, his chest heaving. His tears have finally stopped but what hasn't is the ache in his chest, the pounding in his head, the *hurt* all over. He unconsciously mirrors Yoongi's position, hugging his knees to his chest. "We both care about you, so much, Tae-ah." He says softly, moving his hands to stare at the ground in front of his shoes. "More than we should. It's been hard, coming to terms with that, but Jimin and I have talked about it alot." Taehyung is so confused. What does he mean *too much* ? Yoongi continues, "We went about this all wrong. Jimin, he...Jimin wanted to ease you into us, to our feelings with you. I didn't think that meant kissing you without explaining anything."

"Wait…" Taehyung says, and Yoongi looks at him. It's the first time he's said something without yelling. "F-feelings?"

"Yes," Yoongi says. "Feelings. Really strong, really confusing *feelings* . I don't- I don't know exactly what they mean, except that we both want you around, always. Jimin wants to keep kissing you. I, *I* want to kiss you, too." Yoongi sighs, dropping his legs to sit criss-cross, letting his guard down some. "We want you with us, Taehyung, in whatever way you want. I have a feeling you want the same things we do."

Taehyung tenses up. "There's, there's no way. You don't *know* what I want." There's absolutely no way they feel the same way he does,

there's no way they feel the same burning intensity, the same bloom in his chest that he can only describe as love. They can't.

"You're right." Yoongi agrees. "I don't know, not for sure. I can't speak for Jimin, but I know that I *can't* know what you want unless *you* tell me." Taehyung wants to, but he doesn't want to risk losing his friends, his hyungs, his place in Bangtan. He bites his lip, staring at his denim-covered knees. As if sensing his anxiety, Yoongi says. "This is completely judgement free. Whatever you say stays between us, here, right now. I won't even tell Jimin."

Taehyung bides his times, rolling the words around in his head carefully. He brings his hands up to his lap, playing with his fingers and twisting them around each other anxiously. Yoongi is always true to his word, he knows he would never betray him. It's still not easy to admit something like this. "I want you, too." He mumbles. "Both of you. It...It's so confusing, hyung, because I've never felt like this before. Did you know, I went to Namjoon and Jin-hyung and asked them what if felt like when you liked someone?" Taehyung chuckles a little at the memory. "I went in thinking of Jiminie, but as they talked more and more I realized I felt it for you, too. It was- it was after that that I asked to scent with you, that first time" He drops his hands, finally looking at the Alpha again. Yoongi is watching him carefully, expression soft and fond. "And it was so nice, every time we did it. I never felt like that with anyone else before. And then I spent more time with both of you, together, and it- it felt like *home* ." Taehyung starts crying again because he misses that feeling so much. "And then, then Jimin started kissing me, and-" He stops, shaking his head. "I thought it was an *accident* , at first, but then he kept doing it. A-and I liked it, so much, but I never knew what it *meant* . He never said anything so I just let him do it, b-but." He takes a deep breath. "Then he did it with *you* there, and I could feel you watching us. It was so scary because I still didn't know what was happening, what any of it meant. That's why I ran." He admits. "That's why I started avoiding you, because I didn't want to admit...this, w-what I'm feeling, and be rejected."

Yoongi hums softly and Taehyung wants nothing more to curl up in his arms. "I'm sorry." Yoongi says. "I'm sorry that we handled this so wrong. We should have been up front with you but we were scared, too. But you've gotta know, Taehyung, you've gotta know that we feel the same way."

Taehyung cries harder. There's no way this is real. He must be dreaming. But then Yoongi is approaching him again, soft and careful,

and he wraps his arms around Taehyung's shoulders. Taehyung couldn't dream this, the clarity and intensity of Yoongi's sandalwood and pastry scent, the warmth and comfort of his arms. Taehyung clutches at the backs of Yoongi's arms, burrowing into his chest. Yoongi lets him cry, there in the middle of the dirty sidewalk, several blocks away from their dorm. He holds him close, shushing him softly, humming a sweet little lullaby that Taehyung doesn't recognize. Eventually Taehyung calms down again and Yoongi pulls back, not removing his arms but just enough to look the Omega in the eye. He uses his hoodie sleeve to wipe away Taehyung's tears. "Come on, let's go home. You can sleep with Jeonggukie tonight, and tomorrow we can talk. All three of us."

Taehyung nods, eyes red and puffy. Tomorrow they're schedule free, for once, so they'll have the whole day to sort things out. He lets Yoongi pull him up and they walk slowly back to the dorm, Yoongi's arm around Tae's waist the whole way.

Chapter End Notes

Things aren't completely settled, but at least they've started! (Also, the lullaby Yoongi hums to Tae in the end is 100% the one he wrote for Jimin. He's so soft.)

Next chapter is some love for Hoseokie <3

What'd ya think? Let me know! Comments and kudos are my lifeblood.

Hoseok I

Chapter Summary

Some love for Hoseokie, because he needs it too <3

Chapter Notes

Okay it's almost one I the morning where I'm at so it's *technically* Wednesday and you know what that's good enough for me!!! Enjoy this chapter guys :)

There's some important stuff to check out in the notes at the end!!! <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok is only human. He gets exhausted, like everyone else. He gets overwhelmed, just like anyone else. That's the best way to describe how he's feeling right now, actually.

His entire body aches from continuous dance practices, for hours and hours everyday. Sometimes he doesn't return home until one or two in the morning, where he promptly passes out and wakes up four or five hours later to do it all over again. It's taking its toll; he can feel his energy waning. He's not joking around as much, not pulling as many ridiculous stunts to make the others smile and laugh. They notice, but they're not used to him being the one needing comfort. They leave him be, hoping he can sort it out on his own.

He was hoping that, too, but when he wakes up one morning and he already feels halfway close to tears, he knows that's not going to happen. He's schedule free today, thank God, and Jin is the only other one home, probably sorting through their piles of laundry. Hoseok curls up in bed, willing himself to go back to sleep and let the horrible, stress fueled anxiety pass. It doesn't happen.

He could easily go to Jin-hyung for help. The oldest is quick to offer a helping hand, a listening ear, a comforting embrace. But that's always with the younger members, and Hoseok isn't used to seeking comfort. Usually, the other's come to him for their fill.

But he needs it, God, he needs it. He'd kill for a pair of warm arms, a comforting scent. He can't smell quite as well as an Omega or an Alpha can, but he can smell well enough for familiar scents to work

very well at letting him get out of his own head. But it just seems like too much energy, to get up and seek Jin out. Energy he just doesn't have. He starts crying and he feels weak for it, frustrated. He's not even *sad* , just so tired and sore. His brain won't stop kicking over dance routines, focusing on the parts he keeps missing, the parts where he's the weakest. He tries to muffle his cries into his pillow, but they're hitching hard in his chest and the sounds escape anyway.

After a while, there's a knock on his door. He freezes, attempting to stifle his tears to make himself as quiet as possible, but it just doesn't work. "Hoseokie?" Jin calls through the door. "Are you okay?"

Hoseok doesn't dare answer, knowing his voice will betray him. He hopes Jin will think he's asleep, will just leave and go about his chores. But he doesn't, because Jin is a good hyung who wants to make sure all of his dongsaengs are handling their lifestyle. He opens the door, flipping on the light, and Hoseok whines at the brightness of it. Jin comes around the side of his bed, sees the tears staining his cheeks, and drops to his knees beside him immediately. He reaches a hand out to stroke at Hoseok's hair. "Oh, Hoseokie," he breathes and a sob hitches in Hoseok's throat. "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

Hoseok can't talk yet, though, and Jin seems to realize this. He climbs into the bed, pulling Hoseok's sheets down, lets the Beta curl into his chest, wrapping his arms around Hoseok's back. "It's okay, Hoseok-ah," Jin soothes. "You're okay." Hoseok inhales Jin's fresh flower scent. It doesn't release hormones in his brain like it would with the others, but it's comforting all the same. It smells like *Jin* , his hyung and the loving group eomma, as they like to tease him with. But it's so true, Jin *is* their homemaker. He cooks for them, assigns their chores, and keeps them all in line when Namjoon can't. He smells like that stability, that comfort, and it's just what Hoseok needs.

Jin holds him, stroking his back and shoulders, cooing soft words in his ear. He calms down eventually, steadying his breathing against Jin's chest. Jin moves a hand to cup the back of his head, stroking the hair at the nape of his neck. "Can you tell me what's wrong?" He asks, quiet and understanding.

"I don't know," Hoseok says, voice thick and sticking in his throat. He attempts to clear it. "It's just...my schedules have been so busy. I know we all are, but. I've been practicing, and practicing, until all hours of the morning. I sleep what little I can before I'm called back in. It's...I'm *exhausted* , hyung, I'm just so tired all the time now. But the other's need me, they need me to be strong but I just feel like I can't

be anymore."

Jin murmurs, "Hoseokie. Oh, Hoseokie, you don't always have to be so strong. You can't, it's not possible for one human being." Hoseok feels defeated, but Jin attempts to chase it away. "There are *seven* of us, Hoseok-ah. There will always be someone there, when you feel like you can't go on. Like I'm here for you now." Hoseok feels soft lips press to his forehead. "And any single one of the other's would do the same for you. Even the selfish maknaes."

Hoseok smiles in spite of himself, knowing Jin's words are true. "It's hard," he admits. "Schedules don't usually get to me like this. I'm not used to seeking help."

"I know," Jin hums. "Preparing for this album has been more difficult. But we see how hard you work, Hobi, we know all the effort you're putting in. You're going to make this a great comeback, all of this work will pay off. You have today off, so catch up on sleep, yeah? I'll stay with you for awhile and then make us some lunch, okay?"

It sounds like an amazing plan and Hoseok says as much, throwing a leg around Jin's hip and pulling him that much closer. He falls asleep to Jin's laughter echoing in his ears.

Jin wakes him up later, as promised, for a delicious lunch. They talk amiably and afterward Jin sends him back to bed. Sleeping all day makes Hoseok feel a bit like a bum, but his body is craving it and it feels nice to not have to *do* anything.

The next time he wakes is to the sound of his door opening and someone tiptoeing inside, trying their best to be quiet. They climb onto the bed, between Hoseok and the wall he's facing. Hoseok, even though he hasn't opened his eyes yet, knows that it's Taehyung. His vanilla and caramel scent fills the space between them. Then, Taehyung lays down and attaches himself to Hoseok like a koala, purring softly. Hoseok shifts a little, his arm wrapping around Tae's waist, and the Omega chirps happily. They settle together and Hoseok falls back asleep.

Someone else joins the fray sometime later. *Two* someones, actually. Jimin climbs onto the bed, shimmying himself behind Taehyung, and Jeongguk gets on behind Hobi. Their arms cross over the two in the middle, creating a comfy, warm cuddle pile. Hoseok sighs and his dongsaengs all make soft little noises, Taehyung purring again, Jimin letting out a coo, and Jeongguk humming behind him. Jimin's berry

scent combines so nice with Taehyung and Hoseok's own, and even though Jeongguk doesn't smell of anything, his presence is still a comfort.

They lay together and Hoseok dozes lightly, never quite falling asleep. Jin calls for dinner awhile later but none of them are willing to move. Someone comes to the door, and after awhile Hoseok can smell Namjoon's smokey scent infiltrating the air. The Alpha makes a pleased noise followed soon by a camera shutter. Hoseok would be annoyed, but his dongsaengs' soft, sleepy breaths surrounding him keep him from doing so.

Namjoon lets them lay there a moment, but eventually comes over and starts shaking them all awake. There's a chorus of groans, but they eventually clamber out of bed one by one. Hoseok feels more rested than he has in weeks. It seems Jin is letting them eat in the living room, the man himself and Yoongi already settled in with their bowls of japchae. The rest of them grab servings from the kitchen, Namjoon going to sit by his Omega, Jimin by his Alpha. Hoseok contemplates where to sit when Taehyung grabs his wrist, grinning happily. He pulls Hoseok to sit between the Omega and Jeongguk, the two of them pressed comfortingly against his sides. They eat and watch shitty reality TV, something mindless and easy to talk over. When they finish eating, Jin stands up and grabs all their dishes, taking them to the kitchen to be washed later. He returns, cuddles back up to Namjoon, and they all sit in companionable silence.

Jimin eventually suggests they put on a movie, since it's still pretty early. They all agree, and Namjoon flips through the movie channels until they find something they can all agree on (a difficult task indeed). As the movie starts, Taehyung moves to rest his head on Hoseok's shoulder, his arms curling around Hoseok's own. Eventually, Jeongguk moves as well, resting his back against the arm of the couch and tucking his feet under Hoseok's thigh. Hoseok hums happily, resting his head on top of Taehyung's and reaching a hand out to curl around Jeongguk's calf.

Bangtan is a beautiful family, Hoseok thinks. Beautiful and supportive and full of love. He couldn't be happier than where he is in this moment.

Chapter End Notes

I really love Hoseok a lot okay. I just needed to write some fluff for him <3 Let me know what you thought ;D

Guys. Guys. Guess what the next chapter is. Go ahead, guess...

Alright. I'll tell ya. JEONGGUKIE STARTS PRESENTING NEXT CHAPTER! I've been waiting for this since I started this story oh my god. Get hyped, chapter goes up on Sunday! (...or maybe sooner if I can't control myself :):):))

Also, I'm going to start taking prompts! I'll be finishing school this week and I'll need something to help pass my time (holy shit I graduate college on Friday whAT(the same day the new album drops WHAT)). I've outlined this story for about 40 chapters and have 28 completed. I wanna keep writing for you guys even when this is done :3. I'll only be taking prompts for BTS because I don't know any other group well enough to write lmao. You can prompt for fluff, smut, angst, A/B/O, college!au, or whatever your little hearts desire. I'll write literally any pairing (or OT3/ OT4...etc. :P). You can ask down in the comments, or shoot me message over on my tumblr if you want to be anonymous or just don't wanna prompt here. Looking forward to hearing what y'all want!!!

Jeongguk V

Chapter Summary

Jeonggukie starts to present <3

Chapter Notes

HAPPY ALBUM RELEASE DAY Y'ALL!!!! Have some presenting Jeonggukie in celebration :3 :* (sure it's literally 12:32am but that's close enough, right??? :P)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk has been struggling. He trips over himself and runs into others during dance practice, his voice cracks as he works on vocals, and he withdraws into himself, acting a lot like he did before debut. It's so un-Jeongguk like that the others begin to worry. He brushes off their concerns, saying that he's just tired and he'll get over it soon.

But then he starts complaining about headaches. Jin makes him drink more water, gives him burupen tablets every four hours. They don't really help, but Jeongguk takes them anyway. Eventually they grow debilitating, and he has to skip practices two days in a row. The members take turns caring for him as they have free time, giving him painkillers and vitamins in hopes of fighting off whatever illness is trying to take hold of him.

Hoseok sleeps with him this night, rubbing at his neck to ease the tension. Jeongguk cries frustrated tears because he want to be *better* , he hates feeling weak and he hates missing practice *so much* . Hoseok just talks softly to him, carding long fingers through his hair, and Jeongguk eventually passes out from pure exhaustion.

He wakes up before the sun does, an earthquake rattling in his head and his entire body feeling like he's been run over. Every muscle in his body is throbbing, pain shooting through his nerves, and he cries out unconsciously. Hoseok wakes immediately, startled, and Jeongguk writhes in the Beta's arms. "Hyung," he cries. "Hyung, it *hurts* , make it stop!"

The pieces click into place and holy shit, Hoseok thinks, Jeongguk is *presenting* . He doesn't say this aloud, not wanting to alarm the boy, but he strokes at his face, his shoulders, and tells him that he's going to go get something. He has no idea if Jeongguk understands him or

not, but the younger whines as Hoseok pulls away. It breaks Hoseok's heart but he's got to tell the others so the managers can be informed. Jeongguk is going to be out of commission for a while.

He goes to Taehyung's bed first, waking the Omega up and telling him to go to Jeonggukie. Taehyung wakes up confused, but Hoseok explains the situation and Tae jumps up immediately. He seems alarmed by Jeongguk's pain addled state, but curls up with him all the same. The presence of his best friend seems to calm Jeongguk a little, but he's still writhing and crying.

Hoseok leaves the room and goes to Jin and Namjoon's next. Namjoon is laying closest to the door, so Hoseok shakes him awake first. Namjoon seems disoriented but when his eyes finally focus Hoseok says. "Jeongguk is presenting."

"What?" Namjoon shouts, bolting straight up and dislodging Jin from where he'd been cuddling next to him. The Omega whines, eyes blinking open, and says, "What the hell is going on?"

"Jeongguk is presenting," The other two say together and Hoseok adds. "We've gotta call the managers and get the rest of you out of here. When he starts pumping out pheromones he's likely to throw the Omega's into heat, or the Alpha's into rut. We can't have that with him incapacitated, too. I can stay back and take care of him."

Namjoon nods. "Good plan. Go, go take care of him and I'll call the manager-nims."

Hoseok agrees, and rushes to the kitchen to get more pills and several rice-filled hot packs. He warms them up in the microwave, foot tapping impatiently, and when they finish he grabs them, the pills, and a water bottle from the fridge, tucking them all into his arms. As he goes down the hall he hears Namjoon's voice picking up. "No, *no* , he's staying here, he needs the familiarity, the comfort. I don't care, he's *not leaving* , book the rest of us a hotel and Hoseok-hyung will stay with him…"

Hoseok shakes his head; management never makes things easy. As he's about to enter his room again, Jimin pokes his head out from across the hall. "What's going on?" he asks quietly. "We can hear Namjoon-hyung shouting from in here."

Hoseok smiles softly. "Ggukie is presenting. Namjoon is sorting shit out with the managers."

Jimin's face lights up. "Oh my God, really? Can I see him?"

"Sure, Jiminie," Hoseok says. "But he's in a lot of pain right now, he needs comfort. Taehyung is with him, cuddle with them while Namjoon and I finish working things out."

Jimin nods seriously, turning back into his room to inform Yoongi of what's going on. Yoongi grunts in response, probably still half asleep. When Jimin comes into the hallway, Hoseok hands him the supplies he was carrying. "Put a hot pack on the back of his neck, on his stomach, and on his lower back." He instructs and proceeds to tell him how many of which pill he should give. Jimin nods diligently and as he's about to enter the room, Hoseok adds. "Make sure he drinks all of the water, he's going to need it."

With Jimin off to fulfill his duties, Hoseok goes back to Jin and Namjoon's room. When he enters, Namjoon looks like he's about one second away from exploding. Jin looks unsure of what to do, so Hoseok holds his hand out for the phone. "Let me talk to them." He says firmly.

Namjoon stares at him before saying, "Hang on." He passes the phone over and Hoseok presses it to his ear.

"This is Jung Hoseok." He says. "Jeongguk is staying in the dorm, I refuse to take him elsewhere unless he progresses to the point that a hospital is necessary."

"If he goes to a hospital now we won't have to worry about the expenses of putting everyone up in hotel rooms." The manager on the other side says, sounding frustrated.

"He needs to be at home." Hoseok stresses. "A hospital will freak him out and make everything worse for him. You only have to get two rooms because I'll be staying here. Two of the others can go in one room, the other three in the second."

The manager pauses and says, "At least let me send a doctor over."

"No," Hoseok snarls. "That'll still make him panic. I can call for one if he seems like he needs it, but now he just needs time and someone to keep an eye on him. I can do that."

The manager sighs, defeated. "Fine. I'll send a car once the arrangements are made. Keep someone close to the phone."

“Thank you.” Hoseok says and hangs up, tossing the phone to Namjoon who had sat back down on the bed. “He’s arranging hotel rooms. Car will be by soon.”

“Thank you,” Jin says seriously. Namjoon adds, “He wouldn’t listen to a word I had to say. I was about to go full Alpha on him.”

Hoseok smiles, spreading his arms. “That’s what Betas are for.”

The others chuckle and Jin asks, “How is he?”

“A lot of pain right now, but that’s to be expected. I can tell you he’s not a Beta, he’s reacting too strongly for that.”

Jin coos, excited. Namjoon says, “We need to get everyone packed and ready to go. Things might start kicking off soon, and like you said, we can’t risk any heats or ruts right now.”

Hoseok nods. “Jimin and Taehyung are with him right now. I’ll get them to pack, they can cuddle with him after, until the car arrives.”

They break apart, Jin and Namjoon gathering things to pack and Hoseok leaving to go back to his room. He finds Jimin spread along Jeongguk’s back, Taehyung his front. Taehyung has Jeongguk’s head cradled to his chest, stroking his hair and neck, while Jimin is running strong, soothing hands down his sides and thighs. The hot packs are exactly where Hoseok had told Jimin to put them. Jeongguk is still whining in distress, but he seems more calm at least.

Hoseok approaches the bed, bracing his knees against the edge and settling a hand on Taehyung’s calf. The Omegas look up at him, worry etched in their features. “A car is coming to take you all to a hotel soon.” Hoseok says. “Taehyung, will you go get me more water bottles from the fridge? And Jimin, you need to wake Yoongi up so you both can pack. I’ll look after Ggukie.”

The Omegas nod, and raise up to go about their given duties. Jeongguk whines louder and they both pause. Hoseok urges them on, taking Taehyung’s spot on the bed and wrapping a hand around the nape of Jeongguk’s neck, the other rubbing across his back, and the younger sighs. He’s sweating buckets now and the hot packs probably feel like too much, but the heat they emit will be good for his aching muscles. The Omegas leave quietly.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines, blinking open his glassy, unfocused eyes. “W-what’s happening to me?”

Hoseok smiles, stroking Jeongguk's cheek. "Baby, you're presenting."

Jeongguk's eyes go wide, but then pain wracks his body again and he bites back a groan. Hoseok coos, pulling him close again. Taehyung returns with arms full of water bottles, setting them carefully on Jeongguk's nightstand. Hoseok murmurs a thank you, telling Taehyung to go ahead and get packed.

He cuddles Jeongguk as everyone in the house gets ready to leave. Yoongi comes into the room a little while later, setting his bags by the door. He sits on Hoseok's bed, eyeing Jeongguk carefully, a worried frown etched between his eyebrows. Jimin comes in soon after, placing his bags next to Yoongi's and returning to his previous spot behind Jeongguk. Jeongguk seems grateful even though he must be so hot, wriggling into Jimin's touch. Taehyung approaches after he finishes packing and Hoseok lets him take his place on his bed. They may not get to see Jeongguk for a little while, so he wants them to get as much bonding time in as they can before they have to leave. He goes over to where Yoongi is sitting, settling beside him with a sigh. The Alpha turns to look at him. "It's really happening, huh?"

"Yep," Hoseok says, smiling a little. "Our little maknae is presenting."

The duo watch the Omegas and Jeongguk across the room. They're very good at comforting the boy, soothing him when he starts to act up with the pain, stroking him and cooing soft words. Hoseok is a little sad that they won't get to stay, but it's too risky if they do. Namjoon and Jin come in a while later, Jin going into full eomma mode and sitting on the bed next to Taehyung, stroking at Jeongguk's thighs and calves and joining in on the soothing talk. Namjoon props himself in the doorway, observing with Hoseok and Yoongi, and says, "Car is about twenty minutes out. They've got rooms booked for three days, but can extend them if they need to."

Hoseok and Yoongi nod. They're in for a long several days.

Almost exactly twenty minutes later Namjoon's phone rings, startling everyone in the room. Namjoon answers it quickly, talking quietly before hanging up. "Car's out front." He calls softly into the room. Namjoon grabs some bags, some his own and some not, and heads for the front door. Jin rises from his seat, walking to the head of the bed to kiss Jeongguk's sweaty forehead. He says something but it's too quiet for Hoseok to hear. Hoseok gets up next, ready to take his spot on the bed. But Taehyung and Jimin seem reluctant to get up, clutching Ggukie close. Jin steps away as Hoseok and Yoongi

approach. Yoongi whispers, “We’ve gotta go. I know you want to stay with him, but it's best if we leave. Hobi will take good care of him, don't you worry.” The Omegas eye him warily, but eventually press kisses all over Jeongguk’s face and head, wishing him love and luck as they get off the bed.

Hoseok sits next to him quickly, nodding at the others as they finally leave. Jeongguk reaches for him blindly, but Hoseok forces him to sit up a little instead, grabbing a water bottle and cracking it open. He whines as it presses to his lips but drinks as Hoseok coaxes him. He gets about half of it down before he pulls away, crying and whining and clutching at his stomach. Hoseok caps it and climbs behind Jeongguk and wraps his arms around his front. He pushes the hot pack out of the way and presses his hand carefully into Jeongguk's stomach, massaging lightly. Jeongguk whines in pain, trying to squirm away, but Hoseok keeps him in place. Eventually the pain gives way some, tension releasing, and Jeongguk sighs. He collapses in Hoseok’s grip. Hoseok keeps rubbing and Jeongguk eventually falls asleep. Hoseok presses a kiss into his hair and settles down to sleep, too. He won't be doing much of it the next few days so he might as well get it as he can.

Jeongguk wakes him up again several hours later, completely drenched in sweat. He’s still whining lightly, but not quite as intensely as before. Hosek hushes him, stroking at his stomach and side. Jeongguk practically moans, head lolling back onto Hoseok’s shoulder. Hoseok kisses his temple. “Ggukie, do you want me to get a cool wash cloth and wipe you down? We can get you into some fresh clothes and move over to my bed, where it’s clean.”

Jeongguk hums a little, his mouth falling open. “That sounds nice.” He mumbles, but his weight is still laying pretty much completely back onto Hoseok.

“You’ve gotta let me get up then, bunny.”

Jeongguk moans but rolls onto his stomach accordingly, letting Hoseok climb out of the bed. Sunlight is filtering through the window next to Jeongguk’s bed, lighting the room up enough for Hoseok to see. He steps out of the room, walking down the hallway to the bathroom. He pulls a washcloth from under the sink, wetting it with cool water in the sink and wringing out the excess.

He carries the towel back to their room to find Jeongguk sprawled on his back, legs spread and palms up, eyes closed. He’s breathing too

harshly to be asleep again, so Hoseok approaches and places a soft hand on Jeongguk's shoulder. He twitches, eyes blinking open. "Can you sit up for me?" He asks softly. Jeongguk nods and Hoseok grabs his hand, helping pull him up.

When he's in a mostly seated position, Hoseok moves to pull off his sweat soaked shirt. Jeongguk whines but lets him do it. Kneeling onto the bed, Hoseok takes the cloth and carefully wipes and Jeongguk's face, down his chest, along his arms. He switches hands and runs it across his back as well. Jeongguk sighs into the touches, head rolling forward like he doesn't have the strength to hold it up anymore. He probably doesn't, to be honest.

He tosses the cloth aside, moving to hook his fingers into the waistband of Jeongguk's athletic shorts. Jeongguk whimpers in surprise but Hoseok hushes him, guiding the younger to lift his hips and let Hoseok pull them off. Hoseok eyes him carefully, taking stock. Jeongguk is flushed red from his hairline to the V of his hips, sweat already building back up again.

Hoseok grabs the half-filled water bottle off the stand from earlier in the morning, cupping the back of Jeongguk's neck and urging him to drink. The younger sucks it down greedily. When he's finished, Hoseok tosses it to the floor and stands up again. He slides an arm under Jeongguk's shoulders, the other under his knees, and lifts him up easily. He lays him on top of the covers of his own bed, letting him curl up on the clean sheets. "How do you feel about staying like this, hm? Putting clothes on again will just make you hotter."

Hoseok expects a refusal, expects Jeongguk to demand fresh clothes because he's never really liked being bare around the others. It's a testament to how bad he's feeling that he just nods and reaches his arms out for Hoseok again. Hoseok obliges, letting Jeongguk pull him close and bury himself in his chest.

Jeongguk hums. "You smell like oranges." He sighs and Hoseok jumps.

"You can smell that?" He asks, surprised and pleased. They're making some headway.

Jeongguk nods, pressing his face deeper into Hoseok's chest. "Mhm, and lemons. And...and something else."

Hoseok smiles. "Most people say it's cinnamon."

Jeongguk hums again, resting his head down and promptly passing

out. Hoseok pulls his phone from his pocket, typing a text to Namjoon with one hand and stroking Jeongguk's hair with the other. The clock in the upper corner of his screen tells him it's nine o'clock.

Hopehobi: I got him to wake up a little and drink more water. I moved him to my bed since the sheets are clean.

Hopehobi: No physical changes but he can smell my scent now. That's all I got out of him before he fell back asleep.

After he sends the text he switches his ringer to vibrate so the noise won't scare Jeongguk and wake him up. A few minutes later the phone buzzes in Hoseok's palm.

Joonie: Good. He's making progress at least. I'll let the others know. Keep us updated.

Hopehobi: Of course

He tosses the phone to the side, moving to embrace Jeongguk fully. The younger practically melts, sighing through his nose at letting out a pleased, content hum. Hoseok isn't tired anymore, so he simply holds Jeongguk close, touching him softly when he gets uncomfortable until he settles down again, and lets the poor boy sleep.

Chapter End Notes

> I'm evil and I'm sorry but I'm also not. Next chapter goes up Sunday, and I promise he finishes presenting and y'all will finally know! I feel a little bad. But...you know. :) At least I narrowed it down to either Alpha or Omega! Lmao ;D Let me know what you thought! Comments and kudos keep me going <3
>
> I'm still taking prompts! Prompt me for anything and everything BTS, whatever you'd like! You can comment down below or message me over on my tumblr :).

Jeongguk VI

Chapter Summary

The rest of Jeonggukie's presenting <3

Chapter Notes

Hey hey. I'm posting this early because I just can't wait any longer <3 (who else has been listening to the new album on repeat? because I damn sure have omfg. Anpanman and Outro: Tear are my faves rn <3<3)

I added the mildly dubious consent tag (but didn't add it to the archive warning) just because there's a part where Jeongguk gets real horny while he's presenting and Hoseok has to stay in the room while he gets off. Jeongguk's not in his right mind and doesn't really know what he's doing while he's doing it. Hoseok doesn't watch or take advantage, and only stays in the room to make make sure Ggukie is okay. If you think this will make you uncomfortable, please skip from when Hoseok wakes up from their nap after Gguk scents his hyungs' pillows to when Hoseok texts the group chat telling them what Ggukie presented as.

Safe reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk has been awake for a little while now. He still seems so tired, Hoseok can tell by the bags under his eyes and the downward turn of his lips, but the younger refuses to go back to sleep.

So Hoseok makes him drink water, makes him eat some instant ramen (of which he actually eats two servings of because his body has burned so much energy). Jeongguk is still too weak to stand in the shower, so Hoseok wipes him down with another damp cloth. But Jeongguk keeps complaining about his stomach. He's not nauseous he says, but there's a deep pain isolated there that doesn't go away with pills, hot packs, ice packs, or massages. Hoseok has his suspicions but keeps them to himself. There's no use in speculating.

He still hasn't started producing a scent but that's not completely unusual. From his experiences in the past Hoseok knows that most people don't until the last day of their change, and then it fully develops in the week or so after that.

They're sitting side by side on Hoseok's bed, Jeongguk resting his head on the Beta's shoulder. Hoseok has been scrolling through Twitter mindlessly, Jeongguk just kind of staring into middle distance, too tired and weak to focus on anything. The younger suddenly groans and Hoseok looks down on him in question.

"Why is this taking so long?" Jeongguk whines.

Hoseok laughs. "Ggukie, it hasn't even been a full day. You've got another couple ahead of you, at least."

He sees Jeongguk start to pout a little. "What about all those days I wasn't feeling well, and when I got those headaches? I've waited so long for this. I just want it to happen."

"It *is* happening." Hoseok stresses but Jeongguk is still upset. Hoseok locks his phone and sets it down, thinking about how to cheer poor Jeongguk up. He suddenly gets an idea. "Hey, you wanna go over to Tae's bed? His scent will still be there. You can see what your best friend smells like."

Jeongguk perks up immediately, trying to haul himself off the bed on shaky muscles. Hoseok steadies him, standing up with him and wrapping an arm around his waist to make sure he doesn't topple over. They make it Taehyung's bed and plop down, but Jeongguk doesn't seem sure on what to do. So Hoseok grabs the Omega's pillow, fluffing it a little before handing it to Jeongguk. Jeongguk holds it softly, staring at it, before looking at Hoseok again. Hoseok gives him an encouraging smile.

Jeongguk lifts the pillow to his nose and sniffs lightly. He makes a curious noise before shoving his face into it. Hoseok bites back a laugh. Jeongguk hums, scenting deeply. "What do you smell?" Hoseok asks.

"You already know what Tae smells like." Jeongguk says, voice muffled.

"Yeah, I know. Still want to hear you say it."

Jeongguk ponders for a moment. "It's really sweet." He says. "Like...like those caramel candies, but warmer. And...and like vanilla beans."

Hoseok makes an approving noise, smiling even though Jeongguk can't see it. He places a hand on Jeongguk's shoulder. "You wanna see

what the others smell like?"

Jeongguk's head pops up. "Y-yeah...yeah, but I don't think I can make it to their rooms." He looks so sad.

Hoseok starts to stand. "Wait here. I'll be right back." Jeongguk nods and Hoseok leaves the room. He goes to Jimin and Yoongi's room across the hall first, quickly grabbing their pillows before leaving again. He does the same in Jin and Namjoon's room. He comes back, arms full of four fluffy pillows. He sits down with them and hands Jeongguk Jimin's pillow first. "This is Jiminie's." He explains.

Jeongguk sets Tae's pillow to the side, almost reluctantly. He lifts Jimin's pillow to his nose. "Blueberries." he murmurs after a moment. "And strawberries and...Goji, maybe?" He sniffs deeper. "There's something else there, too."

"That's probably Yoongi-hyung. Here," and he hands over Yoongi's pillow.

Jeongguk smells it to. "Yeah," he says. "It's like...sweet bread, but there's something musty there? I've smelled it before, but I can't place it."

"Sandalwood." Hoseok says. Jeongguk nods, seeming to agree. He gives him Namjoon's pillow next. He makes an interesting coo. "Smoke. Like a campfire." He buries his face into the pillow. "Wow, it's really nice. It's so *warm* ."

Hoseok grins, knowing how sensitive Namjoon is about his scent. The Alpha would be blushing right now if he heard Ggukie's words. "That's Joonie. Last one," he says, handing over Jin's.

"Flowers," Jeongguk purrs. "Really fragrant flowers. And something sweet, like honey? Wow, it's so comforting…" And then there are tears gathering in Jeongguk's eyes.

Hoseok sidles up to him immediately, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. "Are you okay? Was it too much?"

"N-no." Jeongguk says. "No, I just...Everyone smell s-so nice, I can't believe I finally get to...to *do* this. You all talk about it all the time. I'm...I'm a part of it now."

Hoseok grins, kissing Jeongguk's temple. "You are. And when you're scent develops the rest of us will get to fawn over you, too."

Jeongguk smiles, pleased, and hugs Jin's pillow close. "Can you...can you get yours, too? I know I can smell you sitting here, but...but I want yours too."

Hoseok jumps off the bed, grabbing his pillow off his bed, and his phone while he's there. He brings it back to Jeongguk. Jeongguk takes it gratefully, and starts rearranging them all around him. When he seems pleased with the order, he lays on top of them, burying his face in them to smell all the combined scents. Hoseok chuckles, happy, and lays down with him. Jeongguk is out in seconds, the comforting scents of all his hyungs floating in his head.

Hoseok opens up their group chat.

Hopehobi: I thought I should let you all know that I gave guk your pillows since he can smell scents now

Hopehobi: and he's currently cuddled with all of them taking a nap. He got a lil emotional abt it, hes so happy rn guys

Taetae: AWWW OMG

Taetae: WHAT A SWETTITE

Taetae: *SWEETIE

Chimchim: i love him so much my heart is full

Chimchim: our little kookie aw i wish we could be there so he could smell it for real

MinGenius: Jiminie

Chimchim: I kno i know hwy we cant be there doesnt mean i cant think abt it

Joonie: so he likes them then?

Taetae: aw hyung so insecure

Taetae: we love ur scent u kno that

Joonie: yeah but kook's never smelled it before

Hopehobi: yeah he likes all of them

Hopehobi: @Joonie “wow it’s really nice. it’s so ~warm~.”

PinkJin: AWWWWWW

PinkJin: JOONIE LOOK

MinGenius: are you guys not in the same room together as we speak

PinkJin: yes but i’m talking to yall in the gc too don’t hate

Joonie: i’m glad he likes it

Joonie: like all of them

Joonie: not just me ofc

Hopehobi: hes practically purring he keeps moving to different pillows in his sleep

Chimchim: hes so pure this is so sweet

Taetae: pics???? I watn to see my precioussc ggukie

Hopehobi:

Taetae: AWWWWW

Chimchim: awwwww

PinkJin: awww omg so cute

Joonie: should you be sending that without him knowing?

Chimchim: wth hyung we take pics of each other candid all the time

Joonie: I know but he's really vulnerable right now

Hopehobi: thats why i just did his face. I really dont think hell care

Hopehobi: ill show him when he wakes up again tho

PinkJin: i cant believe this is finally happening but we still dont know what he is yet

Chimchim: any guesses?

MinGenius: omega

Taetae: wow hyung that was fast

MinGenius: hoseok said he was purring so

PinkJin: You guys haven't heard namjoon when he cuddles then

Chimchim: HYUNG OMG

Taetae: tha's so prechious omga

MinGenius: alright i'm leaving

MinGenius: bye

Joonie: Jin i can't believe you

Joonie: we're going to talk about this

PinkJin: uh oh

Chimchim: LMAO HE GONE

Hopehobi: im going to go back to jeonggukie guys hes gettin restless again

Chimchim: ok <3

Chimchim: send him all my love nd support

Taetae: MINE TOO

Hopehobi: of course. Ill post any changes

Taetae: k~~

Chimchim: ok hyung thank you!!

Hoseok smiles and locks his phone. He strokes at Jeongguk's hair, the younger mewling in his sleep.

Several hours later, after Hoseok had been dozing a little, he notices a new smell in the air. There's nothing quite unique about it yet, but it's sweet and pungent, filling the air quickly. Hoseok snaps into full awareness as soon as he realizes what it is. Slick. Jeongguk is producing slick.

Jeongguk still has his face buried in his hyungs' pillows, but his eyebrows are pinched together and he's frowning deeply. Hoseok curses, knowing he needs to get Jeongguk off of Taehyung's bed before his pheromones start to seep into the bedding and mattress. He jumps up, rushing out of the room to grab and change of bed clothes and one of the plastic mattress pads from the linen closet in the hall. He goes back to their room and drops his haul, stripping Jeongguk's bed and remaking it as quick as he can. When he returns to Tae's bed, Jeongguk is groaning and there's a stain growing on the back of his underwear, making the black even blacker.

"Hey," Hoseok says, approaching Jeongguk. "Hey, Ggukie, wake up you've gotta move."

Jeongguk whines as Hoseok wraps his arms around his shoulders, ready to move the presenting Omega bodily. He gets Jeongguk up and walks him over to his bed, leaning down to srip his underwear off quickly. He tries not to look but he can't help but notice that the younger's hips are rounder, his thighs a little more plush, and there's a shiny wetness across the inside of his thighs. He pushes Jeongguk onto the bed and covers him with a light sheet to keep his decency. Jeongguk curls up immediately, not quite awake but not all the way asleep either. His hips are rolling into the mattress, seeking friction. Omegas and Alphas get incredibly horny when they finally reach this stage in presenting, Hoseok knows this, but god he isn't prepared. Jeongguk's body had been taking it so slow so far that he thought they had time.

He grabs his phone and sits on his own bed, watching Jeongguk

warily. He decides to text Yoongi.

Hopehobi: so definitely omega

Hopehobi: hyung he's reached the horny stage omfg what am i supposed to do

Hopehobi: HYUNG PLS RESPOND

MinGenius: jesus christ give me a second

Hopehobi: I DONT HAVE A SECOND

Hopehobi: HES MOANING AND HUMPING HIS MATTRESS I SHOULDNT BE HERE BUT I CANT LEAVHE HIM ALLONW

MinGenius: just take a deep breath hoseok

MinGenius: his body is just reacting to all the new hormones and shit

MinGenius: he'll get used to it in a few hours, that's what jimin says at least

Hopehobi: YOU TOLD JIMINIE

MinGenius: stop screaming at me i've never seen an omega present before and he's right here with me

MinGenius: he knows better about this than we do

Hopehobi: so what i'm supposed to just let him do his thing and fuCKING WATCH??

MinGenius: you don't have to watch him omfg. Put ur headphones in or smth, tune him out and check on him every once in awhile to make sure he's not choking on his own drool

MinGenius: OR DROWNING IN SLICK

MinGenius: oh my god that was jimin please ignore that

MinGenius: but he'll get over this part soon just clean him up when he's done and cuddle with him

MinGenius: omegas are really clingy after sex usually, it'll be good for

him

Hopehobi: ok ok i can do this

MinGenius: yeah you can

MinGenius: good luck

Hoseok drops his phone and looks over at Jeongguk. His hips are moving faster now but he's still out of his head, whimpering and shaking. Hoseok feels so bad leaving him alone but he doesn't want to overstep any boundaries. It'll be over soon, Yoongi said so and he's always right. So Hoseok grabs his headphones, plugging them in and shoving them in his ears, and starts blasting music. He buries his face in his own pillow and waits it out.

He glances over every once in awhile, checking in and happy to see that Jeongguk is still breathing. He turns away again and tries desperately to focus on his music. Even with how loud it is, a high pitched whine still cuts through it and makes Hoseok shiver with it's intensity. He waits a moment and pokes his head out from where he was hiding in his pillow. Jeongguk seems to have worked himself exhausted, he's not moving aside from the deep breaths he's taking. Hoseok lets him be a moment longer, opening up the group chat again.

Hopehobi: ggukie is def an omega yoongi hyung called it

PinkJin: omg A PRECIOUS LIL OMEGA FOR ME TO CARE FOR

Chimchim: excuse me tae and i are right here? Also YAY OMG IM SO HAPPY

PinkJin: you guys were already presented when i met you i get to teach jeongguk all the tips and tricks aw this is so great

Taetae: eomma Jin out in full force

Taetae: also im so hppy for kookie hes gonna be such a good omegha awww

MinGenius: told you

MinGenius: also i'm glad you could hold out on his horny phase hoseokie proud of you

Hopehobi: why u gotta throw me under the bus like this ;_;

Hopehobi: hes over it now i think

Taetae: OMG HOWS AWKWARDFF WAS THAT HAHA

Chimchim: poor hobi. poor jeongguk having to do that wth his hyung in the room haha

Hopehobi: i dont think he noticed he was...pretty out of it

Hopehobi: also where's namjoon?

PinkJin: hes reading over my shoulder lol

PinkJin: hes practically beaming hes so happy rn aw

PinkJin: ops I guess i wasn't supposed to say that

Taetae: lmao jin hyung out here trying to get spanked or some shit

PinkJin: KIM TAEHYUNG

Taetae: hahahahahahahahhaha

Hopehobi: alright im leaving to check on jeongguk you guys...finish whatever this is

Chimchim: BYE HOBI PLS CUDDLE OUR BOY FOR US

Hoseok shakes his head as he drops the phone. He pulls out his headphones and makes his way over to Jeongguk. He's awake, it seems, breathing slowed but still a little labored. He smells like sweat and lingering arousal, but Hoseok tries to not let it affect him. He cups Jeongguk's arm carefully, trying not to startle him. "Ggukie, I'm going to run you a bath, okay? It'll feel really good, huh?"

Jeongguk hums, blinking his eyes open. He meets Hoseok's eyes and blushes hard. "G-god, I'm sorry, that was embarrassing."

"It's okay. It's natural, it's just something that happens during your change. Let me run that bath, okay?"

Jeongguk nods, curling up on himself again and Hoseok leaves to head to the bathroom. He turns the water on to warm up and grabs some mild-scented bubble bath from under the sink. He plugs the drain and drizzles a heaping amount of the soap into the running water. As the tub fills, he heads back to their room to gather Jeongguk. He finds the new Omega sitting up with his legs dangling over the side of the bed, sheets bunched around his hips. He seems to have more energy now. He lets Hoseok help him stand but seems keen to walk on his own. Hoseok hovers close by to catch him if he stumbles, but they make it to the bathroom without incident. Hoseok turns the water off and Jeongguk steps inside, sighing as he sinks into the warm bubbles.

Hoseok hands him a washcloth to let him wipe himself down. He sits on the ground by the toilet, close by but not intruding. Jeongguk wipes himself down carefully, humming a little as he does so. Finished, he lets the cloth float in the water and leans back, head resting against the side of the tub. Hoseok watches him as he soaks. His face isn't fever red anymore and he's not sweating like he was. He doesn't seem to be in pain anymore.

"I thought you'd take longer to come out the other side." He says honestly. "It seemed like it was progressing so slow, but once you started smelling scents it really kicked off."

Jeongguk hums. "I'm almost done then?"

Hoseok nods. "Probably just a day left, I think. You'll develop your scent and the rest of your biology will settle out."

"I noticed I put on weight while I was washing off." Jeongguk frowns. "How the hell did that happen?"

"You didn't." Hoseok assures. "It just redistributed. Omega's have wider hips for...for birthing and carrying kids."

Jeongguk blushes, dropping his gaze into the bubbles around his waist. "Oh." He says, softly.

They sit quietly and Hoseok notices something floating in the air. It's a scent, faint and barely there. His nose attuned to such things, he turns to Jeongguk to sniff a little deeper. It's...soft and calming. It smells like lavender, he realizes, and maybe hints of cedar. He grins and Jeongguk suddenly looks at him, confused. "What?" he asks.

"You're producing your scent." Hoseok says easily, eyes crinkling as he smiles even more.

Jeongguk's own eyes widen. "R-really? What...what's it smell like?"

"Lavender and cedar pine." Hoseok responds. Jeongguk frowns a little. "What's wrong?"

"I thought it'd be like. Sea salt or something, maybe camelias. Since I'm from Busan."

Hoseok coos. "Aw, Ggukie. That's sweet and all but Jiminie smells like berries and he's from Busan, too. That usually doesn't have much to do with it."

The water eventually starts to cool and Jeongguk leans over to pull the plug to drain the water. Hoseok leaves to let him rinse off, heading back to their room to grab some underwear and sweats for Jeongguk to put on. He forgoes a shirt for now, in case he's still too hot. He sets them in the doorway of the bathroom while Jeongguk towels off. "Want me to stay until you're ready to come back?"

"Nah," Jeongguk says. "I can manage on my own now, I think. Thanks, hyung."

"Of course, Gguk-ah."

Hoseok goes back to their room and settles on to his own bed, deciding the deal with the mess of Jeongguk's later. A few minutes later Jeongguk is coming through the doorway, hair still damp and sweats clinging low on his waist. He goes to their closet and grabs a white t-shirt, pulling it on. He snatches his phone from where it's lied dormant on his nightstand this whole time and climbs onto the bed with Hoseok.

"We said some stuff in the groupchat." Hoseok says as Jeongguk settles beside him. "You should read it."

Jeongguk opens his phone up, leaning his head on Hoseok's shoulder as he goes into the groupchat and reads through the messages carefully. He's smiling the whole time. "God, you guys are too much."

Hoseok laughs. "You should send them a message. They'll be so glad to hear from you."

Ggukkook: hey guys

Chimchim: Kookie!!!!!!!~~~ <3<3

Joonie: good to hear from you kook, how are you feeling?

Ggukkook: better now, i'm on the other side i think. Hobi hyung took good care of me.

PinkJin: aw~~~ how sweet.

Hopehobi: his scent just came in :D ;)

Jeongguk turns to glare at Hoseok but the older just smiles. "I won't tell them what it is if you don't want them to know yet." Jeongguk purses his lips, considering.

"Let me handle it." He says.

Taetae: OMG WHAT IS IT TELLL MEEEEE

Chimchim: you can't hold out on us ahhhhhhh

Ggukkook: guess you'll have to come home tomorrow and find out huh? :)

Taetae: UR SO EVIL I CCANT WAIT A WHOLE DAY IVE WAITIED SO LONGD FOR THISDVF

Ggukkook: stfu i waited my whole life for this you can wait another day

Chimchim: ...true. I'm so happy for you jeonggukie i hope ur hapy too

Ggukkook: i really am i feel like a whole person now, like there was a missing piece i never knew about until now

Chimchim: awww <3

Ggukkook: <3

PinkJin: this is so pure i love you all so much

Chimchim: we love you too hyung!

Ggukkook: Yeah i love you hyung. I love all of you

Taetae: dont min me just cryign overtt heree

Chimchim: aw tae <3

Hopehobi: where are namjoon and yoongi?

PinkJin: off in the studio, too busy to check their damn phones

Hopehobi: workaholics

PinkJin: yeah tell me about it

Hopehobi: well gguk is literally falling asleep right now so you guys enjoy your last day out

Ggukkook: don't call me out like this

Chimchim: kookie u need ur rest! Just sleep and we'll see you tomorrow!!

Ggukkook: ok ok. See you all tomorrow.

PinkJin: bye kookie!

Taetae: bye jeonggukie i love you i can't wait to see you tmmrw

Chimchim: see you tomorrow!!~~ <3

Jeongguk is smiling even as his eyes droop closed. Hoseok takes his phone at sets it aside with his own. He nudges at Jeongguk until he lays flat. The Omega immediately curls into his chest, breathing softly as he falls back asleep.

The next morning, Hoseok takes Jeongguk to the living room and makes him a big breakfast. They eat and chat idly, waiting for the others. Namjoon texts Hoseok as Jeongguk takes their plates to the kitchen, letting him know that they're all leaving the hotel. Hoseok relays the news as Jeongguk comes back in the room. Jeongguk sits down and tries to act chill, but he's practically vibrating.

"Are you okay?" Hoseok asks.

"Yeah, I'm…" he sighs, rubbing at his face. "No. I'm really nervous."

“Don’t be.” Hoseok says. “They love you so much and they’re so excited to see you. You’ve changed, sure, but you’re still Jeongguk and they’re still the hyungs you know and love.”

The words seem to calm Jeongguk down. They watch TV until they here a door slam closed outside. Jeongguk turns to look at the front door and it suddenly bursts open, Taehyung and Jimin tripping over themselves to get through. They spot Jeongguk on the couch and shout it excitement.

“Ggukie!” Taehyung cries and the two Omegas are running to the couch. Hoseok moves out of the way just as they tackle onto Jeongguk, kissing his face and shoving their noses into his neck.

“Ooo,” Jimin coos. “You smells so nice, Jeonggukie. Like, like lavender!”

“And pine trees,” Taehyung sighs, burrowing closer.

Jeongguk presses his nose a little uncertainly into Taehyung’s hair. A loud purr erupts from his chest, startling the others and himself. But they take it in stride, cooing back and letting Jeongguk scent at the both of them, the smells so much stronger and than the whiffs he got from their pillows the day before.

Hoseok smiles at his dongsaengs, heart bursting with happiness. He’s so glad that Jeongguk gets to share in this now. The others come through the front door, and Jin practically coos at the sight of the maknae line all cuddled together. They’re going to have to figure out how to let everyone cuddle and bond with Jeongguk, but it’s all worth it to see the light brimming in Jeongguk’s eyes and the pure happiness radiating from his cheeks.

Chapter End Notes

I hope the texting thing doesn't seem out of place...I just really wanted the whole group to be involved with Ggukie presenting <3

Well, what'd you think? There were a l o t of people on the Omega!Kookie train so I hope y'all are happy. And for those of you that wanted Alpha!Kookie, I'm sorry...I hope you aren't too upset. I just can't resist soft Ggukie <3 (and also literally the second most tagged tag in this fandom [under the A/B/O tag] is "Alpha Jungkook" and I wanted to step away from the norm lmao) I'm going to refrain from adding the omega!jeongguk tag to

the fic for a couple days, so it's not spoiled for people who haven't read/caught up yet <3

Also if you want to see my ultimate inspiration for Omega! Jeongguk, watch the first three minutes of this video. Or, you know, the whole thing. I won't stop you lmao.

Comments and kudos are my lifeblood <3

Taegimin I

Chapter Summary

> Jimin, Yoongi, and Taehyung finally talk things out and come to a new arrangement.

Chapter Notes

> Listen I know, *I know* I already posted today but our boys won Top Social Artist and just gave an amazing, earth shattering, heart breaking but also somehow heart warming, bad ass performance. I just need to celebrate with you guys a lil <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Taehyung and Yoongi got home the night of Tae's breakdown in the middle of the city streets, the Alpha had asked him if he could tell Jimin about their conversation. Taehyung had said of course, he wanted the other Omega to know of his feelings and prepare him for the talk they were going to have. The last thing he wanted was for Jimin to feel ambushed.

Everyone else was already in their rooms when they got inside. Yoongi had walked him to his door, pulled him close, and pressed a kiss to his temple, promising that they would sort everything else out the next day.

Sadly, that didn't happen.

The managers had called Namjoon the next morning, saying that even though they were supposed to be schedule free they had booked them last minute for a variety show taping. The publicity would be good, which is something they as a group always need. Taehyung couldn't help but be upset. All he wanted was to figure things out with Jimin and Yoongi, but it seems they were going to have to wait for now.

They all got ready and headed for the car, Taehyung flitting around the edges carefully. He didn't know what ground he and the couple stood on after the night before. But when they got into the car, Yoongi pulled him into the back with he and Jimin. Jimin looked at Taehyung carefully, eyes wide and sad and brows pinched together. They looked at each other a moment, gauging each other, before throwing their arms around each other. They didn't say much, not with everyone else in the car, but Jimin whispered, "I'm sorry," and Tae whispered back,

“Shut up, I am too.”

They cuddled and scented the whole way to the variety show, having missed each other so terribly. Yoongi had an arm wrapped around them both, a small smile on his lips.

When they finally got home that night, Hoseok begged Jimin and Jeongguk to go to the dance studio with him. Jimin reluctantly agreed, shooting Taehyung and Yoongi a regretful look. They nodded to let him know it was okay. They’d find time to talk later.

While Jimin was gone, Tae and Yoongi cuddled in the couple’s room. They didn’t talk, not wanting to say anything without Jimin, but the touch and companionship was enough.

They couldn’t talk the next day, either. Jeongguk had started to get sick and they were all too worried about caring for him than to take time away to sort out their problems. Jimin and Tae took care of him together, switching out with the others as they became free. It just hadn’t felt like the right time.

But then Jeongguk actually started *presenting* , filling their early morning with a lot of panic and excitement. Now, the members minus Jeongguk and Hoseok were in a company van on the way to the hotel. Yoongi had whispered in Tae’s ear that they’d be sharing a room. They could finally talk.

Jimin and Tae cuddle together in the back, with Yoongi on Jimin’s other side. Taehyung is excited, of course, but he’s also nervous. Nervous for Jeonggukie, but more so nervous about this conversation he’s finally going to have with Yoongi and Jimin. They reach the hotel, check into their rooms, and make their way to them. Jin and Namjoon nod at them as they enter their own, and the trio head inside, finally alone.

They drop their bags and eye each other a little warily. No one does anything. Finally, Yoongi sighs and grabs Jimin and Taehyung’s wrists, pulling them to the closest of the two queen beds. “It’s still so early, yeah? Let’s sleep for a little while. We’ll have time to talk when we wake up.”

So, they curl up together on the bed. Taehyung doesn’t think he can sleep, but with berries and sweet bread and sandalwood curling around him, making him feel fuzzy and a little floaty, he can’t help but to drift off.

He awakes gradually, later, blinking his eyes open to find sunlight streaming through the window, painting everything gold, and one Park Jimin staring at him. Yoongi is still asleep on Jimin's other side. Taehyung blinks at Jimin, still waking up, and then breaks into a grin. Jimin returns it, bringing a hand up to stroke at Tae's cheek. "You're so pretty." Jimin muses.

Taehyung blushes, ducking his head. "Thanks."

"Should we wake Yoongi-hyung up? I really, really don't want to wait anymore."

Taehyung bites his lip. He doesn't want to wait, either, but he doesn't want to upset Yoongi. "Won't he be mad?"

"Not if it's us." Jimin assures.

They scheme quietly and then Taehyung slides off the bed, walking around to Yoongi's other side. He climbs back on carefully, laying down beside his Alpha. Yoongi doesn't budge, not even when Jimin rolls over so he's facing the two. Jimin smiles at Taehyung, who returns it. Jimin reaches one small hand up and strokes down Yoongi's neck. "Yoongi-ah~." He coos.

Taehyung lays his own hand over Yoongi's chest, rubbing a little. "Hyungie." He purrs.

Yoongi groans, twitching under their touches. The Omegas giggle and change tactics. Jimin moves to lay across the Alpha and Taehyung raises himself onto his knees, laying his upper body over Jimin's back. "Yoongi~." They both sing song. Yoongi huffs, finally opening his eyes and squinting at them. They smile beatifically in response. Yoongi moans, raising one of his hands to wipe at his eyes.

"You two are lucky you're so fucking cute or I'd be more upset." They giggle and get off of Yoongi so he can raise up. "Should we order some room service for breakfast? I'm not leaving this room and I'm fucking *starving* ."

They all agree and Jimin hops up to grab the menu, bringing it back to the bed. They look it over before eventually deciding what they want. Yoongi decides on abalone porridge, Jimin bircher muesli, and Taehyung waffles with chocolate sauce and fruit compote. Yoongi gets his necessary morning coffee and, after some begging, lets the Omegas get hot chocolate. The Alpha calls their order in, voice sleep deep and rumbly. He hangs up and says it'll be about fifteen minutes.

They cuddle as they wait for the food to arrive, not wanting to start a conversation just to be interrupted in the middle. They chat idly, sure, but take care to steer clear of anything serious. There's eventually a knock on the door, and Jimin hops up to answer. He returns with a cart full of food and Taehyung's mouth waters at the sight.

Yoongi and Jimin end up propped against the headboard together with their meals, Taehyung sitting cross legged at the foot of the bed with his own. They eat in silence for a little bit until Yoongi says, "Okay, how do we want to start this?"

Both Omegas immediately drop their gazes into their plates, scared and unsure. Yoongi sighs, but it sounds fond rather than exasperated. "We need to talk. I know that. You both know that. So, let's talk. Taehyung," he says and Tae's head pops up, wary. "Why don't you tell Jimin what you told me that night?"

Taehyung sets his mostly-full plate onto the bed, suddenly not interested in eating. He cradles his hot cocoa between his hands instead. "I thought you already told him," he mumbles.

"I did," Yoongi agrees. "But it will mean more coming from you."

Taehyung pauses, biting his lip. Then, Jimin's soft voice speaks up. "Please tell me, Tae. I'd… I'd really like to hear you say it."

Tae looks up into Jimin's beautiful, soulful eyes. How could he ever say no? "Well," he starts. "I-I always really liked you, Jiminie. I thought...I guess I always thought it was because you were, *are* , my best friend. But...the feelings kept coming and I wanted to be with you more and more, but not just platonically. I got...I just got so confused, so I went to Namjoon and Jin-hyung." Jimin's eyebrows shoot up. Yoongi must have left this part out. "I didn't tell them anything, really, I just asked them how you *know* when you like someone. They gave me all this advice and the more they talked I realized that I really, really like you. But not only that, it kind of made me realize that I...I like Yoongi-hyung too." Taehyung chances a glance to the Alpha. Yoongi's expression is so soft, unguarded, and it's so rare that Tae's heart actually skips a beat. "That's when I started scenting with him. And then… we all started spending more time together and it was so *nice.* But I always kind of felt like I was intruding, like I was taking your time away from each other. Then...then you started kissing me, Jiminie." Jimin blushes, head bowing and hiding his face. "You kissed me and I loved it so much, Jiminie, I loved it *too* much." Tears sting and Taehyung's eyes but he just can't help it. "But I

never...I never knew what it meant, I had no idea. I loved it but I was so confused and scared. Then you kissed me in front of hyung and I just panicked. That's...that's why I distanced myself. I'm sorry."

"No, no, Tae, *I'm* sorry." Jimin says, voice thick. "I...God, I fucked up. I should have… I should have *said* something to you, but I was scared. I'm a coward." Jimin laughs mirthlessly, tears welling up in his eyes. He averts his gaze, looking out the window beside the bed. "I'm good with physical touch. And we've always been so close… I thought that by kissing you I'd make my feelings clear, but I just made it more confusing. Aish, I'm so fucking sorry." Tears slowly slip down his cheeks. Yoongi grabs Jimin's hand, slotting their fingers together in a show of comfort.

It breaks Taehyung's heart to see Jimin so upset. He bites his lip, looking between Yoongi and Jimin, neither of whom are paying attention to him. He makes a split second decision and crawls across the bed, careful to avoid their discarded plates and bowls. He pushes his way into Jimin's lap, surprising the other Omega. Jimin's head snaps toward him, eyes wide and shiny. Taehyung cups Jimin's jaw with his hands, forcing him to hold his gaze. "I won't lie and say you didn't hurt me, because you did." He says. Jimin flinches. "But," Taehyung says sternly. "This is new territory, for all of us. There's no way any of us could have known how to act, and that includes you, Jiminie." He strokes at Jimin's plump cheeks with his thumbs. "Please don't say such terrible things about yourself, because I've already forgiven you. We're fixing this now, okay? Please don't be so hard on yourself."

Jimin stares at him for a long time and Taehyung finds himself leaning in, as if being pulled by a magnet. He presses his lips to Jimin's, the first time he's ever initiated a kiss. Jimin whimpers in surprise, going still for a moment before he lets go of Yoongi's hand to bring it up and thread it into Tae's hair.

The kiss is sweet, chaste, meant to convey emotion and nothing else. Taehyung lets his eyes fall closed, moving his hands to wrap his arms around Jimin's neck. Jimin pulls back with a shuddering breath, pressing their foreheads together. He's still crying, and it makes emotion well in Taehyung's chest, tears of his own building behind his eyelids.

"I don't know what I did to deserve you." Jimin whispers.

Taehyung laughs, breath puffing against Jimin's face. "You were you.

That's all you needed to do."

Taehyung suddenly becomes aware of Yoongi's presence again, quiet beside them. He remembers that night that Yoongi chased him down the street, what he said amidst their confessions. *I want to kiss you, too.* He pulls away from Jimin, a little regretfully given how upset the poor Omega is, but he thinks it'll be worth it. They all want this, and Tae wants Yoongi involved, too.

He presses a quick, final kiss to Jimin's pouty lips and climbs off him, crawling over to Yoongi instead. Yoongi looks a little surprised, maybe a little wary. Taehyung sits in his lap and the Alpha lets him, hands settling on the Omega's waist to steady him. Taehyung bites his lip out of nervous habit, bringing a hand up to stroke Yoongi's cheek. Yoongi leans into, blinking slowly like a content cat. "I care about you, too, hyung." Tae whispers. He can feel Jimin watching them, but he wants him to see. "So, so much. I hope you know that."

"I do." Yoongi says and they lean in, as easy and natural as a flowing river. They meet in the middle, lips pressing together in a beautiful, sweet kiss. It's different than kissing Jimin but just as powerful, Yoongi's lips firm and unyielding compared to the soft, plushness of Jimin's. Taehyung wishes he could kiss them both forever, always.

They pull away from each other and they're both smiling, uninhibited. Yoongi reaches a hands up to push Tae's hair of his forehead. "Before we do anything else, we should set some ground rules, yeah?"

Jimin and Taehyung agree, of course. They move their plates out of the way and rearrange until they're sitting somewhat in a circle, knees touching. They agree to air out any questions they might have now, knowing that communication is key to make a relationship like this work. To start Yoongi asks, "Taehyung, do you have any desires to see anyone else?"

Taehyung startles. "No!" He practically shouts, before settling down again. "No, no, you guys are all that I want."

"Good," Yoongi smiles. "The same goes for me."

"Me too." Jimin breathes. Then he asks, "Do either of you want to tell the others?"

There's a brief pause. "Yeah." Taehyung says. "Eventually. I think they deserve to know."

Yongi nods. “I agree, but… But maybe we should wait a little bit. Jeongguk is presenting and he deserves to have the spotlight on him for a little while. I don’t want to take away from that.”

“I think that’s a good idea.” Jimin says. “It’ll give us a chance to settle into this relationship, too.” He scratches behind his ears, looking down to the bedding between their knees. “And I’m...a little worried about how they may react.”

“You don’t think they’d be supportive?” Yoongi asks, placing a gentle hand on Jimin’s knee.

“No, of course I do.” Jimin sighs. “This is just...odd, yeah? Not something you encounter everyday. It’ll surprise them, for sure.”

There’s a brief pause, silence filling the space between them. “Does this mean I can move into your guys’ room?” Taehyung asks after a moment, fiddling his thumbs.

The other two stare at him. “Of course!” Jimin says at the same time as Yoongi’s, “Maybe not right away.”

The two Omega’s turn to look at him, involuntary hurt etching onto Taehyung’s face. “Not that I don’t want you too.” Yoongi amends. “Of course I do, Tae-ah. But if we aren’t coming out to the group just yet then we shouldn’t do anything too suspicious.”

Taehyung pouts. “Can I stay over sometimes, then? Until we do?”

“Of course,” Yoongi soothes. “Of course, we’d love that.”

“I feel like I should specify something.” Jimin says. “I know we kind of already said but...I just want to say that I’m going to be solely committed, only to you two. I know that polyamory and like...open relationships tend to go hand in hand. But. I don’t want an open relationship. I just want you two.”

Taehyung coos, a grin breaking out across his face. “Jiminie, I feel the same way. You’re all I could ever want.”

Yoongi is grinning at both of them. “Yeah. Yeah, me too.” He pauses. “I think the main thing I want to stress is that we need to be honest with each other. If anyone ever feels left out, or underappreciated, *anything* we need to talk about it. We cannot let things fester, we have to communicate. Okay?”

The Omegas nod in agreeance. There's a pause before Taehyung says. "So… can we cuddle and maybe make out, now? I feel like I have a lot of time to catch up on. Especially with Yoongi-hyung, Jiminie has been hoarding me for *months*."

The other two laugh and they end up laying across the bed, Jimin and Yoongi on their backs and Taehyung on top of them. They take turns pressing kisses into each others' mouths, taking care to make sure everyone is involved with each member. It's beautiful and amazing and a thousand other identifiers that Taehyung can't quite think of right now. He's just a little bit preoccupied.

Chapter End Notes

OUR BOYS FINALLY GOT TOGETHER AHHHH.

Let me know what you thought? Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3<3

impatiently waits for the BBMAs performance to be put on YouTube so I can watch it over and over....and over and over again <3

Taegimim II

Chapter Summary

Jimin, Taehyung, and Yoongi take advantage of the alone time they have left.

Chapter Notes

Here's almost 6k of Taegimim smut. You're welcome ~~~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There's no denying the chemistry between the three of them. With all of their emotions clear and in the air, they're more free with their touches and their gazes, and catching eyes with Yoongi or having Jimin rub at the base of his neck ignites little fires in Taehyung's belly. God, he wants them so bad.

It's their last day in the hotel before they return back to the dorm and Taehyung has a plan.

Yoongi had left a little while ago to get some work done at the studio with Namjoon. Jimin and Taehyung are cuddling on the bed, chattering excitedly after having just talked to Jeongguk in the group chat.

"I can't believe he's an Omega, Taetae, this is so *great* ." Jimin coos, bright smile making his eyes bunch up. "Another Omega to cuddle with, aw, I'm so excited."

Taehyung fake pouts, jutting out his lower lip and bringing out his puppy dog eyes. "Cuddling with me isn't enough?"

"Aish," Jimin laughs. "You know what I mean. You want to cuddle with him too, I know it!"

Tae just hums in approval. Jimin sighs and shifts so that he's laying against Taehyung's chest. Tae decides now is a good time to set his plan into motion. He grabs his phone from where he'd laid it beside him, propping it on the back of Jimin's shoulder to type with one hand. Jimin grunts but Tae shushes him, using his free hand to stroke at the other Omega's side.

Taetae: hyung you should come back now

MinGenius: tae we're busy

Taetae: but we miss youuuuu, we're not going to have much time alone when we go back to the dorm :(:(:(

MinGenius: i know babe i'll come back soon

Taetae: okie~ i have a surprise for youuu

MinGenius: a surprise?

Taetae: ye ur gonna love it but u don't get to see it til u come back~~

MinGenius: …

MinGenius: i'll be back in 20

Taetae: !!!

Taetae: really? ok ok we'll see you sooooon

That part a success, Taehyung now has to set the rest of his plan in motion. He drops his phone and buries his nose in Jimin's hair. He mewls, making Jimin pay attention to him. "Jimin," he coos. "Jiminie, I want a kiss. Will you give me a kiss?"

Jimin laughs, lighthearted and airy. "Taetae, we've been kissing all day."

"So?" Taehyung questions. "Come on sweetie, baby, *honey buns* , just one more?"

Jimin moves then, going to straddle Taehyung's thighs. "Hm, okay." He says. Taehyung chirps, getting ready to lean in, when Jimin presses a finger to his lips to stop him. "But," he says seriously. "Only if you agree to never call me 'honey buns' again."

Taehyung pouts again. "Fine." He agrees, a little reluctantly. Jimin pulls his finger away and finally leans in, capturing Taehyung's lips in a sweet kiss. They feather light kisses onto each others lips, smiling into them like giddy teenagers. Taehyung gives Jimin one more before whispering, "Sweet cheeks," against his mouth.

Jimin growls lightly, playfully, and presses closer to Taehyung. He claims his lips in a fuller kiss, effectively shutting the other Omega up. Taehyung moans into it, reaching his hands up to thread them into Jimin's hair. He tugs a little at the strands, pulling Jimin even closer. Jimin whimpers, surrendering into the kiss. Taehyung opens his mouth a little to trace at the seam of Jimin's lips with his tongue. Jimin grants him entrance immediately, their tongues sliding together smooth and easy like they've been doing it for years instead of barely just a day.

Everything gets a little more heated, then, hormones firing and igniting their blood. Taehyung moans as he feels Jimin grind a little against his hips, friction barely there but still so sweet. Jimin finally pulls away, panting, and says. "We don't have to do this. We can wait, if you want, I don't mind at all-"

"Shut up," Taehyung growls, fingers tightening in Jimin's hair. Jimin mewls and relaxes in his grip. "I've been waiting so long for this, Jiminie, don't you dare stop now." Taehyung pulls his lips back to him, capturing them in a searing kiss that holds a lot more intent than the ones previous.

Jimin paws at Taehyung's chest and neck with his hands, unsure of what he wants to touch first. Taehyung moves his hands to grasp and Jimin's hips, moving him to settle more fully into his lap. Jimin rolls his hips on instinct, grinding their clothed cocks together. Taehyung's not hard, not quite yet, but he's well on the way to it.

They get lost in each others touch, lips, forgetting everything else in the world in favor of exploring each other. That is, until someone clears their throat from the entry of the room. Jimin and Taehyung practically jump apart, turning to see Yoongi standing there, hip propped against the wall. "What do we have here?" he asks with a smirk gracing his lips.

The Omegas look at him, and then each other, warily, their chests heaving and flushes high on their cheeks. Jimin is still rolling his hips minutely and Taehyung likes it too much to make him stop. Yoongi approaches the bed then, sauntering slow and entirely too unhurried. "Was this my surprise?" Yoongi asks Taehyung, leaning down to nibble at his earlobe. Taehyung mewls in response, eyes shooting up to Jimin's. Jimin looks a little confused and then grins, bright and blinding. "Did you plan this, Tae-ah?" he asks, grinding his hips a little more firmly. "How *naughty.* "

Yoongi moves to press sucking kisses along Taehyung's jaw. "Yes, how naughty." He echoes against Taehyung's skin, voice rumbling into Taehyung's head and making him a little dizzy. "Pulling me away from work just to see if you could get lucky, hm? Did you put Jiminie up to this, too?"

"No, hyung." Jimin says, the traitor. He's still grinding his hips down, making arousal flush through Taehyung's veins. Yoongi's mouth on his neck and jaw are the perfect counterpoint. "He told me he just wanted a kiss. 'Honey buns, just one more?'." He parrots. Yoongi chuckles and it makes Tae shiver.

"Is that so?" Yoongi says. He pulls away but brings his hand up to thread into Taehyung's hair. Not tugging or pulling, just holding him there. "Well, then. Jimin, what do we do to naughty little Omegas?"

Jimin giggles and he somehow manages to make it sound innocent and incredibly sultry at the same time. "We punish them, Alpha."

Taehyung whines, tilting his head back in Yoongi's grip so he can look in the older's face. Yoongi is still smirking at him, but there's an underlying fondness in his eyes. Taehyung knows, then, that he isn't really serious. This is all play. And he's totally down for it.

"That's right, Jiminie. We punish them." Yoongi smiles then, leaning in to capture Taehyung's mouth in an electric kiss. Taehyung groans, a hand scrambling up to grip at Yoongi's arm, the one that has its hand in his hair, just to have something to hold onto. Yoongi growls in response, nipping at Taehyung's lips with his teeth. And then he suddenly pulls away, leaving Tae with whiplash from the lack of stimulation. He mewls, trying to clutch him back, but Yoongi just steps out of the way. "Jimin, strip him down. Don't get too carried away." He says this with a pointed stare.

"Okay, hyung." Jimin chirps and immediately sets to work, grabbing the hem of Taehyung's shirt and pulling it up. Taehyung lifts up to help him and the shirt is whipped over his head, leaving his torso exposed. Jimin coos, his hands trailing down soft, golden skin and toned muscle. Taehyung whimpers, arching into the touch.

"Jimin." Yoongi says sternly. He's over at the other bed, where their bags are, rummaging through one of them. Jimin pouts but pulls his hands away, climbing off of Taehyung's lap. Tae is about to complain, but then Jimin is reaching for the band of his sweats, curling his fingers under them and his underwear. He starts to tug them down

and Taehyung lifts his hips to oblige. His cock springs free as their pulled down his hips, and he kicks them away. Jimin tosses them aside and sucks in a breath as he stares openly at Taehyung.

Taehyung blushes, feeling overexposed when his two partners are still fully clothed. He knows he's...bigger than most Omegas. Omegas are supposed to be cute and small all over, but Taehyung is certainly not. He got made fun of in school for it, in locker rooms and the few hookups he managed to get. But Jimin...he doesn't look like they did. He's looking at Taehyung with awe, a little smile curling in his lips. "Oh," he says. "Oh, Yoongi-hyung, please, can I touch?" He tears his gaze away to look pleadingly at the Alpha. "Please?" he asks again.

Yoongi is coming back to the bed now, hiding something in his hands. He hums, reaching a hand to rub at Jimin's back. "Okay, go ahead. Don't get him too worked up."

Jimin positively lights up, crawling forward to straddle Taehyung's thighs again. The feeling of soft sweats are an odd contrast on his naked skin, but then Jimin is pushing his little palms flat against Taehyung's belly, trailing them down towards his thighs. He takes his time, savoring the touch, and Taehyung feels like he's suffocating.

"Please," he moans, the first thing he's said since they started. "Please, Jiminie, baby, please touch me."

Jimin coos softly, soothingly. "But I *am* touching you, Taehyungie. See?" He proves his point by dragging his fingertips down Tae's inner thighs. The soft touch sends tremors through Taehyung's body, muscles jumping under Jimin's hands.

"M-more." He says. "I need more, *please* ."

Jimin finally takes some pity on him, wrapping his hand around the base of Taehyung's cock. Taehyung keens, hips jolting at the stimulation. Jimin's tiny hand barely wraps all the way around and it shouldn't be as hot as it is. Yoongi climbs onto the bed behind Jimin, watching over his shoulder and placing his hands on Jimin's hips. He must have let go of whatever he was holding. "Stroke him for me, Jiminie. Make him feel good."

The Alpha's deep voice is like music in Taehyung's ears and he never wants him to stop talking. Jimin listens to his Alpha, pumping his hand slowly up and back down, watching as Taehyung's erection pulses and oozes precum at the touch. Taehyung bites his lip, brows furrowing. The touch is so good but he's still left wanting more.

“He’s so big, hyung.” Jimin stage whispers and it makes Taehyung gasp. “Look at him filling my whole hand. He’s almost as big as you.”

Warmth flares across Taehyung’s entire body at the words, face heating up impossibly. Yoongi chuckles, resting his chin on Jimin’s shoulder to get a better look. “You like that, huh, Jiminie? Would you like his big cock in your mouth? Taste all that pretty slick dripping out? Or inside your ass, fucking you so good, yeah?”

The Omegas both moan at the thought.. Taehyung grips at the sheets with his hands, knuckles turning white. He’s so wet, both from his cock and the slick starting to leak from his hole, soaking the sheet below him. He’s never been so turned on his life. Jimin is still stroking so slow, taking Yoongi’s words to heart, and it’s driving Taehyung a little crazy. A lot crazy.

“I want you to strip, Jiminie.” Yoongi says, pulling away from the Omega’s back. “And then I want you to suck him off. But I’m going to have a little fun first.”

Jimin gives him one last solid stroke before releasing Taehyung’s cock. Taehyung groans at the loss, his erection bobbing in time with his racing heart. Jimin climbs off the bed to pull off his clothes. Taehyung wants to watch, but then Yoongi is taking the Omega’s place in Taehyung’s lap. Taehyung is immediately enraptured in Yoongi’s gaze, the way the Alpha is watching him. Yoongi is looking at him like he’s something precious and it makes Taehyung want to melt into the mattress. He cups Taehyung’s jaw with one hand, dragging the other down Tae’s chest. His fingers rub over the nubs of his nipples and Taehyung gasps at the sensation, little zips of pleasure spiking in his blood. Yoongi smiles a little, moving to pinch one of them between his fingers. Taehyung mewls, writhing under the touch as much as he can with a full grown man sitting on his lap.

“Hyung,” he groans. “Hyungie, please, c-can I, can I-” he can’t get the words to form, brain tripping over itself.

Yoongi hums, a little smile twitching at the corners of his mouth. “What do you want, baby?”

Taehyung pants, the term of endearment making his heart twist painfully. “Please, can I...can I t-touch you?”

Yoongi’s smile turns gummy as he thumbs at Tae’s nipples again, making Tae shiver and his cock bob, desperate for touch. “You want to touch me, baby?” Taehyung nods vigorously, brows pinching

together in sincerity. “Of course you can, sweetheart.”

Taehyung takes advantage immediately, raising up so fast that it surprises Yoongi. Tae pushes his hands under Yoongi’s t-shirt, lifting it to expose planes of gorgeous pale skin. Yoongi grips the hem of his own shirt and pulls it off, leaving him bare from the waist up. Taehyung coos happily, pressing his hands flat on Yoongi’s chest. The Alpha’s light complexion practically glows against the tan of Taehyung’s hands and Taehyung loves it so, *so* much. Yoongi has a very slight build for an Alpha, but there’s quiet strength that Taehyung can feel running under his skin. Taehyung inches his hands downward, tracking smooth skin under is fingertips. Yoongi hums appreciatively, arching into the touch.

Tae can feel Yoongi’s hard cock against his stomach, can see it tenting the other’s pants between them. His mouth waters at the sight, wanting to taste so badly. Instead, however, he leans in and does something he’s been wanting to do ever since he started scenting with Yoongi in the beginning. He mouths at Yoongi’s neck, up toward his jaw, and finally licks the flat of his tongue over the biggest scent gland hiding there. Pastries and sandalwood bloom over his taste buds, tinged dark with arousal. The pheromones he picks up go straight to his head, making him dizzy. He nips lightly at it, knowing that they won’t have shoots or shows for a little while with Jeongguk out of commission. Yoongi groans, deep in his chest, and Taehyung bites just a little harder. He pulls away, gasping a little, as the bed dips and Jimin climbs on beside him. He’s fully naked now, gorgeous skin exposed and his cute little cock hard and straining.

Taehyung’s hands settle on Yoongi’s hips, his big hands almost encompassing him, and he looks at Jimin with wide eyes. Jimin smiles at him fondly, leaning in to press a soft kiss to his lips. “Yoongi-hyung is the only one with clothes on still, hm?” The other murmurs, their lips brushing as he speaks. “We should fix that.”

Taehyung wholeheartedly agrees. Yoongi smirks as Taehyung slides his hand down, the fabric of his sweats dipping. He gets them off the Alpha’s hips, exposing his butt. That’s as far as he can get them to go with the Alpha kneeling the way he is, and his cock isn’t even out. Taehyung pouts, looking at the Alpha pleadingly. His fingers flex against Yoongi’s ass cheeks, the soft flesh giving under his squeezes. Yoongi raises his brow at them. “Really? Well, it’s going to take more than that.”

There’s a beat of silence between them, Yoongi’s challenge hanging in

the air. Some sort of telepathic link occurs between the two Omegas. Without even looking at each other they both push forward, tackling Yoongi and making him fall backward under their combined weight. Taehyung uses his position to hold Yoongi's upper body down while Jimin grips the band of his sweats, ripping them down and off before the Alpha can put up a fight. Yoongi stares up at Taehyung for a moment before his eyes flicker over to Jimin. "Well," he says, looking back at Taehyung. "Shit."

The Omegas burst into giggles and it seems to spur Yoongi on. He's suddenly reaching underneath his back, wiggling something out. When he brings his hand back out it's closed around something. Taehyung stares at him, arms propped on either side of Yoongi's head. He makes a questioning noise. Yoongi opens his hand and there's a small, bright pink device in his hands. It's a fucking vibrator, Taehyung realizes. Yoongi brought a fucking vibrator to the hotel. Yoongi grins. "Time for your punishment, Tae-ah."

Taehyung's mouth pops open in surprise as Jimin giggles beside him. Yoongi takes the opportunity to shove at the Omega's chest with his free hand, forcing him to roll over and straddling his waist to pin him down. Now, Taehyung can see Yoongi in all his glory. He's pale, so pale, all over. Smooth, flawless skin runs down his chest and stomach, leading to his hard cock. He lives up to the Alpha stereotype and then some: he's *huge.* It almost looks odd compared to Yoongi's small frame, but Taehyung just finds his mouth watering and his hole clenching with want.

Yoongi watches Tae ogle him with a cheeky smirk. He thumbs the power button on the end of the vibrator, the little thing coming to life in his hands. The first setting is pretty low, a light buzz that emanates in the room. Taehyung holds his breath as Yoongi moves his hands, bringing the vibrator down to Tae's chest. Jimin clambers up beside them, sitting on his heels and eager to see what the "punishment" will entail.

Yoongi presses the tip of it just below Taehyung's throat, the buzz against his skin making him gasp. The Alpha runs it lower, down his sternum, before making a beeline for one of the Omega's nipples. Taehyung sucks in a breath when the vibrations shoot through his nerves, making arousal pulse hot in his bloodstream. He whines and Yoongi hushes him before clicking the button again, vibrations kicking up a little. Taehyung mewls, hands shooting up to get the teasing stimulation away, but Jimin grabs his wrists before he can. The other Omega crawls to sit behind Tae's head, holding the Omega's arms

above him. Yoongi makes an approving noise, grinning as he presses the button yet again. Taehyung thrashes in their grip, but he's not sure if he's trying to get more or trying to get away anymore. Everytime he moves his hips, as little as he can with Yoongi sitting on him, the head of his cock brushes against the soft skin of Yoongi's ass cheek. The faint stimulation makes him want to chase more, but the Alpha is too strong and keeps him pinned under his hips.

Yoongi moves to Taehyung's other nipple, continuing the torture. The sensation combined with the phantom buzzing he's feeling in his neglected nipple makes him pant, tossing his head back. He opens his eyes to see Jimin grinning down at him, still holding his wrists in his little hands. Jimin's tiny cock is so hard, leaking steadily and dripping to the sheets below. Taehyung gasps at the sight and Jimin just grins a little broader. "Does it feel good, Taehyungie?" Taehyung nods vigorously, too far gone now for words.

"I'm gonna move." Yoongi murmurs. "Keep ahold of his hands."

Jimin nods in affirmation, tightening his grip a little. Yoongi pulls the vibrator away and Taehyung groans in frustration. Then Yoongi is shifting, resettling his weight so he's straddling Taehyung's thighs. Taehyung raises his neck up enough to see Yoongi admiring his cock, licking his lower lip a little. Taehyung whimpers when the Alpha grabs ahold of the base. He doesn't stroke, though, just holds it in place and watches as it dribbles precum, the slick of it building up and running over the Alpha's knuckles. Yoongi hums like he finds it interesting and then presses the vibrator straight to the engorged tip, bearing down a little so the vibrations shoot straight through the sensitive nerve endings and rattle down the base.

Taehyung *screams* , flailing hard and almost breaking free of Jimin's grip. Jimin lets him go, however, moving to press his hand over Taehyung's mouth to muffle his noises. Taehyung is too mindless to even move his hands, brain overcome with searing pleasure. They flop uselessly between Jimin's knees as he pants against his hand. Jimin's hand curls a little and Taehyung whimpers, opening his mouth to take the cute, little fingers into his mouth and sucking hard. Jimin gasps in surprise but lets Taehyung do it.

Taehyung can feel his climax building fast at the onslaught of sensation. Just as he thinks he's about to fall over the edge, Yoongi pulls the vibrator away and lets go of his cock completely. Taehyung cries out, tears leaking down his temples and into his sweaty hair.

He hears Yoongi press the button on the vibe again, cycling through until it's back to the lowest setting. He touches it lightly to the underside of Tae's cock, away from the oversensitive head. He trails it slowly down until it rests above the Omega's balls. Taehyung pants against Jimin's fingers, running his tongue around them to distract himself from the teasing sensations.

Yoongi raises up a little and shoves Taehyung's thighs apart, sitting between them. Taehyung's hole is exposed now, wet and shiny with his leaking slick. Taehyung mewls, his hole clenching with desire. Yoongi hums, tracing the vibrator ever lower until it's pressed into Taehyung's perineum. And because Yoongi is an evil bastard he ticks the vibrator up a few notches, assaulting Taehyung's prostate from the outside.

" *Fuck* ," he cries, but it's muffled around Jimin's fingers. He pulls his head back and gasps like he can't get enough air into his lungs. "Fuck, fuck, *please* . Please, please, *shit* . *Alpha* ." He doesn't even know what he's begging for, too overcome with sensation and pleasure. He just *wants* .

Yoongi pulls the vibrator away and Taehyung cries out, forlorn. He kicks his legs in exasperation, but Yoongi just pinches his thigh. Taehyung can feel his lower lip trembling, his brow furrowing, and he's about five seconds away from bursting into tears. It's all so good, it feels so good, but Yoongi just keeps building and building him higher without *going anywhere* . Jimin coos softly, stroking the tears softly from Taehyung's temple.

"Alpha is being a meanie," Jimin says conspiratorially, stroking at Tae's cheeks. Taehyung blinks his eyes open, looking up to Jimin's face. Jimin is smiling softly. "He should be nicer to you, you've been so good. Haven't you, Taehyungie?" Jimin shoots Yoongi a pointed look.

Taehyung nods desperately, a pitiful cry building in his throat. He hears the vibrator suddenly click off, a thump on the floor indicating Yoongi tossed it away. Then the Alpha climbs back up Taehyung's body, planting his hands on either side of the Omega's face. He's watching Tae carefully, something akin to worry etched between his brows. He leans down and presses a soft kiss to Taehyung's mouth, gentle and searching. Taehyung mewls and let's Yoongi kiss him, the tenderness of it muting the desperation thrumming in his veins. Yoongi pulls away a moment later, bringing one hand up to stroke his thumb across Tae's lower lip. "Are you okay?" He asks softly. "Was it

too much?”

“Ngh,” Taehyung says smartly. Jimin suppresses giggles above them. “I’m...f-fine.” He manages to say, tongue thick and mind muddled. “Just...just wanna cum.”

Yoongi smiles. “Okay,” he assures. “You were such a good boy for me. Such a good Omega for your Alpha.” The praise makes Taehyung whine, heat flaring in his chest. “You deserve a reward, don’t you?” Taehyung nods, biting his lip. “Would you like Jiminie to suck you off?”

Taehyung gasps, eyes shooting up to look at Jimin. Jimin grins at him, nodding encouragingly. “Yes,” Taehyung says, looking back to Yoongi. “Yes, yes, yes *please* .”

Yoongi chuckles, pressing one last kiss to his lips before climbing off of Taehyung’s body. He motions for Jimin to come down, and the Omega does so hastily. “Jimin is a lot nicer than I am.” Yoongi says, looking at Jimin fondly. “He won’t tease you like I did, I promise.”

Taehyung sighs happily as Jimin settles between his thighs. He grips Taehyung in one hand, admiring him for a brief moment before leaning in and licking the flat of his tongue against the tip, collecting the dripping precum. He moans at the taste, making Taehyung shudder. Then he sucks the head into his mouth, tongue laving around it, before sliding down and taking more and more of Taehyung’s cock into his mouth. Taehyung moans, reaching one hand out to clutch desperately and Yoongi’s. Yoongi tangles their fingers together, grounding the Omega. Taehyung mewls, tightening his grip as Jimin swallows him down even more.

Yoongi leans down so his mouth is next to Taehyung’s ear. “He’s so good, isn’t he?” The Alpha murmurs, voice so deep it makes Taehyung’s mind stutter. Jimin glances up at them, smiling as well as he can with his lips stretched around Tae’s cock. “And he’s so pretty, huh?” Yoongi continues. “Look at those gorgeous lips wrapped around you. He loves this, you know? Loves being stuffed full. Imagine how happy he’d be sucking my cock while you fuck him. He’d be in heaven, pleasing us so well.” Both the Omegas moan, Jimin swallowing around Taehyung before pulling back up. He licks around the head again before swallowing all the way down, nose brushing Tae’s belly.

Taehyung practically shouts, Yoongi pressing a hand to his chest to

keep him from jackknifing off the bed. “How close are you, Taehyung-ah?” He whispers, breath tickling Taehyung’s ear.

Taehyung keens. “Really, really close.” He answers.

Yoongi hums, tracing his fingers over Tae’s chest. “Fuck his mouth.” He says, louder so Jimin can hear him. Taehyung can feel Jimin shudder between his legs, mouth stuttering over his cock. “Fuck his pretty mouth and you can cum whenever you feel like it. He’ll swallow you down, too, because he’s a good boy.”

Jimin nods as best he can, pulling up slightly and letting his mouth drop open a little. He brings one hand up to grip Taehyung’s thigh. Yoongi covers the hand with his own. “He’ll dig his nails in if it’s too much, okay?” Taehyung nods, agreeing.

He pumps his hips experimentally, groaning at the slick slide and heat of Jimin’s mouth. He watches as Yoongi moves his hand to tangle it into Jimin’s hair, gripping it tight. Jimin mewls, eyes fluttering closed. “Harder,” Yoongi commands, eyes flicking up to Taehyung's. “He can take it.”

Taehyung does as he’s told, thrusting faster and deeper into Jimin’s mouth. The noises are almost obscene but Taehyung loves them anyway, the squelch of saliva around his cock, the moans falling from Jimin’s lips, the little gags he lets out as Taehyung hits the back of his throat. Yoongi watches above them, a smile curling in his lips. “He loves this, Tae-ah.” Yoongi says, matter-of-fact. “You should see him, humping his little cock against the mattress. He’s so wound up, just from sucking your cock.” And Taehyung can feel it, can feel JImin’s hips moving between his knees. He groans, hips stuttering before picking their rhythm back up. “He could probably cum with you,” the Alpha muses. “If you tell him when you’re about to. The taste of your cum on his tongue will probably tip him over.”

Jimin whines, hips grinding down against the bed. Taehyung moans, arousal curling tighter in his belly. He’s so close. And then Yoongi uses his grip in Jimin’s hair to shove him down, until his nose is in Tae’s belly and Tae’s cock is breaching the back of his throat. Taehyung’s hips still in surprise, mouth popping open. “Oh shit,” he says. “Oh shit, holy shit, I’m gonna cum.”

Yoongi pulls Jimin back until just the tip of Tae’s cock is in his mouth. Jimin sucks on it like a lollipop, tongue swirling expertly and Taehyung is so lost. He cums hard, his orgasm tingling from his toes

all the way to his fingertips, incredibly intense from all the teasing Yoongi made him endure. He whines through it, hips jerking with aftershocks. Jimin swallows it all and the other Omega mewls, mouth dropping open. He pants as his forehead drops to Taehyung's hip, his hips pumping into the mattress. A mere moment later he's cumming, too, whining into Taehyung's hip bone.

The Omegas collapse, utterly spent. Taehyung takes a minute to catch his breath, until he hears slick noises coming from the bed beside them on the bed. Jimin and Taehyung turn to it at the same time, both gasping at the sight before them. Yoongi is sat back on his heels, one elegant hand wrapped tight around his cock and stroking furiously. He's biting his lip, eyes closed, as his hand blurs across his impressive length.

Taehyung chirps, interested. He uses what little strength he has left to get out from underneath Jimin, crawling over to Yoongi on his knees. Yoongi's eyes pop open as he feels the bed move, looking down to see Taehyung grinning at him, the Omega eye level with his cock. "Hyung," Taehyung coos. " *Alpha* , can I taste you, please?"

Yoongi's hand slows until he's just gripping the base, chest heaving. "Of course," he breathes. "Of course, baby, but I'm not gonna last long. You two made such a pretty sight."

Taehyung smiles, bringing a hand up to replace Yoongi's. "I won't be as good as Jiminie." He admits. "I haven't had much practice."

Yoongi strokes at Tae's sweaty hair, brushing it off his forehead. "That's okay, baby." he says, cupping Tae's jaw. "You'll do just fine."

Then, Jimin is crawling up beside him, flopping on his back and looking up at them. "I just wanna watch." he admits with a sheepish smile. Taehyung grins before looking back at Yoongi's cock, hard and straining in his hand. He wraps his lips around the tip, sucking a little. He inches his way down, the foreign feeling odd but not unpleasant. He can't get very far until his gag reflex starts to kick in, so he pauses and moves his tongue like he had felt Jiminie do. He strokes the length of Yoongi's cock that's not in his mouth with his hand, adding as much sensation as he can. He bobs his head on the length that he's comfortable with and Yoongi groans, clearly pleased. It doesn't take long until the Alpha is panting hard, thighs trembling. Taehyung is quietly thankful; even though he loves Yoongi's taste and the feeling of pleasing his Alpha, his jaw is really starting to ache, not used to the sensation. Suddenly, Yoongi tangles his fingers in the hair at back of

Taehyung's head, pulling the Omega off of his cock.

Taehyung pants, licking at his swollen lips. He keeps stroking Yoongi's cock, wrist twisting as he reaches the tip. His saliva and the Alpha's precum make the slide so easy. He peeks up to see Yoongi's eyes closed, brows furrowed. Hit with a sudden stroke of inspiration, he mewls prettily. "Alpha," he begs, "Alpha, please cum for me. I want you to cum on my face."

Yoongi gasps, eyes flashing open. He stares down at Taehyung who grins boxily at him, stroking a little faster. "Fuck," Yoongi grunts. "Fuck, Tae, I'm gonna cum."

Taehyung closes his eyes on instinct even though he wishes he could watch. It's a good thing he did, though, because the first spurt stripes across his left eye, from his eyebrow to his cheek. The next covers his lips, another on his other cheek, and the last smearing across the same cheek and his nose. The heat is so erotic, and he can smell Yoongi's signature scent clinging along with the salt and musk of the cum itself. His mouth falls open and he licks at his lips, gathering as much as he can on his tongue before swallowing, groaning deep in his chest.

"Jesus *Christ* ," Yoongi groans. "'Not that good' my ass, Taehyung-ah."

Taehyung laughs a little. But he can't open his eyes and Yoongi's cum is cooling on his face. "I didn't think this through," he admits. "Can someone wipe my face off please, oh my God."

Jimin giggles as Yoongi steps off the bed, heading to get a washcloth from the bathroom. And then Taehyung can feel the other Omega cupping his face, humming softly before he licks a broad, flat stroke up Tae's cheek from his jaw, leaving a trail of saliva behind. Taehyung squeals. "Jiminie!" He cries and Jimin laughs, moving to straddle Tae's lap. He does the same to Taehyung's other cheek. "Jimin, you can't lick my whole face, stop it!"

"Tastes good," Jimin murmurs, flicking his tongue against the tip of Taehyung's nose. He smothers Taehyung's indignant cry with a kiss, their tongues tangling together to share the taste of Yoongi between them.

"Aish," Yoongi calls as he reenters the room. "I leave you two for a minute and this is what I find."

They pull away from each other, giggling, as Yoongi kneels back on the bed. Jimin climbs off his lap and Taehyung can feel Yoongi

cupping his chin. He wipes at Taehyung's eyes first, carefully getting all of the cum out of the creases and the fan of his eyelashes. Then he wipes his nose, his cheeks, catching what Jimin had missed. Taehyung blinks his eyes open when Yoongi moves away, the Alpha tossing the washcloth to the floor. Taehyung grins again, leaning in to kiss Yoongi. “That was so hot.” He says when they pull apart. “Jesus, I thought I was gonna die. Or pass out. Maybe both.”

Yoongi and Jimin chuckle. “We should move to the other bed.” Yoongi eventually says. “Jimin came all over the sheets and there's too many of us to avoid the wet patches.”

Jimin sputters. “Listen, I'd like to see you try and suck his cock and not want to blow your load, like, immediately!”

Yoongi hums, patting Jimin’s cheek. “You have an oral fixation, babe, it's okay.” Taehyung giggles at Jimin’s pout, but it's all light-hearted and fond.

They eventually move to the other bed, dumping their bags to the floor and curling together in a tangle of limbs under the covers. They need to shower, to pack their bags and get ready to head back to the dorm the next day, but for now they just cuddle and doze, taking comfort in each other in such a sweet afterglow.

Chapter End Notes

> Well, what'd you think??? Let me know <3 comment and kudos are always appreciated!!
>
> Also I've officially finished outlining the story (but have not finished writing it all yet). It's set at 40 chapters, so we're a little over halfway to the end :(but don't worry, I'm already brainstorming new fics!!! I also changed the summary of this story to fit a little better. The previous one didn't quite capture what I wanted the story to convey, so. Here we are lmao.

Namjin V/Jeongguk VII

Chapter Summary

> Jeongguk finds that he really loves scenting, but he's still figuring out his Omega biology.

Chapter Notes

> Posting a day early because my schedule tomorrow is looking a little crazy. Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's been nearly a week since Jeongguk presented, and it's his last day before he has to return to schedules. The doctor the managers made him see called for the week off, saying it would be necessary for Jeongguk to acclimate to his new body changes. The managers weren't very happy, and Jeongguk didn't think he would be either. He hates taking time off, and he's already bailed out on nearly a week of practices while he was presenting.

But the first couple days after he presents are filled with him stumbling, dropping things, his hands shaky and legs weak if he stands for too long. His equilibrium is thrown completely out of whack. He's better now, but every once in awhile tremors shoot through his fingers and he has to fumble whatever he's holding. Usually it's his phone. He's damn lucky he hasn't cracked the thing yet.

He's lounging in the living room, watching reruns of an anime he's seen more than a dozen times. Jin comes in from where he'd been working on laundry, finally getting the loads of seven full grown men finished. He grins when he sees Jeongguk on the couch. "Hey, Ggukie." He calls and Jeongguk looks up at him, a small smile forming on his lips.

He and Jin have always been close, but after he presented Jin took him under his wing to teach him the ins and outs of being an Omega. In the last week they've had conversations about mating, about heats, about scenting and relationships and endless other topics. It's more information and so much more detailed than anything Jeongguk could have learned in his health classes. He's eternally grateful.

"You want to come to my room with me? I could use a cuddle buddy

right about now.”

Jeongguk shoots to his feet, all too eager. He’s fallen in love with the act of scenting, how nice it makes him feel and how close it makes him to the other members. He understands, now, why Jimin and Taehyung do it so much. Jin chuckles a little at his enthusiasm, letting the younger lead the way down the hall. Jin ends up sitting with his back against the headboard and Jeongguk situates himself between the older Omega’s legs, curling against his chest. He buries his nose into Jin’s collar, inhaling the soft scent of jasmine and honey. He purrs, content. Jin wraps one arm around Jeongguk’s shoulders, reaching with the other to grab something off the nightstand. Then, Jeongguk feels a weight propped against the back of his shoulder, too stiff and inanimate to be a hand.

“You’re just using me for a book prop.” He whines, pouting a little.

Jin chuckles and ruffles Jeongguk’s hair. “Yah, but you’re the cutest book prop I could ever have.”

Jeongguk smiles at that. He doesn’t really care, honestly. He closes his eyes and burrows closer, letting the warmth of Jin’s body leech into him as his scent permeates his head. Jeongguk has noticed that time moves differently when he scents with the other members. It’s hard to explain… it’s almost like time speeds up and slows down considerably. It feels like he spends an eternity buried in someone’s neck, but when they finally pull away it’s like no time has passed at all. He’s always left feeling refreshed and calmer, and it’s the perfect kind of stress relief.

That being said, he doesn’t really know long he’s been laying with Jin when the bedroom door opens. Jeongguk’s newly fine tuned nose picks up on Namjoon’s smokey scent immediately and an involuntary trill crawls up his throat, a purr building in his chest. He loves scenting with all his bandmates, but he’s found Namjoon and Jin to be the most comforting (Hobi-hyung is a close second/third). Their combined scent does wonderful things to his brain, making him calm down faster than a bottle of soju.

Jin coos at him, scratching his back. “You want Joonie to cuddle with you for a while, Ggukie? It looks like he’s had a rough day, I’m sure he’d love it.”

Jeongguk mewls, turning in Jin’s grip to look at the Alpha still standing near the doorway. He looks so tired, bags under his eyes and

a frown tugging at his lips. His shoulders are slumped a little, always carrying the weight of leader and main rapper. Jeongguk doesn't like the way he looks at *all* - Namjoon should be as happy and carefree as the maknaes are. But that just doesn't get to happen very often. He keens, reaching an arm out to Namjoon. He has to fix it, empathetic Omega instincts kicking in.

Namjoon finally comes forward then, kicking off his shoes and climbing onto the bed. Jin scoots away, letting Namjoon take Jeongguk into his arms. Jeongguk chirps happily, nose going immediately to Namjoon's jugular where his scent is the strongest. He wraps his arms around Namjoon's waist, clutching him close like a koala. He can smell the tiredness in Namjoon's scent; it seems a little more muted than normal. Jeongguk pouts, nose tracking over the Alpha's neck to pick up more of the campfire warmth, filling his lungs with it and making his head spin. "Alpha," he sighs, breath fanning over Namjoon's skin.

Namjoon's chest rumbles and the older buries his nose in Jeongguk's hair to get at that calming lavender and cedar scent. Jeongguk purrs at the motion, pressing a smile into Namjoon's neck. Namjoon wraps one arm around Jeongguk's back and brings his other big, warm hand up to grip the back of his neck.

Jeongguk melts immediately, whimpering. He hasn't had an Alpha do this to him yet, but the protective gesture makes his insides churn. All thoughts leave his brain as the release of hormones drives him deep into his own head. He's been reduced to his Omega side, or as close as he can be outside of heat. His mouth falls open, panting against Namjoon's collarbone.

He distantly hears Jin gasp, the thump of his book hitting the floor. Jeongguk is too content to care.

"Namjoon," Jin says. "Namjoon, stop, let him go. He's-"

And then Namjoon rips his hand away like he's been burned. Jeongguk whines in confusion, the sudden movement startling him. He pulls away to see what happened and finds his hyungs staring at him. "Ggukie?" Jin asks. "Are you okay?" And he says it slowly, like he's talking to a child.

Jeongguk frowns and blinks rapidly, slowly coming back to his own head now that he's not inhaling Alpha pheromones. "I'm… fine." He says. "I'm fine? What's going on?"

Jin bites his lip, reluctant to say anything, so he turns to look at Namjoon instead. “Hyung?” he asks softly, scared he’s done something wrong.

“Gguk-ah.” Namjoon says softly. “It’s normal, you’re not used to scenting with an Alpha yet, let alone doing so platonically.”

And that’s when Jeongguk feels it. There’s wetness clinging between his ass cheeks, across the backs of his thighs. Heat blooms in his face as embarrassed tears sting at his eyes. He started leaking slick because Namjoon *grabbed the back of his neck* .

“Oh god,” he moans and starts to try and scramble away. “Oh my god, I’m so fucking sorry, oh my god. What the *fuck* is *wrong with me* .”

Tears star slipping down his cheeks as he tries to get off the bed, but he’s still a little weak from the hormone rush in his bloodstream and his legs are shaky for it. Namjoon grabs at his wrist, pulling him back. “Don’t be embarrassed, Ggukie, it’s okay I promise. I shouldn’t have done that, you’re not used to this yet.”

Jeongguk whines and pulls at his wrist but is too weak to break Namjoon’s grip. Jin intervenes then, stepping off the bed and wrapping his arm around Jeongguk’s shoulders. Namjoon lets him go. “Let’s go get you cleaned up, Kookie.” He murmurs, leading Jeongguk to the door. “And then we can try again if you want, okay?”

Jeongguk nods a little sulkily, letting Jin lead him to the bathroom. He uses his shirt sleeve to swipe at his eyes, thankfully not crying anymore. Jin sits him on the closed toilet lid and starts rummaging in the cabinets, finally emerging with a packet of wet wipes. He pulls one from the container and uses it to wipe carefully under Jeongguk’s eyes and across his cheeks, freeing him from the drying tear tracks. Then he stands the younger Omega up, kneeling to slowly tug Jeongguk’s shorts and underwear down. Jeongguk whines in embarrassment but Jin just hushes him, using a fresh wipe to methodically clean his thighs and between his cheeks. He works quickly and before Jeongguk knows it, the older Omega is standing again.

“Let me grab you some clean underwear.” He says and presses a kiss to Jeongguk’s heated cheek. Jin closes the door quickly behind himself as he leaves. Jeongguk stands awkwardly in the middle of the bathroom, naked from the waist down. He can’t help but think about what just happened, about how childish and immature he probably

looks now. His lower lip trembles but he fights the urge to cry. He doesn't want to seem like any more of a baby.

"Yah, stop thinking so hard." Jin says as he steps back into the bathroom, another pair of black boxer briefs in his grip. He helps Jeongguk step into them and pulls them up before tugging Jeongguk's shorts back on, too. Then he grips Jeongguk's shoulders, holding him at arm's length. "I don't want you to feel bad about this. Your body is still adjusting. It's going to take it a while to acclimate to everything, okay? Alpha pheromones are really strong, and Omega necks are very sensitive. Namjoon, he's used to cuddling with me and the other Omegas that way because we like it. He wouldn't have done it with you if he didn't think you'd like it, too. Your body reacted on instinct, showing your submission. It's not your fault."

Jeongguk sniffs, ducking his head. "I did like it." He mumbles. "It...it made me feel safe."

Jin smiles and pulls Jeongguk into a hug. "That's why the rest of us Omegas like it, too. Your body will get used to it and soon you can scent with him that way without any issue." He presses a kiss into Jeongguk's hair. "Do you want to go back and try again?"

"You...you don't care?" Jeongguk asks, still feeling a little uneasy.

"Of course not, Gguk-ah. I'd love nothing more than to snuggle with you and Namjoon.

Jeongguk lets himself be led back to the couple's bedroom, where Namjoon is still sitting on the bed. He looks up as they enter, Jeongguk hiding himself behind Jin's broad shoulders. But then Jin steps aside and guides Jeongguk forward. Jeongguk stares at Namjoon warily but the Alpha just opens his arms and Jeongguk buckles, rushing toward him. He clambers onto Namjoon's lap, tucking his nose into his neck again. "I'm sorry." He breathes and Namjoon chuckles.

"You're sorry? Well, that sucks, because *I'm* the one who's sorry."

Jeongguk can't help but laugh. "Then we'll be sorry together, I guess."

Namjoon presses a kiss to Jeongguk's forehead and holds him close. He feels the bed dip beside them as Jin climbs on the bed as well. He lays down next to Namjoon's side, head resting on his Alpha's shoulder and reaching a hand out to stroke at Jeongguk's back. Jeongguk relaxes into the touch of his hyungs, letting their combine

scents take over his senses and send him back to that happy, Omega part of his brain.

Yeah. He really, really likes scenting.

Chapter End Notes

I love my bb Kookie so much <3 What'd you guys think?? Let me know! Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3<3<3

Namjin VI

Chapter Summary

> Jin and Namjoon are called to the offices before the crack of dawn. They had a feeling it could be nothing good, and it's more than confirmed when Bang Sihyuk himself confronts them with something that has drastic affects for them, their relationship, and Bangtan as a whole...

Chapter Notes

> I just had to post this early bc this chapter has been giving me so much anxietyyyyyyy....I don't know if I'm really happy with it, but this plot point is necessary for the rest of the story... I hope you guys like it ?? <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The worst day of Namjoon's life starts with the managers calling him at four in the morning, waking him up from the pleasant sleep where he'd been cuddled with Jin. "We have an issue." They say, cold and malicious sounding. "You and Jin need to get to the office. Now. There's a car on the way."

Namjoon's heart stops in his chest and the manager hangs up before he can even say anything. He pauses but knows that if they're truly this upset, they need to get ready as soon as possible. He drops his phone and looks down at the Omega curled into his chest. "Jin," he says softly, bringing his free arm up to shake the older's shoulder. "Jinnie, wake up."

Jin groans, hiding his face and coiling tighter on himself.

"Jin," he says, voice going hard. He hates it but he's genuinely worried and he needs to get Jin up *now* . "Wake up."

Jin perks up a little then, raising his head and blinking blearily at Namjoon. "Wha'? Wha's happening?"

"We need to go to the offices." Namjoon says. "Like, now."

Jin starts to raise up, breaking free of Namjoon's hld. "Oh," he says, blinking hard. "Oh, do I need to get the others?"

“No,” Namjoon shakes his head sadly. “Just us.”

Jin stares at him a moment and they breathe in silence. “Okay.” He says, finally.

They get up and change into different clothes, deciding on jeans and t-shirts to look somewhat presentable. Jin puts his glasses on, forgoing contacts, and the both slip on tennis shoes. They go to the kitchen, grabbing protein bars and water just in case they’re gone for awhile. There’s a light honking from outside the dorm. The car is here.

They go outside in silence, an ominous weight hanging around them. They get into the car in silence. They ride to the offices in silence. It’s uncomfortable and unusual, but neither really know what to say.

They get out once they arrive, and a secretary-noona meets them at the door. She leads them down the hall, the click of her heels echoing in the cavernous hallway. She stops by one of the conference rooms, bowing to them as she opens the door. They bow lightly in return. Namjoon turns to look at Jin, who has worry etched all over his face. Namjoon knows he’s probably mirroring it. They enter the room to find nearly every manager they’ve ever worked with surrounding the table, Bang Sihyuk himself sitting at the head.

He’s staring at them as they walk in, and tilts his head toward the rest of the table. “Sit.” the Alpha says and Jin and Namjoon scramble to follow. The only seats left force them to sit opposite of each other, with managers sitting on either side of them. They sit in silence for a moment, the managers watching then, when Sihyuk speaks up again. “Do you know why I called you both in?”

Anxiety claws up Namjoon’s chest but he says, “No.” as steadily as he can.

The Alpha sighs, rubbing at his forehead. “You guys have been out with us from the beginning. You came to us straight away when you formed your relationship and it was greatly appreciated.”

Jin blinks, biting his lip. “But?” he prompts.

“But,” Sihyuk continues. “We told you you could only continue with it if you used absolute discretion. We said much the same to Yoongi and Jimin-ah.”

Namjoon freezes. “We have used absolute discretion.” He defends. “We’ve been nothing but careful when in public, in interviews, and

whatever else."

"Then why," Sihyuk says, sliding some documents to the manager next to him. The manager passes them down until they're handed to Namjoon. "Did these show up all over the fansites?"

Namjoon looks at the pictures he's been handed. What he finds makes his heart stop, bile climbing up his throat. The photos are dark, but crystal clear. Namjoon remembers the moment perfectly. Jin had wanted to get away from the noise of the dorm for awhile, so they had gone for a late night walk. They had ended up in a park a little ways away, sitting on a little bench and watching the stars. The first picture is of just that. The second picture is of Namjoon watching Jin, the Omega still looking at the sky. The look on Namjoon's face is nothing short of loving. Namjoon remembers how beautiful Jin had been in that moment, moonlight glinting off his pale skin and the lenses of his glasses. The third picture… the third picture, Jin had noticed Namjoon's gaze. The Omega had grinned at him and they leaned in together, kissing lightly under the stars.

Whoever took the pictures captured it all. There's no denying that it *is* them, their faces fully visible. Namjoon's face crumbles. He doesn't want Jin to see them, but ultimately knows that he needs to. He pushes them across the table, not daring to look at his Omega's face. He stares at the table, but can still hear Jin gasp, can still hear his breath stutter, can smell his scent kick up in distress.

After a moment Bang Sihyuk says, "Well? Anything to say?" None of the other managers have said anything, and it doesn't really seem like they're going to. It's like they're there on pretense, for show rather than to join on Sihyuk PD-nim's interrogation.

They both stay silent, but Namjoon knows that if they don't say anything then Sihyuk will just be angrier. "We were caught in the moment." He says, finally looking at the Alpha at the head of the table. He's usually assertive, as an Alpha, but having another Alpha with much more power and status over him so upset with him is nullifying all those instincts. "We...we thought we were alone. It was stupid, I can see that now. But it...it felt right in the moment."

"You know better than this, Namjoon-ssi." He looks so disappointed that Namjoon has to avert his gaze, staring into his own lap. "This doesn't just affect you. It affects all of Bangtan, all of *Big Hit* . No matter how much *we* accept you, Korea is still very conservative. The *world* is still very conservative. There was uproar when we let Omegas

outnumber Alphas in Bangtan, when we let an unpresented boy join. Can you even imagine the backlash when they find that the leader, the *main Alpha* , is in a relationship with a male Omega? Who's older than him?"

Namjoon can't find a response, eyes watering with unwanted tears. He refuses to let them fall. He fucked up, but he refuses to look weak right now.

"Sihyuk-hyung," Jin says, surprising Namjoon into looking up. His precious Omega looks impressively put together right now, with their compromising pictures fanned in front of him and the weight of all the managers' gazes on him. "Please...I know, I *know* we messed up. But don't...don't be so hard on Namjoon-ah. I was there too. This is just as much my fault as it is his."

"Believe me," the leader Alpha says, voice hard. "I know that, Seokjin-ssi. I have half a mind to force you two to choose: Bangtan or your relationship." They both freeze, blood turning to ice in their veins. "But I won't do that. You two are good together, which is why we're going to go on the defensive. Damage control."

The relief Namjoon feels makes him very nearly pass out, head spinning and light-headed. "What, what do you need us to do?" He asks, trying his best to keep his voice from shaking.

"PR is going to send out a press release. It will confirm your relationship. We're going to keep you two out of the public eye as much as we can until the comeback. No interviews, no shows, nothing. And if there's anything you two must attend, you will sit together but you will be *respectful* . Absolutely no PDA, no overt comments on your relationship. Not until we can gauge public reaction. Do I make myself clear?"

They both nod solemnly. "What if we're asked about it directly?" Namjoon asks quietly. "It's going to happen."

Sihyuk sighs. "It will. Try to dodge, if possible. Cite your desire for privacy. If they hound on it, answer it. But never freely hand them the information. We will hold another meeting after the press and the general public have had time to show their reactions. Depending on what they are, we may change this plan." When it seems that Namjoon and Jin have agreed, Bang Sihyuk continues. "Namjoon, you're in the studio with Yoongi today. Seokjin, you're at vocals with Taehyung and Jeongguk, afterwards you will meet with Jimin and

Hoseok for dance practice. If you happen to both finish schedules at the same time, you will still take separate cars to the dorm. I don't want you two seen together just yet."

The couple agrees, thanking him for his kindness and understanding. He tells them to leave and start their day. The secretary is waiting for them in the hallway when they emerge from the room. She starts to lead them back front, but Namjoon holds his hand up to stop her. "Can we...can we have just a minute?"

She stares at them, long and hard. "One minute." She says, and turns her back to them.

Namjoon turns to Jin, taking in the Omega's wide, sad eyes and slumped shoulders. He pulls Jin into his arms, hugging him as tight as he can. "It's going to be okay." He whispers. "We're going to be okay. We have to be."

A little whimper escapes from Jin's chest, but he bites it back. "I know. I'm just...I'm so scared."

"Me, too." Namjoon admits. "But we will handle it. Bangtan forever, right?"

Jin snorts a little laugh, but it doesn't reach his eyes. "Yah. Bangtan forever."

Namjoon pulls back and kisses Jin's forehead just as the secretary turns to face them again. She clears her throat. "There is a car waiting for you both."

She leads them to the front where they find two *separate* cars. Namjoon's heart twists painfully in his chest. He looks to his beautiful Omega, grasping his hand and giving it a light squeeze. Jin returns it, smiling forlornly, and steps away to get into one of the cars.

Namjoon gets into his own car and hates how quiet and empty it is without his cheerful, bouncy Omega to keep him company.

Chapter End Notes

> Ok so real talk, I don't know very much about Bang Sihyuk or his personality or anything like that... I wrote him in a way that fit the story, so if that doesn't fit him in real life... I'm sorry.
>
> What did you think? This story was gettin a lil too fluffy tbh, I

needed to add in some angst ;) comments and kudos are forever and ever appreciated <3<3<3

Jeongguk VIII/Hoseok II

Chapter Summary

> Jeongguk has some time alone at the dorm, but Hoseok comes home early after a long, rough day. The Beta walks in on something he shouldn't.

Chapter Notes

> @kimtellectual, here's that HopeKook you were wanting <3<3
>
> Mildly Dubious Consent makes it's return, so be warned. Hoseok walks in on Jeongguk getting himself off, and doesn't announce himself right away. If that might squick you out, please read carefully <3 Love y'all.
>
> Some important notes at the end, just FYI :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongguk has been trying to learn his new body. It's strange, having lived with his own for nineteen years and now it's suddenly changed around on him. It still surprises him that his pants fit tighter, his hips wider and ass a little more plush. When he showers, he notices the softness in his stomach. The hard muscles are still there, still visible, just covered with a thin layer of squishy fat that Jin told him no amount of exercise would get rid of.

And there are...other things. His cock has never been *big* but it seems even smaller now, when in comparison to his now thicker thighs and hips. He produces a lot more precum, and the slick that leaks from his asshole shocks him everytime he notices it.

Jeongguk is home alone for once, and he's *horny* . He's always had a pretty high sex drive, but it's amped up even more after he'd presented. He's laying in his bed, sheets kicked down, naked as the day he was born. He takes his time, running his hands over his body and taking stock of each change in skin, the plumpness, the softness. It had freaked him out, at first, but he'd been assured by Jin and Hoseok that it was normal and it was just part of his status. There's nothing he can do to change. That doesn't mean he doesn't sometimes think about running off to the gym, spending extra time at dance practice, cutting back on his meals. But he knows it won't do any good, so he fights the urges. He just has to get used to it.

He runs his fingers softly up his thighs, over his stomach, breathing slowly and evenly. It's nice, being able to take the time to appreciate himself. It's so much better than cranking an orgasm out in the shower or quietly in the middle of the night while his hyungs are asleep. He's hard but avoids touching himself for now. He wants to draw this out while he can.

~*~

Hoseok has had a *long* day. He'd been shuttled off to dance practice at six in the damn morning, spent several hours there with the choreographer-nim before Jimin and Jin came in at nine. Hoseok had then spent several more hours working with Jin on their newest song, making sure he has the basics of it down before they move on with the whole group.

And then he's off to vocals, training with Namjoon and Yoongi. He's come a long way since they started out, but there's always room to improve. They practice until his throat is sore, voice straining around his raps as he spits them. The noona helping them finally calls off the practice, telling them to rest up before their next session. Then he, Yoongi, and Namjoon go to the studio and work on putting final touches on the songs they're producing. They're all perfectionists and it leads to bickering more often than not, even though they work incredibly well together. He's there for what feels like an eternity before he gives up, claiming to head home with a headache. There is one brewing between his temples, so he's not really lying.

The two Alphas just grumble at him, staying behind to keep working. He declines an offer from the secretary-noona to call him a car, electing to walk home in the fresh spring air. He'd worn a face mask that morning, so he pulls it up over his nose and mouth, drawing the brim of his hat down low to avoid attention and recognition.

When he gets to the front door of the dorm it's almost three in the afternoon, too early for anyone else to be back home yet. Except for Jeonggukie, that is. The new Omega had gotten a day free of schedules, the lucky bastard. Maybe he'll want to cuddle or something, Hoseok muses as he fetches his key to unlock the door.

~*~

Jeongguk is practically panting at this point, having finally wrapped a hand around his cock in full, firm strokes. His other hand had drifted down, testing the slick feeling between his thighs and ass cheeks. With a groan he raises his legs for better access, fingertips skating over his sensitive hole. He gasps at the sensation, foreign and amplified by the amount of slick there. He can feel it coating his fingers, the scent of it hanging cloying in the air. He'd never touched himself there before, had thought about but never worked up the courage. But his new body makes it so *easy* .

Tentatively, he pushes the tip of his pointer finger into his hole, other hand stopping on his cock in concentration. It's...strange feeling, but not *bad* . He ventures a little deeper, down the second knuckle. His body relaxes on instinct, welcoming the finger in easily. He gasps as he slides his middle finger in alongside it, the stretch burning just a little but so *nice* . He pumps them experimentally and his hips twitch at the stimulation. He releases his cock altogether, moving that hand to grab at his knee and pull it to his chest.

He can feel the slick pulsing around his fingers, creating a tight, wet heat. He bites his lip and tosses his head back, pushing his fingers in further and crooking them up just a little like he's read about online. Nothing happens, not at first, and his brows furrow. He changes the angle of his wrist, curling his fingers a little more, and almost spazzes off the bed at the onslaught of stimulation. Little white stars explode behind his eyes and he mewls. He's never touched his prostate before and damn, that's fucking amazing. He rubs the pad of his fingers over the little bundle of nerves and his cock jumps against his stomach, hole tightening around his fingers. Greedy and impatient, he pushes in a third finger, pumping them in and out with more confidence. Now that he's got the angle down he brushes over that sweet spot everytime, pleasure shooting through his veins. Every time he touches it he feels more slick come out, pooling in his palm and dripping down his cheeks. His face flames with embarrassment but it feels too good to stop.

He's hurtling closer to the edge, even without touching his cock. He'd read, had been told, that Omegas are really sensitive to this kind of stimulation but that's really, really an understatement.

~*~

Hoseok opens the door to a quiet dorm. That's not surprising, really. Jeongguk usually stays in their room when he's home alone. He'll play video games or dick around on the internet. Hoseok kicks his shoes off by the door, dropping his go bag to deal with later. He strips off his jacket and hangs it on the various hooks by the door. He stretches his arms as he moves toward the hallway, lifting them high over his bed and popping his back in the process. He groans, reaching a hand over his shoulder to rub at the tense muscles. He could use a hot shower and some down time in bed, for sure. He elects to go to their room and let Jeongguk know he's home, first, before he'll make his way to the haven that is the water pressure in their bathroom.

If he had been paying more attention he might could have prevented what was about to happen.

But he isn't, too tired to put more focus in other than putting one foot in front of the other. He grasps the door handle and twists it open, not noticing the soft noises inside or the pungent scent filtering through the air. Jeongguk's bed is directly across from the door so when he lifts his head he's met with the full view of the Omega with three fingers buried deep in himself, head thrown back and mewling.

Hoseok freezes in the doorway. Just as he's about to do something like announce his presence or, you know, *leave* , Jeongguk suddenly shouts, hand stilling and his cock shooting white over his stomach and chest. Hoseok gasps as an uncomfortable heat floods his stomach. Jeongguk tenses, head whipping toward the door. Their eyes meet and Hoseok squeaks, actually *squeaks* , and practically shouts, "I'm going to shower!"

He steps back out of the room and slams the door closed, putting a barrier between him and poor Jeongguk inside.

~*~

The afterglow of the best orgasm of Jeongguk's life is cut short by his hyung walking through the door. Jeongguk can't even be mad, it *is* Hoseok's room too. But it doesn't stop him from feeling embarrassed,

mortified even. And he's still got his fingers in his hole, what the *fuck* . He pulls them out quickly, wincing at the sudden emptiness. He's left feeling sweaty and sticky and *gross.*

There's a soft knock on the door. "Um," Hoseok says. "If, if you wanna shower first, that's fine. I mean, you probably want to now. I mean...yeah. I'll wait in the kitchen."

Jeongguk mumbles a quiet, "okay," that he hopes is heard through the door. He hauls himself up, groaning a little at the uncomfortable feeling of cum drying on his stomach and slick going tacky between his thighs. He gathers random sweats and a shirt in his one clean hand, realizing too little too late that the shirt is actually Taehyung's. Oh well.

He pokes his head out the door, checking the hallway to make sure Hoseok isn't still there. He bolts, getting into the bathroom and shutting the door behind him.

~*~

Hoseok hears their bedroom door open from his hiding place in the kitchen. He holds his breath until he hears the bathroom door close, as well. He lets it out in a whoosh, propping his hands on the countertop. There is still a feeling curling in the pit of his stomach that feels uncomfortably close to arousal. But there's also something kicking around in his chest, an odd combination of fondness he usually feels for Jeongguk as well as something...else that he can't quite identify.

The shower turns on and Hoseok feels like he can breathe normally again. He leaves the kitchen, heading back to their room. When he enters the door, however, he kind of wishes he hadn't. The scent of Jeongguk's arousal is still in the air, clinging to the Omega's sheets. That heat in Hoseok's belly flies south so suddenly that he stumbles. He groans, plopping onto his own bed. God damn it, he is *not* going to jerk off while Jeongguk is in the house and he's certainly *not* going to do it while thinking of their cute little maknae with his fingers as deep as they'll go, crying out in pleasure.

Fuck .

~*~

By the time Jeongguk gets out of the shower, lotions up, and puts on his clothes the rest of the group is home. He can hear them making all sorts of noise through the bathroom door. He steels himself before leaving the room, not wanting to see Hoseok again quite yet. But it'll be easier, he thinks, with the others around them.

It is decidedly *not.*

The Beta is sitting on the couch with Taehyung and Jimin, Yoongi curled up by himself in an armchair. It sounds like Jin and Namjoon are in the kitchen. Jeongguk enters the living room quietly, sitting in the armchair next to Yoongi's so the loveseat is freed up for Jin and Namjoon whenever they come in. The Alpha nods as Jeongguk settles down and Jeongguk returns it.

"Ggukie!" Taehyung squeals. "I missed you! What did you do all day, all holed up by yourself?"

Jeongguk freezes as all eyes turn on him. All eyes except Hoseok, who is staring pointedly at his own lap. "Uh," he says. "I mean, not much, I guess. I played Overwatch for awhile…"

Jimin laughs, smile lighting up his whole face. "You need some new hobbies, Kookie."

Jeongguk tries to laugh but it sounds forced even to his own ears. He scratches at the back of his neck nervously. Taehyung gets up from where he had been seated, padding over to Jeongguk and pushing his way into the younger's lap. "Can we scent, Jeonggukie? Pretty please?"

Jeongguk just grunts, opening his arms up. Taehyung practically squeals, shoving his arms around Jeongguk's waist and tucking his nose into his neck. He has to fold his long body up to fit in the small place the armchair provides, but he manages it. To anyone else it probably looks uncomfortable, but Taehyung seems as happy as he can be. He purrs a little, heaving a deep sigh. "Your scent is stronger today, Jeonggukie. S'nice."

Jeongguk blushes. He knows all too well why that might be.

After a moment, Jimin whines from where he had been left on the

couch. “That’s not fair!” Jeongguk looks over the top of Tae’s head to see the other Omega pouting. “I-I wanna cuddle, too.”

Taehyung hums, lifting up a little to look at Jimin. “Well,” he says. “Come join us, then.”

The challenge hangs in the air for a moment, Jeongguk and Taehyung watching as Jimin glares at them. Jeongguk is about to say something along the lines of that they could move somewhere big enough for them all to fit, but then Jimin is getting up and stalking over to them. He appraises their position and what’s left on the chair.

Yoongi scoffs beside them. “Christ, here we go.”

Jimin ignores him, however, and proceeds to climb onto the arm of the chair, settling on his knees. He shoves his upper body between Jeongguk and Taehyung, almost pushing Tae off in the process. Tae yelps, grabbing at the other arm of the chair to steady himself. Jimin shimmies onto his side, hip propped on the arm of the chair and his legs stretching over to Yoongi’s chair. Yoongi grumbles but lets him do it, the Omega’s feet settling in his Alpha’s lap. Jimin purrs, the sound distorted a little with his giggles. He curls up, his forehead ending up on Jeongguk’s shoulder and his nose tickling under his armpit.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines and Jimin just giggles again.

Taehyung shifts a little, bending his upper body over Jimin’s and resuming his previous place. Jeongguk rests his head against Taehyung’s with a little hum. It’s hot and cramped and a little uncomfortable, but it’s oddly nice. That is until he feels eyes burning a hole into the top of his skull. He shifts a little, lifting his eyes without disturbing the Omegas on top of him. Hoseok is staring at him, something unreadable on his face. It shoots butterflies straight down Jeongguk’s throat and into his stomach. He swallows hard, burying his face into Taehyung’s hair. He inhales the sweet vanilla and caramel clinging there, willing the confusing feelings in his chest to go away.

Chapter End Notes

I'm working at a pretty good clip to get this story finished (I only have 8 chapters left to write oh my gOD) so I'm trying to post a little more often for you guys <3 I have 7 chapters after this one already written, and the last eight are outlined. I'm sad that this is coming to a close, but I have another story in the works for you guys that I'm looking forward to sharing! I promised myself I wouldn't post any of it until this story was finished, so as sad as it

is that this is ending, at least another fic is coming in it's wake!!!

That being said, what'd y'all think? The HopeKook seeds have been planted...♡ \ (￣▽￣) / ♡

Does Hoseok end up jerking off in the end? The world may never know...(°ʖ°)

Taegimin III

Chapter Summary

> Taehyung tries to look out for Jimin, but Jimin can tell his Omega and Yoongi have been talking behind his back. They're still working on lessons in communication.

Chapter Notes

> Back again :3 this is technically a Taegimin chapter, but it's mostly Vmin really. Yoongi doesn't come in until the very end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taetae: heyyy cutiee~ u eaten lunch yet??

Jimin stares at his phone, more than a little confused. He and Taehyung have opposite schedules today, they won't be seeing each other until late tonight when they get back to the dorms. Tae's text sounds like he wants to eat with him, but there's no way they could do that. He types out a tentative message back.

Chimchim: No?

Taehyung's response is almost immediate.

Taetae: jiminie u need to!!!!! U need ur strength, uve got a busy day!!!!!!!

Jimin purses his lips.

Chimchim: I'll get some now, I promise. Then I gotta go back to practice.

Taetae: ok bb! Good luck, ill see u tonite :)

Chimchim: okie im looking forward to it taehyungie :)

Jimin makes his way over to Hoseok and asks if he wants to grab some lunch. Hoseok grins, wide and bright, and immediately agrees. The older pulls out his phone as they walk out of the studio, making Jimin stop and pose for a selca with him. Jimin does so, and grins when he sees the outcome. With a sheepish smile, he asks his hyung to send the picture to him. Hoseok coos and wraps his arm around Jimin's shoulders as they head down the sidewalk, saying he'll do so when they get to the restaurant. They head to a quaint little joint a block or so away. It's not usually super busy, so they have a lower chance of being recognized.

They walk in and the sweet ajumma greets them immediately, sitting them in a little booth away from the rest of the lunchtime crowd. They place their orders and she smiles as she jots them down, making a little small talk before she heads back to the kitchens. Jimin and Hoseok chat idly as they wait for their food. After he receives the selca from Hoseok, Jimin opens up his message thread with Taehyung and sends it to him with a short little caption.

Chimchim:

Chimchim: grabbing lunch with hobi hyung <3

Taetae: aw cuuute~ wish i was there :(

Chimchim: me too but ill see u aaand yoongi hyung tonight

Chimchim: then we can cuddle and talk abt our day and stuff :3

Taetae: yay dat sounds great <3

Their food is brought out not too long after that. As Jimin eats he thinks about the seemingly random text. The more he thinks the more paranoid he gets. Yoongi had been pretty adamant about making sure he eats well, ever since he complained about weigh ins and going hungry and stuff...did that have anything to do with it? Jimin makes sure Hoseok is engrossed in his food before he pulls his phone again.

Chimchim: hey tae?

Jimin eats a little as he waits for Taehyung to respond. Even though they had just been talking Tae has a busy day and it's likely he can't even check his phone now. But luck seems to be on his side as Taehyung messages back a few minutes later.

Taetae: yes bby??

Jimin bites his lips as he debates on how to ask the question that's burning a hole in his brain.

Chimchim: did yoongi talk to u?

Taetae: haha abt what? I havent talked to him since this mornig

Chimchim: like about important stuff i guess.

Taetae: important stuff? What do you mean?

Jimin knows that Taehyung must be taking this seriously. He dropped the text lingo, spelled out all his words, even used proper punctuation. Jimin bites his lip, considering his words carefully. He groans internally, fighting the urge to slam his face on the table. He's never been very good about confrontation.

Chimchim: i dont know i guess im just wondering why u asked if i ate earlier

Chimchim: youve never done it before but yoongi does it all the time so

Taetae: oh

Jimin's heart drops into his stomach. He excuses himself to the bathroom, Hoseok giving him an odd look with his mouth full of noodles. "Okay," he slurs around the mouthful. Jimin shakes his head as he makes his way to the bathroom. He closes himself into one of the stalls, sitting heavily onto the toilet. He draws his knees up and props his heels on the edge of the seat, wrapping his arms around them to hold his phone in front of him. Taehyung had messaged again in the time it took him to seclude himself.

Taetae: we were hanging out one night while you were at dance practice

Taetae: idk how we got on the topic but he mentioned that he worries about you sometimes

Taetae: like that you get busy and forget to eat and end up going all day so

Taetae: it just concerned me too so i was making sure you were taking care of yourself

Taetae: because i really care about you and your health is rlly imprtants

Taetae: im srry if tht upsets you i shld ha vre told you he told me im sorry

The way Taehyung's wording starts to deteriorate through the last couple messages makes Jimin's heart twist. He must be tearing himself up and that's not what Jimin wanted to have happen at *all* . He just wanted some answers.

Chimchim: taehyungie dont worry it's okay. I was just wondering i dont mind honestly

Taetae: bbut hyung siad communiction is important and i ddnt do that

Chimchim: tae we're talking now right? I asked and you told me right away. You didnt try to hide it. You were honest and that means a lot to me.

Chimchim: I dont mind that you guys want to check up on me, i know i need it

Taetae: but we did it behind ur backk thats not cool right? Im sorry

Chimchim: where are you right now?

Tatae: haha i locked myself in a strage closet at the sstudio jinhyung is probabbly wondring where i went

Chimchim: im going to call you is that okay?

Taetae: what

Taetae: i mean yah thats fine

Jimin chuckles a little at the response, pressing the phone icon next to Taehyung's name. He presses the phone to his ear and waits for Taehyung to pick up. It rings and rings and Jimin is suddenly worried that Taehyung won't answer. His brow furrows and he presses his forehead to his knees. Is Taehyung that freaked out? Just when it gets dangerously close to being forced to voicemail, the dialing cuts out and Jimin can hear Taehyung's breathing on the other side. But

Taehyung doesn't say anything.

"Tae?" Jimin asks softly. "You there?"

He hears Taehyung suck in a breath. "Uh," the other Omega says. "Yeah, I-I'm here."

Taehyung's voice sounds odd. It's even deeper than normal, and thick like it's sticking in his throat. He notices that Taehyung's breathing is a little shuddery as well. It makes Jimin's heart ache and he fights the urge to coo. "Taehyungie, are you crying?"

Taehyung sniffles a bit. "...Yeah."

Jimin finally gives in and mewls a little. "Oh, sweetie, why?"

He can practically see Taehyung's lip trembling. "B-because I m-messed up, Jiminie."

"Taetae," Jimin breathes. "Mistakes happen. None of us are perfect, and we're all new to this kind of relationship. Don't be so hard on yourself, I've already forgiven you."

Taehyung whimpers. "B-but I hurt you, J-Jiminie." His tears seem to have started up again, making his breath hiccup between his words.

"You didn't *mean* to. I know that, baby."

Taehyung doesn't say anything, but his little whines and hiccups make Jimin want to cry, too. "Taehyungie, do you want me to come get you? You're so upset, I'm sure the managers would let me take you home."

Taehyung takes a deep breath, seemingly trying to get his breathing under control. "I-I don't want to upset them t-too."

"I know you're in vocals today. You can't sing while you're crying so much, huh?"

"I-I guess not."

"Let me make up an excuse for Hoseokie, okay? And I'll come by as soon as I can. Go find Jin-hyung, let him comfort you until I can get there."

Taehyung whimpers. "O-okay, Jiminie. I'm sorry."

“Don’t be,” Jimin assures. “I’ll be there soon, okay, baby?”

“Y-yeah. Okay.”

Jimin heads back to their table after he hangs up with Taehyung. Hoseok is already concerned since he had been in the bathroom so long, so Jimin tells him, honestly, that Taehyung is having a bad time and that he’s going to skip the rest of practice to take the other Omega home. It’s not entirely a strange thing; he and Tae are best friends and it makes sense for him to not want Taehyung to be alone when he’s so upset. Hoseok, the amazing Beta that he is, immediately hops up and goes to the counter to pay for their meal.

They make it back to the studio to find Jin and Taehyung in the lobby, sitting on one of the couches. Taehyung has his head in Jin’s lap, face buried into his hyung’s stomach. Jimin fights a whimper and rushes over to them, falling to his knees beside the couch. Jin pauses from where he had been stroking Taehyung’s hair, smiling down at Jimin. “I already spoke to the manager-nims. You’re clear to take him home.”

“Thank you, hyung.” Jimin whispers. He reaches a hand up to place on Taehyung’s shoulder, rubbing a little. “Taehyungie, I’m here now.”

Taehyung mewls, twisting around in Jin’s lap to face Jimin. His face is red, streaked with tears, his eyes a little puffy. He reaches a hand out and touches Jimin’s cheeks, which is when Jimin notices that he’s crying too, silent tears tracking down his cheeks. Taehyung sniffles, his lower lip bunching up. “C-can we go h-home now?”

“Of course,” Jimin coos and stands up. He holds his arms out for Taehyung, who grabs onto them and lets himself be pulled up. Jin lifts his hands up to support Tae in case he slips.

“There should be a car waiting for you guys.” Jin says softly.

Jimin nods gratefully and guides Taehyung outside. True to their hyung’s words, there’s a car just outside the door. The driver opens the door and Jimin shuffles them inside. The moment they’re sitting Taehyung curls into Jimin’s chest. His shoulders are shaking but he’s biting back all the noises he can. It makes Jimin’s heart ache. There are so many thing she wants to say, but he can’t with the driver-nim so close. He’ll have plenty of time to say them all when they get to the dorm.

They finally arrive and Jimin gets Taehyung inside. They go to Jimin and Yoongi’s room, although it might as well be Tae’s too at this

point. They curl up on the bed, on top of the covers. Taehyung isn't really crying anymore, but he's still clearly upset. Jimin doesn't understand why this is affecting him so much.

"Taehyungie," he says, cupping the other Omega's jaw and making him look up. "Honey, will you talk to me?"

Taehyung pouts. "About what?" It comes out despondent.

Jimin sighs softly, but it's fond. "About today. Why are you so upset? I mean," Jimin backtracks a little. "I don't want you to feel bad about what you're feeling. I just… it seems like it's about more than just the text?"

Taehyung drops his gaze to somewhere in the vicinity of Jimin's neck. Jimin swallows and Taehyung's eyes track the movement. "...It's stupid." He finally says.

"No, it's not." Jimin assures. "Whatever you're feeling, it's not stupid. Never be ashamed of how you feel. Just tell me so I can help you, Taetae."

Taehyung pauses, one single tear welling up and sliding down his red cheek. "I m-messed up and it scared me." He finally whispers. "I was s-scared that you would be m-mad and...and dump me, or something."

Jimin's eyebrows shoot up. "Taehyung, I would *never* . I would never end this over something so... trivial."

Taehyung smiles a little sadly, eyes coming up to meet Jimin's. "I guess I know that now. But, we stressed so hard that communication was important. And I b-broke that and I freaked out."

Jimin strokes his cheek lightly. "You did talk to me though, in the end. And if that's the case, then Yoongi-hyung would be in trouble too, huh? And I'm not gonna dump both of you, then we'd all be sad and alone."

Taehyung hums a little. "I guess."

Jimin can tell that Taehyung is still beating himself up. This is just something his Omega is going to have to work through on his own. In the meantime, he leans down and presses a soft kiss to Taehyung's lips. "I love you, Taehyungie."

Taehyung stills and Jimin worries that he pushed too far. But then

Taehyung breaks into the biggest, brightest boxy smile. “I-I love you, too, Jiminie.” Jimin returns the grin, eyes crinkling into little crescents. Then Taehyung is pushing forward, pressing butterfly kisses all over Jimin’s smiling face until he reaches his lips again. He presses light little kisses to Jimin’s plush mouth, making the other Omega giggle.

They stay like that for hours, cuddling and kissing and occasionally talking. They’ve still got a while before the other’s come home and they aim to take advantage of the alone time. Eventually, Taehyung sighs and buries his face into Jimin’s neck. “I miss Yoongi-hyung.” he whimpers. “I haven’t been able to stay the night with you guys yet and he’s always out so late.”

Jimin’s heart twists. It’s not fair that he gets to spend every night with their Alpha and Taehyung has to go back to his room by himself. “Oh, baby,” he coos. “I’m sorry. Should we text him, see if he can come home early?”

Taehyung clearly wants to say yes, but instead he actually says. “He’s so busy, though. I don’t want to pull him away from work.”

Jimin smiles. “He’d make an excuse for you, though. I’ve got it on good authority that he misses you, too.”

Taehyung mewls. “O-okay. As long as he won’t be mad.”

“He won’t be, sweetie.” Jimin assures. “Let’s take a selca, show him what he’s missing.” Taehyung perks up at that, moving so that he’s laying on his back beside Jimin. They snap the picture and Jimin sends it to their exclusive relationship chat. They put different names in it than those from their Bangtan group and personal chats, to avoid at least some suspicion if someone were to glance at their phones. Yoongi had let his Omegas set it up, but regretted it (only slightly) when he saw what they put his name as.

Kitten ~{❀ˆ□ˆ}: hyung~ we miss you

Kitten ~{❀^□^}:

But Yoongi is always so perceptive, picking up on the little details.

Koala ʕ • ᴥ • ʔ: is everything ok? Tae looks like he's been crying.

Taehyung has curled back into Jimin's chest, so Jimin props the phone on the back of the Omega's shoulder so he can type back.

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: hes having a rough day. We can tell you later. He just wants his alpha right now <3

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: i know youre busy but he really needs you rn

Koala ʕ • ᴥ • ʔ: ok let me finish up this section of a track i've got going. I'll be home soon baby

Koala ʕ • ᴥ • ʔ: tell Taehyung that i'm coming

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: ok i will. Hes really missed you

Koala ʕ • ᴥ • ʔ: fuck ive missed him too

Koala ʕ • ᴥ • ʔ: im coming as quick as i can

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: okie hyungie we'll see you soon

Jimin tosses his phone, wrapping his arms fully around Taehyung. Taehyung keens a little, burrowing into Jimin's embrace. Jimin hums, nosing into Tae's hair. "Yoongi-hyung is coming back as soon as he can." He murmurs, breathing in Taehyung's sweet caramel scent.

Tae mewls. "Oh, thank god. I love you, Jiminie, but there's just something about his Alpha pheromones."

Jimin giggles. "It's okay. I know what you mean, Taetae."

So they cuddle, Jimin stroking Taehyung's back and hair. He whispers nonsensical words into the other Omega's ear, soft praises and endearments that make Taehyung sigh and melt against him. An eternity and a second later, their bedroom door opens softly. The pair turn towards it to find Yoongi, their loving Alpha, kicking his shoes off and staring at them with soft, soulful eyes. Taehyung mewls, reaching for him immediately. Yoongi surges toward them and the trio meet together like the ocean tide rolls over sandy beaches, gentle and firm at the same time.

Yoongi envelops them both in his arms, Taehyung burrowing into his chest and Jimin into his neck. They fall in a heap onto the bed, arms and legs tangling to get as close as possible. Taehyung starts crying but Yoongi hushes him softly. Jimin moves to bury his face into Taehyung's hair again. He fits like a puzzle piece in between Jimin and Yoongi, despite being bigger than both of them. Their hands roam, but it's all soothing gestures, nothing teasing or erotic. They nuzzle and scent and touch until Taehyung's tears stop, his breathing mellows out again.

They let silence settle over them for a moment, but there's a tension lingering in the air that still needs to be addressed. Yoongi needs to be told about why Taehyung is so upset. Jimin needs to tell them both that, even though he bears no hard feelings, he's a little hurt that they talked about him behind his back. He knows, he *knows* it was only done with good intentions. But that doesn't stop the sting in his chest when he thinks about it.

Eating and dieting and...appearances, in general, have always been one of Jimin's insecurities, his weakest points. Yoongi knows this, but Taehyung doesn't- at least not to the full extent. Jimin needs to explain that. But it can wait. They've still got a few hours before everyone else returns home. For the moment, they can hold each other close and breathe in their combined scents; sandalwood and pastries mixing with berries and caramel and vanilla. Jimin closes his eyes and inhales it all, filling his head and leaving him more content and satisfied than any dessert ever could.

Chapter End Notes

What'd you guys think??? Let me know :3

Poor bb Tae is still struggling to accept his place with Jimin and Yoongi. But don't worry, Jimin and Yoongi do their absolute best to make sure he's included and happy <3<3 (also can we talk about the group chat names because I love them and I can totally see Jimin and Tae doing something like that and Yoongi just being like "wtf" but letting it happen anyway because he's so soft for his Omegas <3<3<3)

Omega Line I

Chapter Summary

The Omega Line spend some quality time together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jimin is very perceptive. Because of this, he keeps an eye out for all the other members, trying to tell if they're doing okay or if they're upset or struggling, what have you. He likes comforting other people, so he took up his role naturally. This is why it's easy for him to spot that something has happened between Jeongguk and Hoseok. They go from laughing and playing around one day to barely looking each other in the eye the next. No one else seems to notice, too preoccupied with schedules and the ever-escalating tension between Jin and Namjoon. Jimin doesn't do anything at first, letting it sit for awhile to see if it resolves itself.

It doesn't.

It's nearly a week later and he hasn't heard Jeongguk or Hoseok say anything to each other that isn't directly related to work. Taehyung tells him that they don't even speak when they go to bed at night, they just get ready by themselves without saying a word. It's eerie, he says.

Jimin decides to do something about. They can't afford any more distress in the group, not with Jin and Namjoon falling apart in front of their eyes. Ever since the pictures released they've been skittish around each other at best. As the days have passed it's grown to where they can hardly be in the same room together without a suffocating tension building up, escalating until one of them finally leaves. It's awkward, so awkward, and makes everyday dorm life (and work life) stressful, every one in the group on their toes.

Yeah. Jimin can approach Jeongguk a lot easier than he can his hyungs.

There's a day where it's just Jimin, Jeongguk, and Jin home. Jin locks himself in his room and refuses to come out. Jimin figures this is as good of a time as any to talk to Jeongguk.

He goes to the younger Omega's room, knocking softly before letting himself in. He finds Jeongguk laying on his bed, on top of the covers, curled around his pillow. Jimin's heart twinges a little in his chest. He approaches carefully, socked feet padding softly across the floor. "Hey, Kookie." He says as he gets closer and offers a small smile.

Jeongguk grunts a little. Jimin crawls onto the bed, laying on his side in front of the other Omega. Jeongguk lets him do as he pleases, so Jimin removes the pillow and cuddles closer, letting his dongsaeng rest his head on his chest instead. Jimin strokes his hair, inhaling the lavender and cedar coming off of him. "How are you feeling, Ggukie?"

Jeongguk sniffs, hiding his face. "You ask like you already know." he mutters.

Jimin hums. "I have an idea. But you look like you need to talk about it." There's a pregnant pause. Jimin continues to stroke Jeongguk's hair, carding his fingers through it softly. He presses a kiss to Ggukie's temple. "You can talk to me about anything, you know. I'd never judge you."

Jeongguk's breathing hitches a little. "I fucked up." he says, voice tight.

"You fucked up?" Jimin asks, brows furrowing. Jeongguk nods and burrows a little closer.

"A couple weeks ago I was home alone and...god, this is embarrassing."

"Take your time," Jimin soothes. "I'll be here."

They breathe softly as Jeongguk finds his words. "I was home alone," Jeongguk resumes. "And..you know, I'm still trying to figure this whole Omega biology thing out."

"Of course," Jimin says, placating and soft.

"So... I was touching myself. I guess."

Jimin chuckles, squeezing Jeongguk playfully. "You guess?"

"Well," Jeongguk huffs. "I definitely *was* . I was trying to see what was different. And, and, well, I was home alone." He says again. "I got a little turned on. I took advantage. We don't get alone time very much, so."

Jimin nods, chin moving against Jeongguk's scalp.

Jeongguk takes a deep breath and exhales slowly. "I...like, okay, slick is this new and weird thing for me, right? I was testing it, I guess. And...and Hoseok came home and saw me. Doing that."

Jimin pauses. "Are you saying," he asks slowly. "That Hobi-hyung walked in on you while you had your fingers up your ass?"

Jeongguk whines and slaps at Jimin's arms. " *Hyung* ." he whimpers.

"Aw," Jimin coos. "It's okay. You're a hormonal teenager, and you just presented. That's pretty normal I'd say."

He feels Jeongguk tense against him. "That...that's not all." He mumbles.

"Oh?"

"I…" Jeongguk sighs. "He came in the room and I...orgasmed...before I noticed him."

Jimin's mouth pops open. "Oh my god," he breathes. "Holy shit, no wonder you two have been so weird around each other." He can practically feel Jeongguk frowning against his neck. "You should just talk to him, Ggukie. Sure, things are awkward, but this was honestly bound to happen. There are seven hot-blooded boys in this house, we've all seen some shit."

Jeongguk snorts. "Mostly yours and Yoongi's shit."

Jimin pinches at Jeongguk's side, making the other Omega squeal. "Yah, respect your elders!" Jimin shouts. Jeongguk shoves at him to try and get him away, but Jimin wraps an arm around him and tickles at his sides. It quickly becomes a full blown wrestling match.

They grapple and roll across the bed, pinning each other before one will wiggle out and the process starts all over. They're laughing, breathless, and it's so nice to do this with another Omega. But then someone's knocking on the door and they stop to look at it expectantly. It opens to reveal Jin, eyes red and posture slouched. The two younger Omega's sober up immediately at the sight of their distraught hyung. "Can you two keep it down?" The older says, voice deeper and rougher than normal. He's been *crying* . Jeongguk climbs off the bed immediately, going to their oldest hyung and grabbing his wrist. He pulls him toward the bed and Jimin scoots towards the wall

to make room. Jin goes without a fight, probably too upset to put much of one up. He lets Jeongguk push him so he's laying on his back on the bed. Jimin curls into the older Omega's chest, and Jeongguk does the same on the other side. Jin sighs and wraps his arms around them, closing his eyes and letting his hands settle at the base of their necks, thumbs running across the soft skin there.

Jimin runs his nose across Jin's throat, inhaling the sweet flowers that are a little muted with his down mood, and whispers, "I'm sorry, hyung." Jeongguk makes an affirming noise.

Jin laughs but it's strangled and mirthless. "You don't even know what really happened." He says quietly, head turning to bury into Jeongguk's hair. His lavender and pine scent has quickly become everyone's favorite to use to calm down, especially when Hoseok isn't available.

"Maybe not," Jimin muses. "But you're upset, and I'm sorry for that."

"Yeah," Jeongguk jumps in. "And...and you can talk to us about anything, you know." Jeongguk is using Jimin's words from earlier, and it makes Jimin smile. "We're always here for you, hyung."

Jin sniffles. "Thank you." he says, voice thick and watery. "Really- I mean it. But, I don't want to talk about it right now. Maybe…maybe later."

The two younger Omega's hum, burrowing closer to their oldest brother. They go quiet, Jimin and Jeongguk scenting Jin softly and Jin switching between them, burying his nose into soft hair to inhale berries and lavender and cedar. Their scents combine nicely, creating a comfy, warm atmosphere around them. Jin is still sad, Jimin can smell it, but he can also tell that his and Jeongguk's presence is helping, at least a little. That makes it more than worth it.

The other's eventually come home, making entirely too much noise as they enter the dorm. It wakes Jimin from his light doze, groggy and mind-muddled from scenting for so long. Jin tenses between them as he hears the others. Jimin clutches him close and says. "You don't have to go out there, hyung. They can just order takeout if they're hungry. You can stay with me and Gguk." Jeongguk hums in what is probably supposed to be support, but he just sound like he's half asleep. Jin sighs, his body relaxing as he exhales. Jimin coos in a comforting sort of way, nose trailing down his neck and collarbone and little fingers kneading at the fabric of Jin's sweatshirt. Jeongguk

seems to fall back asleep immediately. A few moments later there's a soft knock on the door. It opens a little and Taehyung pokes his head in; he looks afraid to enter, even though it's his room, too. His eyes meet with Jimin's, a concerned pinch between his eyebrows and the sides of his mouth turned down a little.

"Is everything okay?" He asks softly, eyes moving over the three Omega's all huddled together.

Jimin purses his lips. "Not really." He responds. "Will you tell the others they're on their own for dinner? Jin-hyung is...indisposed."

Jin makes a choked noise that's half a laugh half a cry. Jimin's heart clenches.

Taehyung nods seriously and steps back out to the hallway, closing the door softly behind him. He returns a couple minutes later, stepping fully inside the room. He looks at them hesitantly. "Can I...can I join?" he asks softly, fingers twitching a little.

Jimin mewls and Jin looks up to meet his second youngest dongsaeng's eyes. He looks a little scared, like he's afraid they'd ever say no. "Of course, Taetae." Jin says, his voice still cracked and a little deep. Jimin reaches out an arm, beckoning Taehyung closer. Taehyung approaches the bed, climbing on from the end. He lays half on top of Jimin, his other side sliding between him and the wall. He stretches one long arm out so it goes across Jin's tummy, landing on Jeongguk's side and rubbing soft circles there. The youngest Omega coos in his sleep, cuddling closer to the rest of them.

Taehyung's nose settles easily into Jimin's neck, his downy hair, messy after all day in practice, tickles at Jin's cheek but he honestly doesn't mind. He likes having all of his Omegas so close. He finds himself getting emotional again, his tears on edge and heartache welling up in his chest. Having the other Omegas so close is one of the best feelings in the world, but it doesn't stop him from feeling like shit about what's going on with Namjoon.

Jimin and Taehyung, being older and more in tune with scenting and *his* scent, especially, can tell when his mood sours. They make soft, comforting noises and push closer, hands trailing across his torso and neck, scent marking the best they can with everyone's limbs so tangled together. Jeongguk, the oblivious boy, is still asleep.

Several hours pass and they're still curled together, breathing softly and fading in and out of consciousness. At one point, Yoongi pops his

head in, but quickly retreats after some stern looks from Jimin and Taehyung. Jimin will go to bed later, and Taehyung will join them for a bit so he can spend some time with his partners. For now, cuddling with their fellow Omegas is all they want.

Jeongguk stirs a little as someone shits around: Taehyung, if the elbow to his ribs is anything to go by. He feels bad for dozing so much, but his brain is still so easily overwhelmed and having three bandmates so close, their scents filling his head, makes it all too easy to slip into that happy little Omega space. His Omega space, apparently, just really likes to sleep.

Eventually, Taehyung gets up so Jimin can go to his room. They both press kisses to Jin and Jeongguk's cheeks, Taehyung swearing he'll return in a little bit. As they leave, Jeongguk shimmies his way so he's laying across Jin's stomach, head pillowed on his hyung's chest. Jin chuckles, fingers threading into Jeongguk's hair.

"Not gonna let me leave?" Jin asks, voice hoarse with disuse.

"Hmm mmm." Jeongguk hums. "Unless you really wanna." He slurs, tongue thick. "Otherwise, you can sleep in here tonight. I don't mind."

The offer makes Jin's heart warm. He wraps his arms around Jeongguk's shoulders, the younger Omega purring at the action. "That sounds lovely," he admits.

Taehyung returns a while later. His hair is wet like he just got out of the shower, and he's still radiating warmth as he climbs back into Jeongguk's bed. He worms his way into Jin's side, his head laying next to Jeongguk's on Jin's shoulder. Jin wraps that arm around Taehyung, clutching his youngest Omegas to him.

"Hobi-hyung will be coming to bed soon." Tae whispers. "He can shut the lights off for us then."

Jin and Jeongguk hum in understanding. True to his word, Hoseok comes in not too long later. He coos at the sight of the Omega's curled together, making his way over to tickle at Jeongguk's exposed side. Jeongguk whines and tries to slap him away, but Hoseok doesn't stop until he gets a stern eomma-like look from Jin. The Beta presses kisses to everyone's foreheads before changing into more sleep-appropriate clothes. He flips the overhead light off before climbing into his own bed.

They all whisper their goodnights. And even though Jin is so

incredibly comfortable, with vanilla and caramel and lavender and cedar filling his head, a solid weight along his chest and side, the soft breaths of his dongsaeng's surrounding him, he can't help but think about the Alpha going to bed by himself down the hall. And even though his heart is broken, it still aches for his Alpha.

Chapter End Notes

My heart hurts and I'm so soft. Let me know what you thought <3<3

Namjin VII

Chapter Summary

> Namjoon and Jin finally, actually talk to each other about the meeting with Bang Sihyuk (with some help from Jiminie).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jin hasn't been the same since the pictures leaked.

To be fair, Namjoon probably hasn't either. But at least he's *trying* . He's trying to keep up appearances, trying to keep the others in line, trying to keep a happy face even though fear and anxiety are eating up his insides. Those feelings aren't even exclusive to the pictures floating around the internet, not anymore.

He is absolutely terrified that Jin is trying to leave him.

Jin has opposite schedules from him on the best of days, but on the worst days he flat out *ignores* him. The Omega will leave the room if Namjoon is already there, won't say a word if Namjoon enters. Even if he sits by him and tries to make conversation. The Omega will just pinch his brows together and bite his lip, looking away or finding an excuse to go somewhere else.

It's tearing Namjoon apart. The only time they spend together is when they go to bed at night. And even then, even *then* Jin is long asleep when he comes home from the studio, or if they're home together Namjoon will wander off to bed and wait and *wait* until exhaustion overtakes him. Only then will the Omega tiptoe in and crawl under the covers.

There are a few precious moments in the mornings when Jin's alarm goes off. He'll stretch over and shut it off before curling into Namjoon on instinct. Namjoon treasures these moments because they're so fleeting. Jin always eventually gains awareness, freezes in Namjoon's arms, and shoves his way out of the bed with a mutter under his breath of "I'm taking a shower," or "I'm going to make breakfast."

Namjoon feels like he's suffocating.

He misses Jin so much, even though he sees him everyday still. He

misses their casual touches, brief kisses in the kitchen or cuddling in the living room. He misses scenting after a long day in the studio, his Omega's scent and warmth chasing away his stress. He misses kissing Jin's plush, beautiful mouth until they fall asleep. He misses it all and so much more. But now all he has is an unending ache in his chest, a pain throbbing between his temples. He has Jin's guarded expression and defensive body language. He has hours spent in the studio crying to Yoongi and Hoseok, who comfort him as best they can. But there is no one except his Omega that will make him feel whole again.

Bang Sihyuk didn't make them choose, but Jin seems to have chosen anyway.

He comes home to Jin and Jimin laughing in the living room, the sound more beautiful than Namjoon's ever heard because he's been so long without. He seeks it out on instinct, turning into the living room to see his Omega grinning broadly in a way Namjoon hasn't seen for weeks. But then he meets Namjoon's gaze and it disappears entirely, replaced with a cool impassiveness that he seems to have perfected in regards to the Alpha. And Namjoon, Namjoon is suddenly very *angry* . He can feel his blood boiling, his scent flaring up dangerously around him. He's just so, so tired and hurt and he just doesn't *understand* . Before he can do anything rash and stupid, he turns right back around and goes out the front door, slamming it behind him despite Jimin hollering at him to come back.

He stalks down to the street, breathing heavily and toxic emotions tinging his vision dark. He feels like he's going to pass out and it's ridiculous, but he's not surprised. He's always felt things so passionately. He walks in long strides in no direction in particular, just wanting away from the dorm and the Omega that doesn't want him anymore.

And then there's shouting behind him, Jimin's airy voice carrying down the street and telling him to stop. Namjoon doesn't listen. He just...doesn't care. He doesn't care anymore.

Jimin may have athleticism and speed on his side, but Namjoon's got long legs and a quick gait on his. He can hear Jimin's sneakers slapping the sidewalk as he runs and it just makes him speed up a little bit more. He really doesn't want anything to do with this, whatever the hell it is.

"Namjoon-hyung stop, *please* !" Jimin shouts, panting hard.

And it maybe it's his Alpha instincts kicking in at the sound of a distressed Omega, maybe it's the leader in him caving to an upset bandmate and dongsaeng. Maybe it's his body shutting down after so much mental and physical abuse over the last several weeks. Whatever it is, he stops in the middle of the concrete and Jimin nearly collides with his back. Namjoon turns to face him and finds the Omega doubled over, face red and gasping for breath. Namjoon feels bad. A little bad. But Jimin didn't have to chase him.

"What," he says, teeth gritted and face set into hard lines. He's trying really hard not to blow up.

"Hang on," Jimin gasps. When he regains some of air back in his lungs, he stands up straighter, hands gripping his sides for support. Namjoon fights the urge to tap his foot impatiently. "You-" Jimin sucks in a deep breath. "You and Jin-hyung need to...need to *talk* ."

Namjoon barks out a laugh, sharp and harsh and making Jimin jump with its suddenness. "You're fucking telling me." The Alpha sneers. "I've been *trying* ."

Jimin stares at him blankly before his face morphs into something like fury. It's so out of place on their little mochi Omega, but he's baring his teeth and practically snarling. "You know, you've got some fucking nerve, Namjoon." And he's dropped honorifics, something he so rarely does. Namjoon should be concerned but instead it just makes him angrier.

"Fucking *excuse me* ?" he growls, hands tightening into fists at his sides. His nails bite crescent shaped marks into his palms and the pain settles him a little. Just a little.

"You're the one who started this all!" Jimin shouts, face red but with anger now instead of exertion. "You fucking- Jin-hyung told me everything! Bang Sihyuk-hyung said you didn't have to choose, but you did anyway, you piece of shit! You broke Jin's heart, of course he doesn't want to talk to you!"

Namjoon stills, shock taking over all his senses. "What the fuck are you talking about, Jimin? I never chose anything! Jin's the one that's been ignoring me since we got back from that fucking meeting!"

Jimin looks at him like he's the biggest idiot in the world and Namjoon feels like he might be. What the fuck is he missing? "Right outside that goddamn room," Jimin says slowly, enunciating his words like Namjoon won't understand if he doesn't. "You stood there and

fucking told him ‘Bangtan forever.’ How the fuck was that not you deciding?”

Namjoon lets Jimin’s words wash over him, breathing heavily. What the fuck? That’s how Jin took that? “What the fuck,” he says. “What the fuck, no. That’s not- why would he think that? I was trying to comfort him! I was assuring him that we would be fine, that the group would be fine! That those fucking pictures wouldn’t change anything! I would never- I could never choose anything over him! He-he *is* my everything, do you know how destroyed I’ve been without him?” Namjoon is shaking, panic coursing through his veins. He’s crying, he realizes, but holy shit he fucked up. This entire thing has been a huge misunderstanding.

Jimin stares at him, like he can’t believe what’s happening before his eyes. “You- what?”

Namjoon pushes past Jimin, rushing back to the dorm. Jimin runs behind him, trying to keep up with his short legs. Namjoon continues to ramble. “Why would I let him stay in our bedroom if I didn’t still want him? I’ve been- I keep trying to talk to him but he keeps ignoring me, I thought he was the one who chose!”

“He kept staying because you didn't push him away.” Jimin is saying. They’re both practically sprinting for the dorms. Namjoon didn’t realize how far away he’d ventured. “He wasn’t ready to give you up yet. He said- he said that those moments were what were keeping him together, and that he’d leave immediately so you wouldn’t get mad at him!”

“Jesus Christ,” Namjoon mutters, out of breath but pushing harder because he needs to see Jin as soon as possible. “I have to apologize, this is such a clusterfuck, *shit* .”

Jimin is laughing exasperatedly behind him. “Why is everyone in this group so bad at communicating?”

“I don’t know,” Namjoon huffs. “But it’s getting real fucking old.”

“Shut up,” Jimin says and they’ve finally reached the door to the dorm. The Omega shoves him and he barely catches himself before his face rams straight against it. “And go get your fucking Omega, hyung.”

Namjoon’s hand hovers briefly over the door handle before he finally grips it, throwing it open and letting himself inside. He can hear Jimin

enter and close the door behind him, but Namjoon isn't really paying attention. He's on a mission now.

Jin isn't in the living room anymore. Or the kitchen. He ventures down the hallway leading to all their rooms and hears muffled sniffles from the end of it, where his and Jin's room is. Heart hammering, he rushes down the hall and pushes the already-ajar door open. And Jin is there, curled up in the bed with his face buried in one of Namjoon's sweatshirts, sobbing into it with abandon. Namjoon's heart breaks all over again, his own tears welling up. "J-Jin," he calls out, voice stuttering with emotion.

Jin's head snaps up so fast he almost cracks it against the headboard. He freezes like he's been caught robbing a store. He's still got Namjoon's sweatshirt clenched tight in his fists, like he's afraid it'll evaporate if he let's it go. His face crumbles further, going red as his tears spill. "I'm s-sorry." The Omega says. "I'm s-so sor-rry, j-just give me a m-minute and I'll leave, I-I swear. I kn-know you don't want me h-here."

"Fuck," Namjoon says, falling to his knees beside the bed. "Fuck, no, Jinnie. This has all been a misunderstanding, I never meant for you to leave me."

Jin sniffles, lowering his arms a little. He stares at Namjoon, utterly confused. "H-huh?"

"I never," Namjoon stresses, "never, ever meant for you to think I was choosing Bangtan over you. Jin, honey, you're my whole *life* . I could n-never choose anything over you. I only meant...I meant that we would be fine, and that Bangtan would be fine. That no matter the fallout we would survive, as a group *and* as a couple."

Jin stares at him more, chest heaving. "You-you still want m-me?" he asks, voice small.

Namjoon laughs but it's all fond and soft. "Baby, of course. I never stopped."

The second the words are out of his mouth, Jin is launching himself off the bed and tackling Namjoon to the floor. He starts screaming, but he buries his face into Namjoon's chest and clutches him so close that Namjoon can feel bruises forming. He doesn't care though, not with his Omega in his arms again.

"You fucking asshole!" Jin shouts, but he's shaking with helpless

laughter. “I thought- I thought we were over, oh my g-god, I hate you so mu-much. But I really love you, I love you more than anything in the w-world, don’t leave me again.”

“Never,” Namjoon assures, holding Jin close and inhaling the jasmine and honey he’d missed so much. “Never, never, never. You’re stuck with me forever, Jinnie.”

Jin laughs and laughs and it's so beautiful that Namjoon feels tears falling from his eyes. A soft noise makes him look up to the doorway. Jimin is standing there, tears tracking his cheeks, but he’s smiling so wide Namjoon’s cheeks ache with sympathy. “Sorry,” Jimin mutters. “I’m leaving. Oh god, I’m so happy you two are back together.” He steps back, pulling the door with him. “But get on the bed, you heathens, you’ll wreck your backs!”

He shuts the door and the couple laugh helplessly. They do eventually get on the bed, curling close and scent marking all over each other’s bodies, making up for lost time. The others must come home eventually because Jimin is shouting at the top of his lungs, “APPA AND EOMMA ARE BACK TOGETHER AND THE WORLD IS WHOLE AGAIN!”

There's hooting and hollering and then there are footsteps bounding down the hallway. Jin and Namjoon look up in time to see Taehyung throw the door open, still running full speed. He jumps on the bed, landing on top of the couple and wrapping around them like a damn koala. “Oh my god!” He screams. “I thought we were going to be orphans, thank the heavens!”

Namjoon chuckles but holds his dongsaeng close. Jin mewls, wrapping one of his arms around Taehyung. The Omegas chirp like they’re speaking their own language, cuddling and nuzzling close. Then the bed is dipping and Namjoon turns to see Jeongguk crawling up behind him, the younger’s eyes wide and searching. “Everything is okay now?” He whispers and Namjoon nods.

“It will be.” Namjoon assures as Jeongguk mewls, plastering himself along Namjoon’s back. There are more footsteps in the hall and Jimin and Hoseok worm their way onto the bed, filling in the empty spaces. Namjoon turns to see Yoongi still standing in the doorway, looking at them with a mix of horror and awe. Namjoon snorts. Jin pokes his head up and when he sees Yoongi he says, “Get your ass over here, Min Yoongi, or I'll poison your next meal.”

Yoongi grumbles but moves, wiggling into the space beside Jimin and Taehyung, wrapping his arms around them both. His hand ends up on Namjoon’s hip, his legs tangling with Hoseok and Jin’s. That’s how the seven of them end up crowded in Jin and Namjoon’s bed. It’s hot and cramped but it feels like home, something Namjoon didn’t realize he had been missing so much until now. Jin nuzzles his cheek with his nose before pressing a kiss to his mouth. Namjoon hums and returns it.

“Hey!” Taehyung shouts. “No making out in the cuddle pile!”

There’s a mix of groans and laughs. Yeah. This is home.

Chapter End Notes

SEE, I TOLD YOU GUYS IT WOULD GET BETTER!!! What'd you think? Comments and kudos are forever appreciated <3

(is it sad that every time I read over the part where Namjoon said "never, never, never" to Jin I got the part part from 'Joke' where he says "never, ever, ever" stuck in my head? I'm trash lmao.)

Taegimin IV

Chapter Summary

> Tensions escalate when Namjoon confronts Taehyung about spending so much time with Jimin and Yoongi. In an attempt to remain inconspicuous, Taehyung ditches their plans to spend the evening together to play games with Hoseok and Jeongguk instead. It...doesn't go as well as he had hoped.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's always nice getting to share group meals with all the Bangtan members. It makes them feel that little bit more like a family, just that much closer. They get to chat and laugh and joke around while sharing Jin's delicious food, which his dongsaengs lovingly try to help him make. Taehyung passes a plate full of kimchi over to Namjoon with a smile, cheeks puffy from being stuffed full of rice.

He loves these moments. But, for once, he's looking forward to the end of the meal more. He, Jimin, and Yoongi have made plans to hang out in the couple's room after dinner. It's not terribly often he gets to spend time with both of them, since they aren't out to the rest of the group yet. He aims to capitalize on it the best that he can.

They all finish eating and talk idly, cradling their full stomachs. Taehyung feels like he's twitching but all he wants is to spend some time alone with his Alpha and Omega. He can feel Jimin getting antsy next to him, too. Finally, *finally* , Yoongi pushes away from the table. He stands and stretches his arms over his head, groaning as it pulls at his full stomach. He reaches one hand down to palm at Jimin's neck. "Jiminie and I are gonna turn in for the night." He says, voice deep and rumbly as it always is. They planned this ahead of time, a play for Taehyung to come with them without looking too suspicious.

Jimin stands as well, smiling broadly. "Yeah, it's been a long day." He turns to Taehyung, a pout tugging at his lips. "Taehyungie, you wanna come hang out for awhile? I need my best scenting buddy."

Yoongi and Jeongguk both let out indignant noises, making everyone else chuckle. Taehyung grins his signature boxy smile, raising as well. "Of course, Jiminie." They start to leave, Tae raising his hand behind

him to wave goodbye, when Namjoon hollers after them.

“Taehyung-ah,” he says, voice soft but still a little stern. “You’ve been spending an awful lot of time with them lately. Don’t you think they should have some time alone?”

Taehyung’s heart stills in his chest and he’s glad his back is still to the table because he probably couldn’t have hidden the shock on his face if he tried. His eyes lock with Jimin’s, who had turned back. Jimin looks at him for a moment, before his gaze darts over his shoulder to look at their hyung. “Namjoon-hyung, I love spending time with Tae! It’s really no issue.” He’s smiling so bright his eyes disappear. Taehyung feels like there’s ice in his chest. They can’t fight this too much or it’s gonna look really suspicious.

“Sure,” Namjoon says. “But you and Yoongi are practically bonded, you need time alone to just be with each other, yeah?”

Yoongi grunts. “We’re not bonded and Taehyung is *not* intruding.”

There’s a tension building in the air. Taehyung can feel four sets of eyes on his back and he *hates* it. After a moment Hoseok calls out, “Taehyungie, why don’t you hang back and play some games with Gguk and I? We haven’t had a game night in so long!”

Taehyung frowns at his partners, face crumpling. Thankfully the other’s still can’t see him. “Uh,” he says, fighting to come up with an excuse, but Namjoon cuts him off.

“I think that’d be great.” He says. “That way Yoongi and Jimin can have they’re alone time and you three can have some quality time. Win-win, right?”

Not right, Taehyung thinks. But he can’t say no. He can’t fight this. It’d be too risky, make them question too much. They hadn’t agreed to come out yet and now definitely does not feel like the right time. He lets out a sigh, quiet enough that only Jimin and maybe Yoongi can hear it. He gives them a small, sad smile before plastering on a bright, fake one that he’s perfected over the years. He turns back to the table, clapping his hands together. “Yah, that’d be great, hyung! Can we play Mario Kart?”

And that’s how Tae finds himself spread out in the living room with Jeongguk and Hoseok an hour later, deep into a gaming session that he can’t focus on. He’s not racing as well when all he can thinking about is his Omega and Alpha, together in their room, and that he

should be there with them. He laughs when Hoseok comments on it, chalking it up to being rusty after not playing for so long. They play for longer, and longer, but Taehyung gets more distracted. He can feel Ggukie shooting him concerned glances, but he brushes them off. It's not like he can talk about it.

Eventually, Hoseok calls an end to the gaming marathon. Taehyung sighs internally. Maybe he can sneak into Jimin and Yoongi's room for a quick cuddle before he has to go to bad.

The thought is dashed when Hoseok latches onto his back, pushing him toward the bathroom so they can brush their teeth and get ready for bed. He grumbles a little but lets his hyung do as he pleases. He may still have a chance, after they're done…

But he doesn't. Hoseok grabs his wrist as he tries to leave the bathroom, dragging him to their room with a grin on his face. Taehyung admits defeat. As much as he wanted to spend some time with his partners, especially after an ache started building in his chest at Namjoon-hyung's confrontation, it's just not going to happen. They get ready for bed and Taehyung buries himself under the covers, grateful when the lights get turned off so he doesn't have to keep up appearances anymore. In the cover of darkness he lets himself pout, frustrated tears building in the corners of his eyes.

He and Jimin can get away with most of their affection; they've always been touchy feely, having been the original two youngest Omegas and also best friends. They always cuddled and scented, and so they were able to keep doing so even after officially getting together. But he doesn't get that luxury with Yoongi. It's been ages since he got to scent with his Alpha and he *misses* it so much. The act itself, of course, but also getting to spend time with his Alpha and just...bond. It's even that much sweeter when it's all three of them, too, but that occasion is even more rare. That's why he had been so excited for tonight, but then Namjoon and Hoseok had to go and ruin it all.

Fighting back the tears building up, he grabs his phone from where he had tossed it into his covers. He texts their "couple" chat, (is it still a couple when there are three of them? Tae doesn't really know) wanting a little reassurance.

Fox (ᐡ˵ᵕ̤ ˵ᐡ): hey r u guys still up??

The response he gets is nearly immediate, and it makes his heart swell with fondness and a little bit of longing.

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: taetae!!!

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: we're still up!! how was gaming with ggukie and hoseokie?

Fox (ᐠ.ᵕ.ᐟ): it was ok i guess but i rlly just wanted to spend time with you guys

Fox (ᐠ.ᵕ.ᐟ): i miss you both so much rn i wish i could have just gone w you

Kitten ~{❀^□^}: aw tae we miss you too :(but we can get together soon, and ill cuddle u on the way to practice tmmrw <3

Fox (ᐠ.ᵕ.ᐟ): that would be nice yeah <3

Fox (ᐠ.ᵕ.ᐟ): wheres hyung??

Koala ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ: im here tae

Koala ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ: i should have told them to fuck off. Its none of their business if you want to spend time with us

Fox (ᐠ.ᵕ.ᐟ): aw hyung <3 but that wld have been to suspicious we cnt have them asking questions

Koala ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ: i know

Koala ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ: but fuck i miss you

Tae fights back a helpless whimper. God he wants to be there with them so bad. They miss him, of course, but they still have each other. They get to cuddle while they miss him, but he's forced to endure it alone. It's just not *fair* .

Fox (ᐠ.ᵕ.ᐟ): i misss u tooo but like jiminei said we cn find time ltr

He hadn't realized he was shaking until he stated typing again. It's taking all he's got to not just break apart and cry. But Jeongguk and Hoseok are in the room, and he's not prepared to explain himself at this point.

Kitten ~{❀ˆ□ˆ}: taetae r u ok? I know this upset all of us, but if ur really really upset one of us cn come over

Kitten ~{❀ˆ□ˆ}: or u can come over here, we can find an excuse in the morning

He wants to agree so badly. But it's just too risky. A few tears slip down his cheeks as he starts to reply. Yoongi sends a message before he can get it typed out.

Koala ʕ •ᴥ•ʔ: we don't want you alone if you're upset, baby. Just say the word. We're always here for you.

His breathing stutters in his chest and he can't stop the whine that escapes. He presses a fist to his mouth to stifle it, typing back with one shaky hand.

Fox (ノ˙ᵕ˙ノ): im o k i promise. Ill see you both in the morning <3

Kitten ~{❀ˆ□ˆ}: okie taehyungie <3

Kitten ~{❀ˆ□ˆ}: i'm gonna cuddle the heck out of you in the car tmmrw ❤ (ɔˆɜ(ˆ◡ˆc)

Taehyung sniffs hard, a small smile curling in his lips. God, he loves them both so much.

Fox (ﾉ･ω･)ﾉ: okie jiminie ♡ (￣3￣)

Kitten ～{❀^□^}: ヾ(・ω□)メ(・ω□)ノ

Fox (ﾉ･ω･)ﾉ: i love u both good night ＜3

Kitten ～{❀^□^}: i love you too taetae. Good night ＜3＜3

Koala ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ: i love you taehyung. Sleep well sweetie.

Taehyung tosses his phone away, heart in his throat and tears burning in his eyes. He fights them as hard as he can, burying his face into his pillow, but his bed just smells like him and he doesn't have the warmth of body heat rolling off his Omega or his Alpha and he just feels so *alone* . Distantly, he can hear Hoseok's little snores echoing in the room. And Jeongguk sleeps like the dead. Knowing this, he gives himself permission to cry, tears leaking into his pillow and pained whimpers choking his throat.

Barely a minute passes when Taehyung hears shifting from Jeongguk's side of the room. Taehyung sucks in a breath, forcing himself to be as quiet as possible. But he's never been especially good at hiding his emotions, and his little whines still escape. There's more movement from Jeongguk's bed. Taehyung holds his breath until his head pounds, his face heating up impossibly. And then Jeongguk calls out, "Taehyung? Are..are you okay?"

The younger Omega's soft, concerned voice makes Tae finally fall apart. He starts to practically sob, clutching his pillow against his chest. Hoseok is still snoring. Thank god.

He hears Jeongguk get out of his bed, padding over until he gets to Taehyung's. He slides into the bed easily, and Taehyung turns around on instinct, letting his precious dongsaeng wrap him up in his arms. Jeongguk's lavender scent is so nice and comforting, but it doesn't stop the ache in his heart. He tries to be quiet, he doesn't want Hoseok to wake up too, but it's really, really hard to not just *wail* .

Jeongguk holds him close, running soothing hands across his back and cooing into his ear. Tae eventually calms some, tears still slipping down his cheeks but sobs no longer hitching in his chest. Ggukie pushes his sweaty hair off his forehead, pressing a hesitant kiss in its place. "What's wrong, hyung?" he asks softly, and even in the dim light Taehyung can see the concern shining in the younger's eyes.

It's all brimming under the surface. Taehyung wants to tell his dongsaeng, his *best friend* , so badly that it's like a physical ache in the pit of his stomach. Surely...Jeongguk would never judge them. And he wouldn't tell the others, either; Jeongguk would take his loyalty to the grave if he needed to.

Tae sucks in a breath, pressing his nose into Jeongguk's collarbone. "You…" His voice catches in his throat and he swallows to dislodge it. "Y-you have to pr-promise me you w-won't tell anyone." Even though he knows Jeongguk wouldn't, he just...he has to make sure.

"Of course, Taehyungie." Jeongguk whispers. "I won't tell a soul, just tell me...why are you so upset?"

Taehyung honestly doesn't know where to start. After a moment, Jeongguk says, "Is this… is this about Jimin and Yoongi-hyung?"

Taehyung freezes. "Y-you...you know?"

"I don't *know* if I know." Jeongguk is saying, tucking his nose into Tae's hair. "All I know is that you were very, very upset when Namjoon and Hoseok kept you from going with them. You wear your emotions on your sleeve, Taehyungie."

Tae bites his lip. "I...Jimin, Yoongi, and I are...together." He mumbles, but Jeongguk still hears him.

"Together?" He asks, seeking clarification.

"Y-yeah." Taehyung sighs. "Like, we're all in a relationship t-together. The three of us."

Jeongguk is quiet for a moment but it feels like an eternity. Just as Taehyung is about to start expecting a freak out, to be shoved out of the bed and called disgusting, Jeongguk clutches him close, arms almost achingly tight around his ribs. Taehyung wheezes a little in shock. "Ggukie!" he squeals, although muted as to not wake up the Beta across the room.

"Hyung," Jeongguk breathes. "Oh, hyung, I'm so happy for you guys. You'll be so good for each other, I'm so glad."

Taehyung blushes hard, snaking his arms around Jeongguk and burying his face into his neck. "You...you don't care?"

"What?" Jeongguk sounds almost offended. "What, like that there's

three of you? No. As long as they're treating you right and you're happy, I see no issue."

Taehyung purrs, nuzzling a little closer. "I am happy. So happy, Ggukie. They're the best."

Jeongguk coos. "Good. That's so great, Taehyungie." They hold each other close for a brief moment before Jeongguk asks, "Why haven't you told everyone yet?"

Taehyung sighs, all those turbulent feelings swirling up in his chest again. "We… we got together, officially, while you were presenting. We didn't want to take the spotlight away from you. You deserved to have it for awhile."

The younger Omega hums a little. "That was really sweet of you guys. But...that was *weeks* ago, Tae. Why haven't you done it since?"

Taehyung shrugs as best he can. "I don't know...we haven't talked about it since then. I think we were trying to settle ourselves a little first."

"So, what had you so upset about tonight then?"

"I was supposed to spend time with them. We haven't...it's not often we can get together, all three of us. I spend a lot of time with Jimin because our schedules are usually similar, and Jimin gets to spend nights with Yoongi-hyung. I was...we were supposed to have alone time together tonight. And I was looking forward to it, so much, because I *miss* them." Tears well up in his eyes again and he fights them back.

"And then Namjoon and Hoseok fucked it all up by saying you were taking Yoongi and Jimin's time away from each other." It's a statement, not a question.

Taehyung nods, fingers clutching against Jeongguk's back. "I just w-wanted to have time alone with them, the three o-of us, because it's so r-rare nowadays."

It almost feels like Jeongguk presses a kiss into his hair, but Taehyung can't be sure. "Thank you for telling me, Taetae. Thank you for trusting me."

Taehyung whimpers, a few tears escaping down his cheeks. "O-of course, Ggukie. You're my b-best friend, J-Jiminie's too. I knew...I

knew if I could tell a-anyone, it would be you."

"I'll keep quiet until you guys are ready to tell the others. Your secret is safe with me, I swear on it."

"Thank you," Taehyung whispers.

"And if you guys ever need cover for anything, I'll be here. I'll help in whatever way I can. In fact...we can make something up for tomorrow night? So you can spend the night with them?"

Taehyung mewls, pushing even closer until Jeongguk topples onto his back and Tae is laying on top of him. "Oh my god, Ggukie, y-you're the *best* ."

Jeongguk chuckles, running a hand through Taehyung's hair. "I know it." He wraps his arms back around Tae. "C'mon, let's go to sleep, huh? We can sort it out in the morning."

Taehyung agrees and, with his dongsaeng's calming scent around him, Tae finally slips off into sleep.

They wake up the next morning to Hoseok cooing over them. Taehyung groans, hiding his face in Jeongguk's chest. Hoseok chuckles and ruffles their hair, eliciting some indignant noises from the Omegas. He leaves the room as the pair start to get up. They sit side by side on the edge of the bed and Taehyung sighs, kicking his feet a little. "I need to talk to Yoongi and Jimin. I'll have to tell them that I told you."

Jeongguk nudges at Taehyung's shoulder with his own, smiling. "I'm positive they won't care. Or...they won't be mad at least." Jeongguk starts to raise from the bed. "And don't forget what I said about tonight. I'm more than willing to cover for you guys." Taehyung shoots him a grin and then the younger leaves the room.

Taehyung makes his way to Jimin and Yoongi's room, knowing they'll more than likely still be in bed. His suspicions are confirmed to be true when he enters their room to find the lights still off, a distinct lump under the covers of the bed. His heart seizes with affection and he grins as he sidles up to the bed, crawling on carefully in an attempt to not disturb them.He climbs onto Yoongi's other side, above the covers, and immediately burrows into his neck, inhaling the scent of pastries and sandalwood, tinged lightly with berries from Jimin being so close, sleep warm and rich. He purrs involuntarily, bringing a hand up to cup the back of Jimin's head and thread his fingers into his soft

hair. Jimin twitches a little, eyes blinking open lazily. He perks up awake immediately when he sees Taehyung, chirping and clambering over Yoongi to tackle on top of Tae. Tae squeals, holding his Omega close. Yoongi groans underneath them.

“Tatetae!” Jimin hollers, nuzzling and pressing kissing all over Taehyung’s face. “Taehyungie, I missed you so *much* .”

Taehyung kisses him back, if it can even be called that when they’re grinning so much. They pull away to see Yoongi staring at them, hair sleep ruffled and a little kitten-pout on his lips, but his eyes are filled with fondness. With a little coo, Tae leans down and kisses the pout right off Yoongi’s lips.

As much as he’d love to spend the whole morning kissing his loves, he knows he’s gotta talk to them. He pulls away from Yoongi with a little sigh, laying back down so his head is next to Yoongi’s, Jimin laying on top of them and looking down with tender affection. Taehyung grabs at Yoongi’s hand with one of his own, twining his fingers around those long, elegant piano fingers for a little stability.

“I need to tell you guys something,” he says softly, dropping his gaze to his and Yoongi’s hands. Yoongi squeezes it affectionately.

“What is it, Tae-yah?” Jimin asks, propping his chin on top of his hands on Yoongi’s chest.

“I…” he lets out a little huff of breath, chancing a look up at his partners. “I...I wasn’t completely honest, last night. In our group chat.” He elaborates. “I *was* very upset but...I just kept thinking about the others, and about how we hadn’t decided to tell them yet. I didn’t...I didn’t want to seem suspicious. So I tried to tough it out on my own.”

Jimin lets out a soft, sad coo and Yoongi looks like he’s about to say something, but Taehyung hushes them both. “I know, I know, but please...let me finish.” The other two quiet immediately, letting him continue. “I started crying. I...I tried to stop it but I just felt so helpless. Jeonggukie...he woke up and heard me. He came over and cuddled me, comforted me. And I...I was just feeling so vulnerable, so when he asked me what was wrong, I told him the truth. I told him about us.” Before they can react he hastily adds. “I-I knew we could trust him. And he’s promised to not tell anyone, to let us tell them when we’re ready. He...he also said he’d cover for us anytime we needed, and that he’d do it for us tonight so we could be together.”

He stops, biting his lip. For a moment Jimin and Yoongi don’t say

anything. And then, all of a sudden, Jimin surges forward and latches his lips onto Taehyung's, kissing him with fervor and passion. He pulls back and Taehyung gasps, taken by surprise. Jimin presses another kiss to Taehyung's lips, and another to his cheeks, and then more all over his face. When he deems himself satisfied, he pulls away and says, "I'm so sorry, Taehyungie. I'm sorry you had to go through that alone. And I'm so glad Ggukie was there for you."

"You...you aren't mad that I told him?"

"No," Yoongi assures, squeezing his hand again. "I'm only upset that you were so upset." He brings their hands up and presses sweet, little kisses to the back of Tae's knuckles. "That wasn't fair. I have half a mind to tell Namjoon to mind his own goddamn business."

Jimin slaps at Yoongi's chest, making the Alpha grumble. "It's not his fault." Jimin says. "He didn't know. If he did, he wouldn't have said those things."

"That's something else we should talk about." Taehyung interjects, pursing his lips. "We need to talk about coming out to the others. I know...in the beginning none of us were really opposed to it. So maybe we should figure out...when?"

Jimin hums. "Yeah, especially since Ggukie took it so well."

"We don't really have the time now." Yoongi says, running his tongue over his teeth. "We need to get ready but maybe tonight?"

Jimin and Taehyung agree. They spend another few minutes pressing kisses into each others' mouths, enjoying the little bit of time they have left before schedules start for the day.

Chapter End Notes

So Jeonggukie knows now! They're one step closer to coming out to the whole group... :3

Holy sHIT guys I only have five chapters left to write and eleven more to post. This is coming to an end really fast :(

BUT like I said a couple chapters ago, I'm already planning another fic! And I have a couple oneshot ideas to post in between this one and the next. You haven't seen the last of me!! <3

Anywho, what did you think of the chapter? Please let me

know!!! ＜3＜3＜3

Alpha Line I

Chapter Summary

> Yoongi and Namjoon do an interview that goes from bad to worse in a heartbeat.

Chapter Notes

> Inspiration for this chapter comes from this interview that Yoongi and Namjoon did a while ago.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Namjoon and Yoongi are being shuttled to the first interview Namjoon has been to since the pictures of him and Jin leaked. He's nervous, to say the least. But he's with one of his hyungs, and the interview is with some hip hop station, so the pictures shouldn't really be mentioned at all.

The reaction from the general public has gone only slightly better than expected. There have been outcries from concerned, conservative parents that thought the Bangtan boys were corrupting their children, spreading hidden messages and agendas with their music, and that the pictures of Jin and Namjoon proved as much. But most of their fanbase knew how ludicrous that was, and showed outpourings of support in response. There were several music moguls that put their two cents in, some upset or even angry that one of the biggest K-Pop groups was being led by a gay Alpha, others commending them and Big Hit on being so progressive and diverse. Anytime Namjoon opened and article or a forum headlining the pictures, or he and Jin in general, it was a mixed bag as to whether it's be positive or negative, and sometimes they were just rambles that neither showed support nor animosity, clearly only having been written for clickbait and ad revenue.

They're herded into the station's studio. They're taken to a little sound proofed room with a table and four chairs situated around it, mics at each seat. They'd been assured they wouldn't be filmed, this was audio only. Namjoon is a little grateful for it. Namjoon sits at one edge of the table, Yoongi next to him, and their manager-hyung on Yoongi's other side. The last seat, on the end opposite Namjoon, is saved for the MC.

The have to wait a little bit for the MC to show up. It's just long enough for anxiety to spike in Namjoon's chest, a cool sweat breaking out across the back of his neck. He's usually fine with interviews, used to heading them himself as the leader of Bangtan. But this...feels different, after the controversy has sparked around him and Jin. Yoongi must notice, either from the change in his body language or the change in his scent. Or perhaps both. Smooth and casual as the older Alpha always is, he slides one hand under the table and squeezes Namjoon's knee. "You're fine," he says calmly, voice soft but there's still a hard edge to it that leaves no room for argument.

Namjoon sucks in a breath, nodding in a way that's more to reassure himself than anything. "Yeah." he says. "Yeah, we got this."

The MC finally arrives, taking his seat with an air of arrogance that makes Namjoon's hackles rise. The MC is a Beta, but carries himself like he's trying to present as an Alpha. Namjoon has no prejudice towards classes, but it makes his stomach churn when people try to act like something they're not.

They all introduce themselves to each other formally before the PD-nims in the sound booth start recording the interview. It's not live, which is both a blessing and a curse. A blessing because they don't have to be quite as careful with what they say, a curse because it can be edited afterwards. And there are wizards of editing that can make it sound like they said something he complete opposite of what they meant.

The MC starts by introducing Yoongi and Namjoon to his audience (as Suga and Rap Monster, of course). He also mentions their manager, who's there by formality more than anything else. "You guys are in the middle of a pretty impressive comeback." The MC says, sounding a little indifferent. "How's that going for you all?"

The question is so vague that Namjoon just blinks a little before actually answering. "It's been great." He says. "Amazing. The ARMYs have been so supportive, they're what has been making this so impressive."

The MC just hums. "Rapmon, I've got a question for you. It goes a little off from what we had planned, but I'm just curious."

Dread settles like a lead weight in the pit of his stomach. "Sure," he says tightly.

"Do you still consider yourself a rapper?"

Namjoon and Yoongi share a confused look. Yoongi's mouth is pinched, turned down at the corners with his nose scrunching up. He's not pleased. Namjoon has no idea what his own face looks like. "I'm sorry." He says. "I'm...a little confused. What do you mean?"

"Do you still consider yourself a rapper?" The MC says again, slower. "I mean, we've all seen the pictures, right?" He sneers, eyes flashing in a mean sort of way. "You really think you can call yourself a rapper when you're prancing around like a fairy?"

Anger flashes hot in Namjoon's chest, but he swallows it down. It won't do him any good to lash out. "My sexuality has nothing to do with the music I make."

The MC scoffs deprecatingly. "I wouldn't say that, and I'm sure a lot of fans would agree."

Namjoon shrugs. "We've always been outspoken about what we support, and gay rights have always been at the top of the list. My relationship doesn't change things."

"How do you feel about losing fans over it?"

Namjoon *feels* the band in his chest about to snap. "No offense, but if they're that bigoted then it's their loss, not ours. Like I said, we've always been open about our beliefs. We're a progressive symbol for the young generation."

"At least your Omega is pretty." The MC muses, a lascivious smile spreading across his lips. "I might would have trouble saying no to him, too."

Namjoon grits his teeth, his face heating up and scent kicking dangerously around him. He's about to open his mouth and give the MC a piece of his mind when Yoongi leans towards his mic. The older Alpha has been quiet up to this point, his expression still cool, but Namjoon can see the anger in the depths of his dark eyes that would be easy to miss for people who don't know him.

"Hip hop is about self-expression." Yoongi says easily, taking the topic off of Jin. "It's a way to express oneself with freedom. That's what it's all about. The fact that you, and these so-called fans you keep mentioning, are too close-minded to see that is just...sad, honestly."

The MC bristles. "You'd really isolate part of your fanbase like that?"

Yoongi shrugs nonchalantly. Namjoon eyes him with awe, envious. He's always been so impressed by how Yoongi handles himself, effortlessly taking control and defusing situations before they escalate too far. This is just another perfect example. "Like Rapmon-ssi said, our ideals have always been public. Just because they're a little more public now means nothing. Does no one remember Cypher 3, where I quite blatantly alluded to performing oral sex on men *and* women? No one batted an eye, really. Then Rapmon kisses a guy and it's like he's the first queer to ever walk in South Korea."

Their manager-hyung clears his throat, obviously not pleased by how the conversation is going. "If you don't mind," the manager says, turning a glare onto the MC. "You should probably get on topic. We don't have much time. Do you actually have any questions about the new album?"

Namjoon smiles, just a little, his heart swelling with affection for Yoongi, and even their manager-nim. The rest of the interview goes relatively well, considering. The second it's called to a close, the three of them leave, bow in a way that's a little too forced to the MC and the production booth, and make their way back to the van. The manager takes a seat up front next to the driver, and Namjoon and Yoongi take the middle row. Biting his lip, Namjoon looks to Yoongi as the van starts up and they begin the drive back to their own studio.

"Thank you," he says honestly. "I was two seconds from blowing my lid. I...thank you for stepping in."

Yoongi grunts a little. "It's no problem, really. The guy was an asshole. He was just trying to rile you up."

Namjoon scoffs. "Well, he fucking succeeded."

Yoongi clicks his tongue. "Don't be too hard on yourself. The way he talked about Jinnie...If anyone talked about Jimin that way, I'd rip their fucking throats out."

Namjoon smiles. "Yah, and I'd step in and stop you, too."

Yoongi grins and then, in a way he hasn't really done since around their debut days, he puts a firm hand on the back of Namjoon's neck, pulling him close. Namjoon stills at first but lets himself go, pressing his face into Yoongi's neck. They used to scent more in the pre-debut era, but as time went on and they got busier, and then Namjoon and Yoongi formed their own relationships, they never really did it again. Namjoon didn't realize how much he actually missed it until his

hyung's scent starts filling his head. It's still a little awkward, though.

"...this is a little weird." Namjoon says, chuckling a bit.

"Shut the hell up." Yoongi says, tightening his grip on Namjoon's neck. Normally, coming from another Alpha, it would be a blatant sign of aggression. But right now, Yoongi is the opposite of aggressive. Just an Alpha hyung taking care of his Alpha dongsaeng. "We've got a ways before we get back. You should, like. Nap or something."

Namjoon chuckles again, letting himself finally settle properly. Yoongi's calm breathing, his scent, and the gentle movements of the van start to lull him to sleep. A slight, almost soundless vibration starts up in his chest.

"Whoa," Yoongi says, a smile in his voice. "Jin-hyung wasn't kidding. You *do* purr."

Namjoon whines a little. "Shut up." He says, hiding his face.

He feels Yoongi's shoulders shake with a silent chuckle. "You never used to do that. Jinnie's made you soft, huh?"

" *Shut up* ." He says again, a little more forceful. His face heats with embarrassment.

"Alright, alright." Yoongi says, moving his arm to wrap around Namjoon's shoulders. "But it's fine, you know. I don't mind."

Namjoon breathes softly, letting himself drift off to sleep. Distantly, he feels Yoongi press his temple to the top of his head, probably settling down to sleep as well. He doesn't notice the purrs that start up in his chest again, nor does he get to see the gummy smile Yoongi hides in his hair.

Chapter End Notes

> BLARES WE ON FROM THE ROOFTOPS (tbh I was thinking about this song while I was writing most of the interview lmao)
>
> Well, what'd you think?? My guilty pleasure is cuddly Alphas and you can't take them away from me uwu. This chapter ended up being a little shorter than I wanted, but it just felt too weird and choppy when I tried to add more so...sorry 3: (also this interview will come back into play later in the story, so keep your eyes peeled for that! :D)

Also, I can't believe I haven't, but I realized I never shared my twitter with y'all >.< my bad. It's rangerwray12 if you want to hit me up over there!!!! Love you guys <3

Jeongguk IX/Hoseok III

Chapter Summary

Jeongguk and Hoseok finally talk. Are things truly resolved, though?

Chapter Notes

I'm uploading at 2am again because my sleep schedule is WRECKED. Don't be like me kids. I'm not a very good role model...

Anyways, enjoy!!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite having talked to and gotten advice from Jimin, Jeongguk still hasn't talked to Hoseok. Jeongguk...he's never been the best at confrontation. And despite Hoseok's sunshine attitude and bright personality, he's still a little intimidating. Irregardless of the Beta having walked in on him getting off, he's also one of his oldest hyungs. And...there's this little thing of some confusing thoughts and feelings Jeongguk's been having, even before the *incident* .

Jeongguk has always looked up to and admired Hoseok. But not long after he presented he started thinking of his hyung a lot more. He thought about Hobi's infectious smile, his bright sunshine-y aura, about how hard he worked and if he was overdoing it. It's a little strange, especially considering Jeongguk's tends to overdo it a lot himself, but he figured it was just lingering effects from being with him through the hormone rush of his presentation.

A couple weeks went by and it didn't go away. He found himself wanting to spend more and more time with Hoseok, joining him on his late night dance practice runs and playing games with him more often at the dorm. With Taehyung spending more time with Jimin and Yoongi (which Jeongguk was, and is still, glad for because the three of them deserve it) and with Namjoon and Jin back together, he and Hobi ended up alone together a lot anyway. It was great for them to bond, but not so great for his budding feelings for the Beta.

And then the incident *happened* . Hoseok walked in on him with three fingers up his ass, and watched as he came untouched across his stomach. It still mortifies Jeongguk when he thinks about it. He

shouldn't have been so careless, should have hung a sock on the door- or better yet, done it in the bathroom where he could lock the door. But it happened, and now Hoseok can barely look him in the eyes, let alone spend time with him. He's taken to sequestering himself in the studio with Namjoon and Yoongi, insists that Jeongguk doesn't come with him to the late night dance practices. "You need to sleep, Ggukie, I'm just looking out for you." He'd say.

Yeah, right. Avoiding him is more like it.

Jeongguk knows he has to make the first move, since its clear Hoseok isn't going to. He doesn't even care about his little crush anymore, he just wants his friend- his *hyung* back.

But it turns out he doesn't really have to do much. He's moping in his room, alone, with Jin and Namjoon having gone to bed and Jimin, Taehyung, and Yoongi preparing to do the same. Hoseok had stayed at the studio after their group practice. Probably trying to wait it out until Jeongguk falls asleep. Jeongguk can't sleep, though, an ache twisting deep in his gut. He *misses* Hobi, so much. Misses goofing around and playing games and just...hanging out. He's been thumbing through Twitter, but nothing keeps his attention. He ends up tossing the phone away and hugging his knees to his chest, staring at the folds of the blankets around his feet.

He doesn't hear the front door open (or close), but he does hear Hoseok's footsteps in the hall. He knows it's Hoseok, could identify his footfalls anywhere after living in close proximity and dancing together for so long. He hugs his knees even closer, making himself small. Their door opens and Hoseok steps inside, looking haggard and exhausted. His hair is hidden beneath a black beanie, but his eyes are dark with sleep-deprivation, heavy bags sitting underneath. Jeongguk aches for him; he knows that weary feeling deep in his bones. It comes with the life of being an idol.

Hoseok drops his go bag, not paying Jeongguk any mind. It doesn't seem like he's even noticed that the Omega is still awake yet, despite the fact that the light is still on. But then Hoseok pauses, his gaze suddenly swiveling over to Jeongguk's bed. Jeongguk peaks at him from over the tops of his knees, a greeting on the tip of his tongue. Might as well ease into it, right? But before Jeongguk can say anything, Hoseok freezes. It looks like he's trying to keep his face impassive, but Jeongguk can see a hint of something there before the Beta can hide it. It looks a little bit like shock and...fear? It makes something ugly stir in Jeongguk's chest. Did Hoseok really not want to

see him so badly?

Hoseok takes a step back, his mouth popping open. “I…” he says, eyes flicking away from Jeongguk’s until he’s staring at the wall behind the Omega’s head. “I, uh, I’m going to go shower...yeah.” Hoseok leaves the room as quietly as he entered.

Jeongguk can’t help it. All the tension, all the heartache, all the *confusion* was already sitting under the surface of his skin, and Hoseok dismissing him so blatantly makes it all come crashing out. His face crumples as he buries it into his knees, eyes screwing shut and mouth pinching closed in an effort to stop the tears that are already forming. It’s no use. He starts sobbing, heartbroken and so *lonely* . His mouth drops open in a gasp, sucking air deep in his lungs that comes back out as a wail. He should be quiet...the rest of the house is asleep, but he just doesn’t care. He wants his hyung back, he wants Hobi back, but the Beta isn’t going to let that happen and Jeongguk *hurts.*

There’s a soft, “...Ggukie?” from the doorway and it takes Jeongguk a moment to realize Hoseok has come back. He curls himself into a tighter ball, making himself small.

“Go aw-way,” he cries, breath shuddering and hiccuping hard in his chest.

“No, Jeonggukie. What.. what’s wrong?” his voice is closer and Jeongguk flinches away. A gentle hand is placed on his shoulder and Jeongguk acts on instinct. He tenses up before pushing himself away to cower against the wall. He looks up through blurry eyes to see Hoseok standing there, arm still outstretched.

“D-don’t touch me!” Jeongguk wails, pressing closer to the wall and looking at Hoseok with wild eyes. “You c-clearly think I’m disgusting, so just l-leave me alone!”

A look of shock and hurt crosses over Hoseok’s face. He drops his hand, eyebrows pulling together and his mouth dropping into a deep frown. “Jeongguk, what...what do you mean? I could never, I would never…” He trails off, clearly at a loss for words.

Jeongguk whines a little, drawing his knees back up to his chest. How could Hoseok not realize how his actions came across, how clear it seems to Jeongguk? “Y-you’ve been avoiding me, h-hyung. You won’t even t-talk to me anymore, not since you…” Jeongguk can’t finish the sentence, but he’s sure Hoseok will get the jist. “I o-obviously made you uncomfortable, that’s the second time you’ve had to watch me get

o-off. I know...I know how grossed out people g-get when we catch Jimin and Y-Yoongi-hyung, so it's not th-that far of a stretch for you to feel the same towards m-me…"

"Oh, Ggukie," Hoseok sighs, sitting lightly on the edge of Jeongguk's bed. Jeongguk watches him warily. "I could never think you're disgusting. The only, the *only* reason I avoided you was for your sake, I thought. I knew you were so embarrassed, I was...I was just trying to give you time."

Jeongguk snorts, his tears having slowed but his voice is still thick in his throat. "I-it's been *weeks* , hyung."

Hoseok chuckles nervously, scratching the back of his neck. "Yeah. Maybe I let that one get away from me." Hoseok takes in Jeongguk's red face, tear-stained cheeks, wobbly lower lip and the Beta's eyes fill with sadness. "I haven't been a very good hyung, have I? I'm so sorry"

Jeongguk hums a little, finally dropping his legs so he's a little more open to Hoseok. "M-maybe not." Hoseok flinches like he's been burned so Jeongguk hastily adds, "but you can m-make it up to me n-now."

Hoseok looks at him, a small smile curling in his lips. "Yah? And how might I do that?"

Jeongguk shrugs in fake nonchalance. "You could scent with me tonight. M-maybe."

Hoseok smiles a little wider. "Maybe?"

"Yeah. Maybe."

Hoseok laughs, full-hearted, and it makes Jeongguk grin. He's missed that sound so much. "Okay, Ggukie. Just let me change first."

Maybe it's a little selfish, Jeongguk thinks as Hoseok gets up to change into sleep clothes, to use Hoseok's guilt to get a cuddle buddy. But Hoseok isn't one to do things he doesn't want to do, not things like this anyway, and the grin still on his face is evidence enough that he doesn't mind. Jeongguk situates himself under the covers as Hoseok goes to turn off the overhead light. Then the Beta crawls in by Jeongguk's side, and the Omega curls into him immediately, inhaling deeply to fill his lungs with oranges and cinnamon. God, he had missed this so much. Hoseok's scent, his warmth, just his presence. A purr trills up Jeongguk's throat and Hoseok hums happily in response,

tucking his nose into Jeongguk's hair. "Goodnight, Jeonggukie." He whispers.

Jeongguk tightens his arms around Hoseok, making sure the Beta doesn't try to leave. "Goodnight, Hobi-hyung."

Chapter End Notes

uGH writing any of these boys crying is the actual worst for me, it hurts my soul 3: I'm sorry kookie...but at least they talked...a little? They're no where near finished though....

I had the same issue with this chapter as I did the last one, where it felt way too short but every time I added something it just did not work. I'm sorry :(

What did you think?? Let me know! Every time I get a comment or kudos, my inspiration for this story shoots up a little bit more...I've still got 4 chapters left to write, so let's keep the train going!!!! :D (I've been working on the same chapter for like three days, e n d me)

Follow me on twitter if you're into that sorta thing. My DMs are always open and I love to chat! I may not actually tweet *that* much but I'm on there literally all the time, I swear. My handle is rangerwray12 :3 <3

Taegimin V

Chapter Summary

The boys talk about things they want to try ;)

Chapter Notes

I'm posting this earlyyyy because I wanna actually try to go to bed at a decent time (but knowing me I still probably won't wake up until like noon because I am a Disgrace™) Soooo, enjoy!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin, Taehyung, and Yoongi are all curled up on their (it might as well be 'theirs', even if Tae hasn't officially moved in yet) bed, Jimin and Tae wrapped around each other and scenting softly with their Alpha propped against the headboard with his laptop, writing lyrics because he never really stops working. He has his feet tucked underneath Jimin's back and every once in awhile Taehyung will pull his hand away from stroking Jimin's side to paw at Yoongi's leg, assuring himself that Yoongi is still there while also showing the Alpha some skinship.

Jimin presses soft little kisses to Taehyung's eyelids, grinning as the Omega squirms. "Taehyungie," Jimin breathes, warm breath fanning over Taehyung's face. Taehyung hums, eyes blinking open. He's got a sleepy smile on his face that Jimin adores and he can't help but lean in and kiss the tip of his Omega's nose. Taehyung giggles and Jimin swears his heart melts a little.

"Yes, Jiminie?" Taehyung coos, looking at Jimin through hooded eyes.

"What do you like, Taetae?"

"Like?" Taehyung asks and then hums, biting his lip in concentration. "Well I like, uh, japchae and barbecue and...I, I like Mario Kart? And Overwatch…"

Jimin giggles as Taehyung trails off. That wasn't really what he had meant, but seeing Taehyung try is cute. "No, baby, I mean…" He leans in closer, nibbling at Taehyung's jaw until he gets to his ear, whispering huskily. "What do you *like* ?"

"Oh," Taehyung says, immediately flushing red. "I mean, I dunno, I

haven't done much yet…"

Jimin strokes one hand down Taehyung's arm, pressing a kiss to the underside of his jaw. "What would you like to try, then?"

Taehyung lets out a woosh of breath and Jimin glances up to see him blinking hard. He smiles. Tae is just too precious. "Uh," Taehyung stutters. "Oh, I mean, I dunno…"

"Surely you've thought about some things." Jimin presses, placing another kiss a little further down Taehyung's neck. Yoongi must not be paying attention to them, too engrossed in his work, otherwise he'd be getting onto Jimin for pushing too much.

"M-maybe…" Tae ducks his head, cutting off Jimin's access. Jimin pouts but moves up to Taehyung's face, pressing a kiss to his cheek instead. It's heated against Jimin lips and he relishes in the fact that he can make their brave, confident Kim Taehyung turn into a blushing mess like this.

"Tell me, baby." He mewls, pressing one last kiss to Tae's cheek before pulling back, bringing one hand up to cup Taehyung's chin and urge him to look up. Taehyung meets his gaze a little reluctantly and he bites his lip again, a nervous habit that never fails to rile Jimin up a little.

"Um," Tae says. "I think...I think I'd really like...to be spanked." Taehyung mumbles. Jimin gasps a little. Yoongi must *really* not be paying attention, because if there's one thing Jimin knows about their Alpha, it's that he loves *to* spank.

"Spanking, huh?" Jimin asks and Tae nods shyly. "Want us to mark your pretty ass red, claim you as ours? No one would be able to see, but you'd feel us for days, huh? Is that what you want?" Jimin leans closer as he speaks, lips ghosting over Taehyung's cheekbones. Taehyung mewls and nods, fingers clenching in Jimin's shirt. "You know, Yoongi-hyung really likes to spank me. I bet he'd love to spank you, too, Taehyungie."

Taehyung gasps and Yoongi finally looks up from his computer at the mention of his name. He meets Taehyung's eyes, seeing the Omega squirming beside Jimin, his face flushed a deep red. He arches a brow, flexing his feet under Jimin's back to get his attention. Jimin turns his head back and gives him a cheeky grin. He's clearly been up to no good. "What are you doing to the poor boy?" Yoongi asks wryly.

“Just asking a few questions.” Jimin says with a sweet innocence so fake it makes Yoongi’s teeth ache.

Yoongi scoffs. “Yeah, huh. What’d you ask him?”

Taehyung hides his face in Jimin’s neck and Jimin giggles in response. “I asked if if there’s anything he’d like to try. You wanna know what he said?”

Yoongi hums.

“He said he wants us to spank him.”

Taehyung mewls, kicking at Jimin’s shins. Yoongi’s brain short circuits for a moment, because damn that idea is really hot. Yoongi blinks to find Jimin practically leering at him. It’s no secret to Jimin how much Yoongi likes that sort of thing. Well, two can play at that game

“I’d love to try anything he wants to.” Yoongi says easily. Jimin blinks, face falling just a bit. He was clearly expecting a bigger reaction. Yoongi smirks. “Is there anything you’d like to share with the class, Jiminie?” He asks. “Maybe...about something you like?”

“Um,” Jimin says.

Yoongi grins. “Taehyungie,” He calls, and the Omega pops his head up from where he’d been hiding. “Come here, baby.” Yoongi sets his laptop off to the side, opening his arms for the Omega to settle into. Taehyung untangles himself from Jimin, who pouts in response. Tae presses a kiss to Jimin’s lips before climbing over him and sliding into Yoongi’s lap. Yoongi wraps his arms around the Omega, shifting him a little so they can both see Jimin in front of them. Jimin is still pouting but it’s pretty obviously fake.

Yoongi kisses Taehyung’s temple before resting his chin on his shoulder, peering at Jimin with those dark, catlike eyes. “Go ahead, Jimin.” Yoongi says. “Share with us.”

It’s Jimin’s turn to flush a deep red, eyes dropping to the bedding underneath them. “I, uh,” Jimin seems pretty reluctant and Taehyung giggles, pleased that the tables are turned.

“Tell us, *baby* ,” Taehyung teases, making a kissy face.

Jimin sighs. “Fine. Fine!” He throws his hands up in faux exasperation and Taehyung grins in response. “I like to be choked. There, happy?”

Taehyung's mouth drops open. He hadn't been expecting *that* . "Oh," he says softly, staring at Jimin like he's trying to picture it. Jimin's face heats up more but he refuses to drop his gaze now. He said it and he's not ashamed.

Yoongi hums, tightening his arms around Tae's waist. "What is it that you like to be choked by?" The Alpha asks, and Taehyung can hear the shit-eating grin in his voice even though he can't see it.

"Hands are nice," Jimin says. He turns his gaze to Taehyung, his eyes going hooded and lips curling in a sultry smile. "But I like choking on cock more." Taehyung sputters, but Jimin continues. "I like taking a nice, big cock so far down my throat it's hard to breathe. I like being held there, forced to take it." He tips his head to the side, as if he's considering something. "I guess...I guess I just like to be dominated." After he says this he runs his tongue over his teeth, circling around to lick across his plush lower lip, leaving it slick and shiny.

" *Fuck* ," Taehyung grits out and Yoongi chuckles behind him.

"You like that idea, baby?" Yoongi asks, voice deep and low.

"Fuck yeah," Taehyung groans. "Oh my god, we need to try this soon."

Jimin purses his lips, crawling a little closer to the other two. "Or we could do it now…" He trails off with a grin, bringing one hand up to slide up Taehyung's leg, on the outside of his lounge pants. He wishes for nothing more than for the offending garment to be gone.

"Yah!" Taehyung hollers, snatching his leg out of the way. "The rest of the group is home! I know for a fact that *I* can't keep quiet, let alone *you* , Jiminie."

"I can be quiet." Jimin says, jutting out his lower lip.

"Yeah right," Yoongi snorts. "You get so deep in your head that you don't *know* the noises you're making." Taehyung snickers.

Jimin sighs. "Fine." He crawls up beside them, curling into Yoongi's side. Taehyung shifts around until he's facing the other Omega, sitting sideways in Yoongi's lap. "But we've gotta find the time soon. It's been so long, I think I'm getting blue balls."

Taehyung wants to laugh but he just aches in sympathy. He winces a little and says, "Same."

Yoongi trails a hand up and down Taehyung's back, reaching his free one out to tangle in Jimin's hair. Jimin coos and leans into the touch. "Next free day we get, we'll do something."

His Omegas grin at him, unabashed. "So, hyungie." Taehyung says, resting his head sweetly on Yoongi's shoulder, looking up at the Alpha through his lashes. "Is there anything you like? Or wanna try?"

Jimin purrs, pushing closer. "Yeah, Tatae and I shared. It's your turn."

"Uh," Yoongi says. His gaze suddenly darts away, a flush dusting pink across his cheeks. Taehyung's brows shoot up and out of the corner of his eye he can see Jimin's do the same. Yoongi is so rarely embarrassed about anything, especially when it comes to sex. He's easily the most experienced out of the three of them, and he uses that to his advantage when the they're all together.

"Hyungie," Taehyung coos, pulling away to look Yoongi in the eyes. Yoongi meets them warily. "We'd never judge, you know? You can tell us. We wanna make you happy, too."

"Yeah," Jimin adds. "You should know I'm the last to judge. You know all of my kinks already."

His words make a blush paint across Taehyung's cheeks, but he looks steadfastly at Yoongi. "Please, hyung? Please tell us?"

"Please, *Alpha* ?" Jimin simpers and that's the breaking point for Yoongi, because he's always been soft for these two precious Omegas.

"Yeah, alright," he says and the two Omega's squirm with excitement. He rolls his eyes. "Calm down. It's not that special."

"It's *you* , Yoongi-hyung, of course it's special." Taehyung admonishes. Jimin nods seriously in agreement.

Yoongi sighs. "Alright. Well. You know how I'm always in control, right? In control of my music, my place in the group, myself." The Omegas nod, of course they know. It's such an important part of Yoongi's life. "Sometimes," Yoongi pauses, pursing his lips as he searches for the right words. "Sometimes, in very specific circumstances I'd, uh, like to not be." He finishes lamely.

"Oh," Jimin breathes. "Well, that's not that ba-"

"That's not all." Yoongi cuts in. He pauses for a moment, and before it

runs just a tad too long he bursts out with, “I want you both to fuck me.”

The Omegas are shocked into stillness. An Alpha being on the receiving end of sex isn’t *unheard* of (Alpha/Alpha relationships do exist, of course) but it’s not really common either. And the fact that it’s *Yoongi* , that Yoongi wants his Omegas to fuck him is...well, shit.

“Holy fuck,” Taehyung says as Jimin chimes with, “Fuck, that’s hot.”

Yoongi’s blush deepens. His gaze focuses on a point somewhere over Taehyung’s shoulder. Jimin’s eyes meet with Taehyung’s and it’s pretty clear, written across both their faces. They both want that, too.

“Hyungie,” Taehyung mewls, shifting so he’s straddling Yoongi’s lap. He plants his hands on Yoongi’s shoulders as Jimin crawls until he’s on his knees next to him, wrapping one arm around the back of Yoongi’s neck and his other hand settling on Tae’s hip. “Yoongi, please look at us.”

Yoongi does so immediately and Taehyung’s heart clenches. Yoongi looks *scared* , even though he’s hiding it well. But Taehyung can see it in his eyes, a little shimmer of vulnerability that the Alpha would never let anyone else see. They’re so lucky, Taehyung thinks, so damn lucky to have Yoongi’s trust, for him to to trust them enough to see this, to *hear* this. Taehyung brings his hands up to cup Yoongi’s jaw and he leans in to kiss both of the Alpha’s cheeks. Jimin does the same once Taehyung pulls away. They grin at their Alpha.

“I, for one, am in love with that idea.” Taehyung announces. Jimin snickers just a little and Taehyung smacks him. “I’m serious,” he laments. “I want to do it because you want it, hyung, but also because you...you *deserve* to be taken care of.” Yoongi blinks in surprise.

“He’s right,” Jimin says, and Tae and Yoongi both turn to look at him. He’s got a soft smile on his lips and he strokes his fingers through the hair at the base of Yoongi’s skull. “You work so hard, hyung. For us, for Bangtan. You deserve to let that go for awhile. We’d love to help you do that.” Taehyung nods along with him.

Yoongi bites his lip. “I’ve never done anything like this before.” He admits. “And I...I don’t think I’m ready, quite yet. I’m sorry.”

Jimin and Tae both rush to offer reassurance. “That’s okay, hyungie.” Taehyung says and Jimin follows closely with, “We don’t have to go all in right away, we can work our way up to it.”

Yoongi nods, accepting. “Okay. Okay. I...thank you, both. I-” he sniffs hard, but there aren’t any tears in his eyes. He’s probably just feeling a lot right now, Taehyung suspects. “I’m so glad I have two wonderful Omegas, two wonderful *partners* to try something like this with.”

The Omegas break into grins and they tackle Yoongi to the bed, the Alpha ending up flat on his back with Taehyung and Jimin smothering him with kisses. His laptop almost becomes a casualty, but it gets pushed safely to the side. They spend the next few hours before dinner pressing kisses into each other’s mouths, over each other’s necks and faces, noses tucking into necks and collarbones to scent idly. They’ll have to do some planning to get any of what they talked about put into motion, but it’ll be more than worth it in the end.

Chapter End Notes

This is literally all just build up to two chapters coming down the road, so get ready for that :)

What'd you think??? Let me know!!!

Twitter: rangerwray12

Hopekook I

Chapter Summary

> Jeongguk and Hoseok talk about ~feelings~ and make some revelations. But first, Jeongguk gets some advice from his best friends.

Chapter Notes

> Some helpful media for this chapter!!! This is the outfit Jeongguk wears when he meets with Hoseok for dance practice, and this is the part of Hoseokie's dance that he walks in on. Enjoy!!!! <3 :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things aren't completely solved after the night Jeongguk talks with Hoseok. Of course they're not. But at least Hoseok is smiling at him again, goofing around again, playing games again. At least he gets to go to late night practices again, at least he's got his hyung back again.

But he wants more than just his hyung, just his friend. He's known that for awhile. But after having Hoseok gone for so long, the feelings have only intensified and continue to twist in his stomach whenever they hang out. So, he goes to the two people he knows best suited for this sort of thing.

His best friends, and the other two-thirds of the Omega Maknaes (as the ARMY has taken to calling them), Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung.

Through some begging to the manager-nims and some group texting with his two best friends, they manage to get a day where it's just the three of them at home. They were able to convince the managers with the excuse of delicate Omega biology, and bonding with your closest same-status friends. It was a plan they'd come up with together, after Jeongguk had told them that he really, *really* needed to talk to them and didn't want the potential of anyone else in the group overhearing. And it's not a *lie* , not really. The laws of group dynamics indicate that interstatus bonding is just as important as intrastatus bonding. It just wasn't quite the exact reason they wanted the day together.

Their day starts with the rest of the group getting ready to leave. After Yoongi gets ready, he carries a still-asleep Jimin to Jeongguk's room, where Tae had slept with the youngest Omega the night before.Taehyung tends to do that, when he can't spend the night with

Jimin and Yoongi. Yoongi places Jimin in Jeongguk's bed, letting the Omegas curl up together with a small smile on his lips.

The others eventually leave, and the three maknaes take advantage of their schedule-less day to sleep in. They move around a little, so Taehyung and Jimin can curl around each other and Jeongguk wraps his arms around them both. Their scents combine nicely, floating lazily in the air, and they fall back asleep easily.

Jeongguk wakes several hours later to find his arm still wrapped around Jimin and Taehyung, but they're already awake and are kissing each other lightly, looking at each other with sickeningly sweet lovestruck expressions. Jeongguk groans, kicking his leg out and it hits the back of Jimin's, who is the closest to him. "You two are fucking gross, god." He turns his face and buries it into his pillow to the tune of the other two giggling.

"But we're in *love* Jeonggukie, isn't it cute?" Taehyung teases, lifting his leg over Jimin to tickle at Jeongguk's with his toes. Jeongguk whines and rolls away, nearly falling off the bed and onto the floor. The other two giggle again, and Jimin reaches behind himself to grab at Jeongguk's shirt, hauling him back toward them. Jeongguk goes with a grumble, letting Jimin resettle his arm around his waist. He burrows closer, tucking his nose into Jimin's hair.

"That's kinda why I wanted to talk to you guys." Jeongguk mumbles, fingers twitching nervously against Jimin's stomach.

Jimin and Taehyung make curious noises. "What do you mean?" Jimin asks softly, wrapping his little fingers around Jeongguk's wrist.

Jeongguk sighs. "Can we...get some breakfast first? I don't wanna talk on an empty stomach."

As if on cue, Taehyung's stomach growls loudly. Jeongguk can't see it but he can practically feel Jimin glaring at his partner. Taehyung pouts, "Hey, it's been like, over twelve hours since we had dinner!"

Jeongguk chuckles a little and detaches himself from Jimin's back, climbing off the bed. He stretches his arms over his head and starts to walk out of the room, not bothering to change since they're going to be home all day. "Come on, lovebirds, let's see if Jin-hyung left us something behind."

His bandmates scramble off the bed, clambering behind him as they all make their way to the kitchen. Jeongguk opens the fridge and is

immediately thankful to find three Tupperware bowls full of porridge, and three more filled with various cut up fruits. He pulls them out and passes them out to Jimin and Taehyung, making a mental note to text Jin a thank you after they eat since his phone is still in his room. As Jimin and Tae head to the table, Jeongguk grabs three sets of sujeo from one of the drawers. He settles into a chair across from the other two, handing them each a set of chopsticks and a spoon. They pop open their containers of food and hum simultaneously in satisfaction as they begin to eat.

As they approach the end of their meal, Jeongguk mulls over words in his head, unsure really of how to broach the topic of *feelings* . It's not something he's very good at talking about. Jimin had to seek him out last time, and even talking to Hobi-hyung happened pretty much by chance. He sighs as he shovels his last spoonful of porridge into his mouth, finishing it off with a juicy Kyoho grape. Jimin and Taehyung look up at him, looks of concern marring their features.

"Do you want to talk now, Jeonggukie?" Tae asks softly.

"Yeah, I guess we should. Better now than never, right?" Jeongguk tries to smile but it comes out a little forced.

"C'mon," Jimin says, rising from his seat. "Let's move to the living room, it's more comfortable."

Taehyung lifts one hand to shield his mouth from Jimin and fake-whispers, "He just wants to cuddle." to Jeongguk, ending the statement with an exaggerated wink.

Jeongguk smiles for real this time, especially when Jimin turns a glare on them that ends with him laughing, plush cheeks bunching up and his eyes turning into little crescents. They all get up, leaving their dishes behind to clean up later. They've got plenty of time before the others come home later in the evening (Jin is the only one that would really care, anyway, and he's especially soft to his Omega dongsaengs).

Taehyung settles into one corner of the couch, Jimin curled into his side next to him. Jeongguk settles beside them, turning sideways and tucking his feet under Jimin's thigh. Jimin hums and curls his arm around Jeongguk's calf, a soft smile on his lips. "Lead us off, Ggukie." He encourages. "You said...it was something to do with us being in love?"

Jeongguk plays with his fingers nervously, dropping his gaze into his

lap. “I mean. Yeah, kinda. It’s just…you guys know better about this kind of thing.”

“This kind of thing?” Jimin asks and Taehyung perks up.

“Jeonggukie, are you..are you in love?” Taehyung mewls, leaning in toward Jeongguk, over Jimin.

Before Jeongguk can even say anything, Jimin’s eyes widen and his mouth drops open. Jeongguk can tell, can just *tell* , that Jimin is putting the pieces together. Before Jimin can say anything, Jeongguk surges forward and covers the other Omegas mouth with his hand. “No, let me say it, Jiminie.”

Jimin nods minutely and Jeongguk pulls away. Jimin stays quiet, but he’s grinning like mad, practically vibrating against Taehyung. Tae pouts. “I…I feel like I’m missing something here?”

“I’m not in *love* .” Jeongguk assures. “Not…not yet anyway. But I do really, really like someone.”

Jimin squees, thrashing in Taehyung’s grip until he’s free, lunging across the couch to tackle Jeongguk. Jeongguk yelps but catches Jimin in his arms. Jimin shoves his face into Jeongguk’s neck. “Oh, Jeonggukie, I’m so *happy* for you!”

Taehyung is gaping from across the couch. “Hey! I…I still have no idea what’s going on!””

Jeongguk sighs exasperatedly, looking at Taehyung over Jimin’s head. “Taehyungie, I…I like Hobi. I like Hoseokie-hyung.”

Taehyung’s mouth pops open and closed, a little like a goldfish. “H-Hoseokie?” he asks, and Jeongguk nods shyly.

Taehyung squeezes himself between Jimin and the back of the couch, pushing his face into the other side of Jeongguk’s neck. “That’s so great, oh, you guys will be so good for each other.”

Jeongguk hides his grin in Jimin’s hair. “I don’t…I don’t *have* him yet. That’s why I wanted to talk to you guys.”

Taehyung purrs. “You hear that, Jiminie? He wants our expertise in *seduction* .”

Jeongguk scoffs. “Not necessarily. I don’t just want in his pants,

Taetae."

"Yeah," Jimin says. "That'll come later. What he needs is our expertise in *romance* ."

Taehyung giggles. "Well, if you want to take a leaf from the Park Jimin handbook, then just kiss him with absolutely no explanation and then wait until he has a mental breakdown."

Jimin pouts, swatting lightly at Taehyung's arm. "I *apologized* for that."

"I know, baby." Taehyung says with a grin. "But I reserve the right to still make fun of you for it."

"I'd really rather not do that, thanks." Jeongguk says, deadpan. He's heard their story of getting together and he'd like to avoid that much confusion and heartache, thank you very much.

"What you have to do is get his attention." Taehyung is saying, as if he hadn't even heard Jeongguk. "Show him all your best *ass* ets."

Jeongguk shakes his head, snorting. "I think he's seen enough of my *ass* ets."

Jimin breaks into giggles, burying his face in Jeongguk's chest. They're starting to sound a little hysteric.

"Okay, now I really feel like I'm missing something." Tae mutters.

Jeongguk sighs. What the hell, what does it matter if another person knows. "Hoseok-hyung had to watch me when I presented, remember? And...and a couple weeks ago he walked in on me while I was fingering myself."

Jimin is laughing so hard there's no way he's getting enough air in his lungs. Good, Jeongguk thinks, serves him right for laughing at him like an *asshole* .

"Oh, fuck." Taehyung mutters. "Well, that… You know what, no, that doesn't change things. Because he still doesn't realize that you're into *him* . If you flaunt your stuff right in front of him, there' no way he can deny it."

Jimin is finally calming down. He sucks in a breath and let's it back out, still a little shaky with laughter. "He's not wrong," Jimin

wheezes. “Getting his attention is a good start.”

“Alright. Fine. How do you suppose I do that?”

Taehyung hums. “Well, Omegas have three main strong points.”

“Hips, thighs, and ass.” Jimin specifies.

“Well, maybe four then. I was thinking more neck, hips, ass.” Tae muses.

“Uh-huh.” Jeongguk says, a little unimpressed. His two best friends meet eyes and they grin at each other, apparently thinking the same thing. Jeongguk is starting to think this may have been a bad idea.

~*~

Jimin and Taehyung’s advice, in the end, is for Jeongguk to wear clothes that accentuate his *ass* ets (Taehyung stressed it that way every damn time he said it), start borrowing Hobi’s clothes, and asking to scent and cuddle more. They also suggested for him to ask Hoseok for help in dance practice, but Jeongguk wasn’t so sure about that. (“I don’t *need* any help.” he had said. “That’s the point!” Taehyung exclaimed. “Everyone knows you don’t need help, that’s what will get his attention!” Jeongguk had been, and is still, skeptical about that. Jimin had shrugged and said, “He’s not wrong, it couldn’t hurt. Any excuse to get him behind you, right?”)

Jeongguk is starting to wish he had gone to Jin-hyung instead. Or even better- ignored it all together and let it slide under the rug.

But Jimin and Taehyung seem so sure that Hoseok feels the same way. And...if that’s the case, wouldn’t it be worth it in the end? For them to be happy together?

Jeongguk decides to roll most of those tidbits of advice into one package. He’s already got plans to meet Hoseok for a late night practice; he can ask for the Beta’s help then. As he gets ready for the (...it’s not a date, it’s *not a date* , Jeongguk has to remind himself) practice, knowing fully well that Hoseok is already at the studio, he rummages through Hoseok’s section of their closet. (Jeongguk also notices that a considerable amount of Taehyung’s clothes have

disappeared, probably having found a new home across the hall. How no one else in the group has figured out about the triad is beyond Jeongguk.) He comes away, victorious, with a baggy, plush grey knit sweater that Hoseok had worn to one of their performances. Jungkook slips the sweater over his head, letting the soft wool encompass him. Hoseok's sweet citrus scent, a little spicy with cinnamon, still clings to the fibers and Jeongguk brings his sweater-pawed hands up to his nose to smell it. *God* , but Hoseok's scent is by far Jeongguk's favorite. Perhaps he used to think it was Jin's and Namjoon's combined, but the more time he's spent with Hobi the more the lemony-orange scent has consumed him. He dimly realizes that he's standing in the middle of their room in nothing but Hoseok's sweater and his boxer briefs, the sweater long enough that it brushes the tops of his thighs. He drops his hands with a sigh, electing to finish getting dressed so he can meet the aforementioned Beta at the studio.

He pairs the sweater with jeans that are ripped to hell and have been washed maybe one too many times. They're threadbare in spots, faded to a washed out pale-blue. There are rips across the thighs and knees, showing an inviting amount of skin. He's had them since their first comeback and he's grown since then, especially since he's presented. They're almost too tight, but still comfortable, and they hug his now even more-plush ass in the best way. The sweater covers it some, but he knows it'll flare and ruck up as they start dancing. He finishes the look off with a pair of matte black Timberland boots. He goes over to the little stand where they store all their jewelry, slipping on a couple silver rings. As he's about to head to the bathroom to finish freshening up, he spies several chokers that they've got stockpiled. He thinks about what Taehyung had said, about necks being one of an Omega's strong points. Without thinking too much about it, he grabs one of the plain black ones and clasps it around his throat, knowing it'll make his neck look longer and leaner. He takes a deep breath and makes his way out of their bedroom.

Half an hour later finds him walking down the quiet hallway leading to their standard dance studio. It's after ten o'clock and there isn't a soul in sight, but Jeongguk can see the light filtering from under the studio door and the quiet *thump* of bass coming from the inside. Hoseokie is still going at it, it seems. As he gets closer to the door he can hear the thrum of the music more clearly, and he immediately recognizes it as *Boy Meets Evil* . Hoseok has been working so hard on the song, on his routine for it. It doesn't really surprise Jeongguk that his hyung is going through it again.

He opens the door softly, peeking his head inside. The music is too

loud and Hoseok is too engrossed in his dancing to notice the young Omega's appearance. Jeongguk shuts the door softly behind him, leaning against it to watch Hoseok do what he does best. Hoseok has his back to him, but Jeongguk can see him perfectly through the mirrors in front of them. Hoseok is dressed rather simply, having been at the studio in either vocals or dance all day. He's wearing a loose fitting white long sleeved shirt and baggy black track pants, finished off with simple black converse. Ultimately, Jeongguk feels overdressed, but it's too late to change now. He can't even strip the sweater off; he hadn't thought to wear anything underneath it.

Jeongguk has come in during the beginning of the choreo, right as the beat is building before the *breathe* part. Jeongguk watches, enraptured, as Hoseok moves to the music, fluid and passionate in a way that makes Jeongguk's knees a little weak. He bites his lip as Hoseok grabs at his own throat, dropping to his knees as he breathes along with the music. He rises again, reaching out longingly before launching into the more energetic part of the routine.

Everyone talks about the backbend part the most, where Hoseok drops to one hand and then the other before twisting and rolling back up effortlessly into a popping motion with the beat of the music. Everyone talks about it but this- the frenzied, almost frantic part beforehand- is Jeongguk's favorite. It lets all the broiling passion that Hoseok posseses loose, because it so often gets lost behind everyone else during group choreos. The chance to see the Beta lose himself in the craft he's worked so hard to hone is, simply put, *enthralling* and Jeongguk would choose to watch it over the more flair filled bits any day.

That's not to say the rest of it isn't impressive, because it most definitely *is* . The way Hoseok rolls through to moves so smoothly is nearly majestic, and despite the heartbreak laced into the words of the song, Hoseok makes it sultry with his little hip rolls and the way his hands run over his own body. The song comes to an end as Hoseok rolls backwards across the floor, over his own head and landing on one knee. He rises before collapsing to his knees again, his left hand grasping along his right arm in time to the song. He clasps them to his chest before dropping them and his head down as the music cuts out. Hoseok is breathing so hard, it fills the room entirely. Jeongguk wonders how many times the Beta has run through it by now.

Unsure of how to announce his presence, because Hoseok is still looking at the floor and catching his breath, Jeongguk starts to clap. It's muted a little, because the sweater drips past his wrists and into

his palms, but it still echoes through the room. Hoseok's head shoots up and their gaze meets in the mirror, Hoseok looking confused for a moment before breaking into that iconic heart-shaped grin. Jeongguk returns it, walking into the room a little to meet Hoseok on the floor as the Beta gets to his feet.

"Hobi-hyung, that was so good!" Jeongguk gushes, unable to keep it in after quietly fawning over him from the door.

Hoseok smiles shyly, running a hand through his sweat-dampened hair. "Thanks, Ggukie. There are still some parts I slip up on, but it's getting better, I think."

"I didn't notice it at all." Jeongguk assures. "You looked- it looked absolutely perfect to me." He stammers a bit at the end, trying to make the compliment about the dance itself and not the way Hoseok looked absolutely *gorgeous* doing it.

Hoseok's smile broadens and he claps Jeongguk on the back. "You're too sweet, Gguk-ah. So, what do you want to work on first?"

They run through a couple songs from the new album, as well as some older ones. Jeongguk had thought about fake-stumbling through some steps, just to have an excuse to ask for extra help. In the end, he doesn't really need to. The chance comes on its own when Jeongguk trips over his own feet, catching himself quickly but not before running headlong into the Beta. He blames it on the heat of the studio, amplified by the wool sweater he's got on and Hoseok's sweaty body so close to his. Dancing and exercising always makes their scents flare up more, and Jeongguk's nose is filled with lemons and oranges mixed with lavender. It's intoxicating enough to make his head spin on its own, without adding dance choreo to it. And of course, of fucking course, it happens during *Boy in Luv* . It's probably the most ironic thing that's ever happened in Jeongguk's entire life.

Maybe it's a sign , a small part of his brain whispers. He shuts it up quickly.

Hoseok pauses the music and calls for a break, heading over to the small fridge across the room to grab them some water. Jeongguk presses his back to the mirrors, panting. He slides down until he's sitting on the hard floor, letting the coolness of the reflective glass behind him seep into his sweat-soaked clothes.

Hoseok returns, tossing a bottle to Jeongguk. Jeongguk nods in thanks, cracking it open a draining half of it in a go. Jesus, dancing in

a wool knitted sweater wasn't the best idea. How did Hoseok perform with this thing on, under all those hot stage lights?

They drink their water in silence for a moment, until Hoseok speaks up. "What happened back there, Jeonggukie? You've never had issues with the *Boy in Luv* choreo before...is everything okay?"

Jeongguk sighs. Hoseok is too perceptive sometimes, but that's part of what makes him such a good Beta. "I've just got a lot on my mind, I guess." He says vaguely, unsure of whether he wants to air this all out now. It was supposed to be a grand scheme of luring Hoseok in; that was the advice he had gotten, at least.

Hoseok hums softly. "I'm always here if you want to talk, Gguk-ah. Do you wanna tell me what's on your mind?"

It...it can't be this easy. Taehyung and Jimin talked about teasing and flirting, scenting and cuddling and sharing clothes before the feelings talk came into play. But...they've been doing that all along, haven't they? Maybe not the flirting as much, but the rest of it...hell, they were cuddling together before Jeongguk even presented. Hoseok always looks out for him, so why wait? If the opportunity is presenting itself, why drag it out? Jeongguk would rather get it off his chest now than stress over it for the next however many weeks to come.

Jeongguk shifts around, turning to face Hoseok and crossing his legs. His hands drop into the pit of his lap, twirling the rings around his fingers nervously. "I...actually, yeah. I think you're the only one that can help me."

Hoseok's eyebrows shoot up. "Really? What is it, Jeonggukie?"

Jeongguk takes a deep, steadying breath. It's now or never. "Yeah, really. Because it's you. Y-you're what's on my mind." Jeongguk lowers his gaze to the floor, unable to look Hoseok in the eye after that admission.

" *Me* ?" Hoseok's voice pitches up higher, squeaking a little. In any other circumstances Jeongguk might have laughed. "Jeongguk, I...I don't understand. What do you mean?"

Jeongguk forces himself to look Hoseok in the eye. He wants Hoseok to know he's being absolutely serious. "I...I really care about you, hyung." Jeongguk breathes. "More than as just your dongsaeng. I...I have *feelings* for you, Hoseok-hyung. I have for awhile but I couldn't

figure them out." Hoseok gasps, but Jeongguk powers through and keeps talking. He has to get it all out now. "And then, then you came in while I was getting myself off. I *was* embarrassed, like you said. Of course I was. But in those weeks we avoided each other, all I could think about was how much I missed you. I missed your voice, your smile, your laugh. I missed being with you. And that's what really made me realize the depth of my feelings."

Hoseok hasn't moved a muscle since Jeongguk started talking, aside from the rise and fall of his chest. He doesn't do anything after Jeongguk stops, either. Jeongguk has the terrible, ice cold thought that maybe he read everything wrong. Maybe Tae and Jimin were wrong, maybe Hoseok didn't like him that way after all. Tears sting at his eyes and he looks away, unable to take Hoseok's motionless form anymore.

"If I'm being out of line, I'm r-really sorry." He finds himself saying. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable o-or anything...I just, I had to take a chance. B-but I'll forget about it if you want me to, I can move on if you d-don't feel the same." Jeongguk doesn't actually know if he could move on, but he'll say anything at this point to get Hoseok to forgive him.

Hoseok finally moves, Jeongguk can see it in his peripheral. For a moment he thinks Hoseok is getting up to leave, but then the Beta is leaning over and cupping Jeongguk's jaw in a soft hand. His gaze shoots back to Hoseok's in surprise, a tear welling over in his eyes and dripping down into Hoseok's palm.

"Jeonggukie," Hoseok breathes. "Oh, Jeonggukie, you have no idea how happy it makes me to hear you say that."

"H-huh?" It's Jeongguk's turn to be confused.

Hoseok sighs, leaning back and pulling his hand with him, but it doesn't go far. It drops into Jeongguk's lap, prying the Omega's hands apart so he can tangle their fingers together. A blush rises up Jeongguk's cheeks, dusting them a rosy red.

"I feel the same," Hoseok assures. "God, I've felt this way for years, Jeongguk. But you were so young, and so uncomfortable for a long time. I knew how hard being unpresented was for you, and the last thing I wanted to do was put any more pressure on you. So I held it back, and tried to be the best hyung for you that I could."

The news floors Jeongguk. He gapes a little bit before stammering, "A-

and after I presented?”

Hoseok smiles, but it’s a little sad. “After you presented I was so happy for you. You settled into your status so easily. You’re such a good Omega, Jeongguk. And I...I’m just a Beta.” Hoseok shakes his head a little, like he’s shaking thoughts away like cobwebs. “You’re such a precious Omega, I knew you’d make any Alpha you wanted the luckiest in the world. I didn’t want to limit you.”

“I don’t want an Alpha.” Jeongguk says firmly. “I don’t care about that. I don’t care that you’re a Beta, I care about *you* , Hoseokie. You make me so happy, and you take s-such good care of me, and you’re nice, and kind, and you’re the *best person* I know. I couldn’t care less about status, hyung. I want *you* .”

Hoseok lets out a breath and his face brightens immediately. “Oh, Jeonggukie. My precious Jeonggukie.” Jeongguk flushes a deeper red at the words. “God, if...if you want to try this, then I’m all in. You can have all of me, Jeonggukie.”

Jeongguk can’t take it anymore. He surges to his knees, pushing his way into Hoseok’s lap and deleting any space between them. “Hyung,” he breathes, their faces so close now. “You’re about to be my first kiss and I have no idea what I’m doing.”

Hoseok chuckles, one hand going to steady Jeongguk at his waist, cupping Jeongguk’s jaw with the other. “Just follow my lead, bunny.” The endearment makes Jeongguk whimper, and Hoseok uses the grip on his jaw to tilt his head to the side just a little and then they’re coming together, the milimeters between them disappearing fast.

In stories they talk about first kisses resulting in fireworks, in birds singing and rainbows flowing. Jeongguk doesn’t quite feel that; he feels awkward and doesn’t know where to put his hands, but Hoseok is so soft and warm, his lips a gentle pressure against Jeongguk’s own. There may not be fireworks, but it’s still one of the best feelings Jeongguk has ever had, second only to performing on stage in front of thousands of fans.

They break apart a moment later, breathing hard. Their gazes lock and there’s no hesitation anymore. Jeongguk feels like he might just float away, if Hoseok’s hands weren’t anchoring him down. “Can we do that again?” he asks shyly, but insistent. Hoseok laughs again, nuzzling his nose against Jeongguk’s in a sweet eskimo kiss.

“I’ll give you anything you want, bunny.”

They kiss for a long time, getting lost in each other. It stays chaste, Jeongguk isn't really ready to move much further yet. But they let their hands wander some, mapping out the plains and valleys of each other over their clothes. Jeongguk's first kiss turns quickly into his second, his third, all the way until there a dozens already mounting up. He gets more confident, more at ease, melting into his Beta. Hoseok cradles him close, hands stroking up and down his back. Jeongguk doesn't think he's ever been so happy.

An eternity, or maybe half an hour, later Hoseok gently pushes Jeongguk away. Jeongguk pouts, trying to chase his lips, but Hoseok stops him with a quick peck to the tip of his nose. "We should probably head back." Hoseok says softly. "Got a big day tomorrow. You need sleep."

"You do, too." Jeongguk says and Hoseok chuckles.

"Got me there, bunny. Come on, we've got all the time in the world for more."

They get to their feet and leave the studio, locking everything up behind them. They walk home, but they don't hold hands. It's too risky and they know it, even though Jeongguk is itching for it. They do, however, walk close enough together that their elbows brush. Jeongguk takes comfort in that, at least.

The second they get inside the door and kick off their shoes, Jeongguk grabs Hoseok's hand with a shy smile. Hoseok beams at him and they walk down the hallway to their room with their fingers twined together. They part long enough to change into sleep shirts and loose bottoms. Hoseok teases him as he strips off the sweater, calling him a little thief. Jeongguk blushes and mutters shyly that he wanted Hoseok's scent close to him. Hoseok coos, coming over to ruffle Jeongguk's hair and press a sweet kiss to his lips. Jeongguk's stomach flips and his heart beats wildly. He doesn't think he'll ever get used to it, and he's not sure he wants to. Then they curl up together in Hoseok's bed, their hands finding each other in the dark. Jeongguk presses his nose into Hoseok's collarbones. Hoseok's freehand cards through Jeongguk's hair and they drift off into a calm, peaceful sleep.

Before he presented, Jeongguk had felt so alone, even in a dorm of seven boys. He was an outcast, even though the others tried so hard to make sure he wasn't. And even after, seeing the couples (and the newly formed triad) in the house made his heart ache with loneliness. But now, with Hoseok beside him, holding his hand, and the memory

of their kisses and words fresh in his mind, Jeongguk has never felt so whole.

Chapter End Notes

CAN YOU FUCKING HEAR ME SCREAMING BC I AM I REALLY AM

THEY DID IT GUYS HOPEKOOK IS REAL NOW OH MY GOOOOOOD IT ONLY TOOK 33 FUCKING CHAPTERS (also, Hoseok calling Kookie 'bunny" is my fave, fight me about it)

Writing this chapter made me feel all gooey and soft :3 If you follow me on twitter, you'll know that I wasn't sure if I was gonna post this weekend. Today (the 17th) is Father's Day in the US, and my dad passed away earlier this year in January. I knew this was going to be a rough weekend for me, but to top it off one of my precious cats passed away on Friday. She was 8 years old. We don't really know what happened, it seems like she just curled up and fell asleep and just didn't wake up. I was fucking devastated when I found her, I cried for the rest of the day (even at work that night, which I couldn't get out of). So all in all, I'm having a pretty shitty time. But I decided to go ahead and post because I love this chapter so much, and I hope you guys do to. I'm also hoping that reading your guys' comments will lift my spirits up and maybe help me forget a little about this dreadful weekend.

That being said, let me know what you thought!!! Comments and kudos are always appreciated uwu.

My twitter: rangerwray12

Namjin VIII

Chapter Summary

> Jin finds the interview that Namjoon did with Yoongi and the terrible MC. Jin decides he needs to show his Alpha just how much he means to him.

Chapter Notes

> Posting another chapter bc I LOVE YOU GUYS! Also I'm super close to finishing writing this story, and I wanted to put more up for you all :3 Enjoy!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Monday afternoon finds Jin alone in the dorm, having been sent home from vocals early because his throat was bothering him. He assured the noona it was just a little sore, that he'd be fine with some tea. But she worried about him stressing the achy muscles too much and sent him home anyway.

When the driver drops him off at the dorm, Jin makes himself some tea anyway, twirling in a spoonful of honey to help with the irritation. The living room feels too big and empty without his dongsaengs filling it, so he sequesters into his and Namjoon's room, curling up in the armchair with his tea and his laptop. Now see, Jin likes checking up on everyone else. It's part of his eomma aesthetic, although that's not the only reason he does it. He's loved, still loves, watching the members grow, as a group and as individuals. He watches the interviews he's not in, just to see if there are tidbits of information he may have missed or cute stories he might not have heard.

So when the recent interview of Namjoon and Yoongi pops up on his feed, he doesn't hesitate to click it. It's audio only, but it's been uploaded to YouTube with headshots of Yoongi and Namjoon, and color coded captions for each of them. Jin sips at his tea as the video loads.

It starts off simple enough, the MC introducing the Alphas, exchanging a few pleasantries. They talk about the comeback, about how well it's doing, and everything seems fine and dandy.

That is, until the MC says, *Do you still consider yourself a rapper?*

Jin tenses in his seat. He has a feeling this isn't going to end well. As he listens further, he realizes his intuition was correct. The MC pretty bluntly declares that Namjoon shouldn't be in the hip hop industry because of his sexual orientation. Namjoon tries to defuse the situation, but the MC is having none of it. He then makes some lewd remarks about Jin himself (but doesn't use Jin's name, only referring to him as *Namjoon's Omega* , as if that was his only identity. It makes Jin's blood boil a little).

And then Yoongi jumps in, defending Namjoon and shutting the MC down effectively. The manager that was with them forces the MC to return the topic to the album, and nothing about the pictures or their relationship is brought up again.

The whole thing has Jin feeling a little sour. He knows that Namjoon is working hard in the studio today, but he just really needs to talk to him. Knowing that a phone call will only serve to interrupt too much, and possibly throw Namjoon out of his lyric writing, music producing state, Jin decides to open their private chat and send him a text instead.

Seokjinnie: hey sweetie, I just wanted to check in on you <3

Namjoon's response is a lot quicker than Jin anticipated. He either was already taking a break, or took one just to text Jin back. Either way, it made Jin's heart warm.

Namjoonie: hi baby. Doing fine, just mixing tracks today. Jimin said they sent you home, how are you feeling?

Seokjinnie: noona made too big a deal out of it, I'm fine. My throat is sore, but I've sung through worse, you know. Remember the last time we performed in Japan?

Jin smirks at the memory, a little heat fluttering in his belly.

Namjoonie: How could I forget? You begged me to fuck your mouth the night before, at the hotel. You could barely talk the next morning, and we had to pour tea and cough syrup down your throat until you could sing somewhat normally. Your pitch was still lower than usual.

Seokjinnie: you liked it <3

Namjoonie: the blowjob or your voice? Haha I did like your raspy voice tho. Reminds me of when Jimin gets all worked up on stage.

Seokjinnie: ew please do not reference my child and blowjobs in the same sentence.

Namjoonie: it wasn't the same sentence ;)

Seokjinnie: brat you know what I mean

Seokjinnie: when are you coming home?

Namjoonie: not sure, I wanted to finish these two tracks but they're not cooperating

Namjoonie: why, miss me?

Seokjinnie: of course, pabo. I always miss you when you aren't here.

Seokjinnie: and I wanted to talk to you. I watched that interview you and Yoons did a couple weeks ago

Namjoonie: oh. Are you upset?

Seokjinnie: a little, yeah

Namjoonie: I'm sorry

Seokjinnie: no, it's not your fault. I'm mad at that MC. He was a bigoted asshole.

Namjoonie: oh!

Namjoonie: I mean yeah, yeah he was.

Seokjinnie: did you think I was upset with you???

Namjoonie: well, I didn't exactly stand up for you, did I? Hyung ended up doing it.

Seokjinnie: That doesn't matter, Joonie. He was just trying to get you angry (not that it didn't make me angry too, but. You know.) Yoongi has always been better than the rest of us at controlling his emotions, especially in public.

Seokjinnie: I'd rather him jump in than you get in trouble for beating some asshole up, verbally or otherwise

Namjoonie: god, I wanted to. Those things he said about you...I wanted to destroy him.

Seokjinnie: i know honey

Seokjinnie: So....when are you coming home?

Seokjinnie: I'd like to show my Alpha just how much he means to me (｡•̀ᴗ-)✧

Namjoonie: I refuse to respond if you're going to be using kaomojis in a sexual reference

Seokjinnie: ah. Pity.

Seokjinnie: what about this then?

Seokjinnie:

Seokjinnie: …

Seokjinnie: namjoon??

Namjoonie: i'll be home in twenty

Jin laughs out loud. His Alpha is just too easy, sometimes. And just because Jin can be a little brat, too, he sends one last message.

Seokjinnie: waiting for you, Alpha

Seokjinnie: ♡ (⇀ 3 ↼)(ˆω~)

It, in fact, takes Namjoon less than twenty minutes to get home. Jin hears the car outside, and meets his Alpha at the door with a sultry

smile. He may have also shed some clothes, wearing only his shirt and a pair of tight black briefs that he knows drive Namjoon up the wall, with the way they hug his ass and cut into the plushness of his thighs. But that's neither here nor there.

Namjoon stills as he shuts the door behind him, taking in his Omega standing there with his arms crossed and his hip cocked. Jin knows he looks delectable. But this isn't about him. This is about Namjoon, and Jin will be damned if Namjoon gets any ideas otherwise. He struts over to his Alpha, placing his hands on Namjoon's shoulders and connecting their lips in a sweet, heated kiss. He catches Namjoon's hands as the Alpha tries to grip his waist, pulling away. Namjoon looks so confused and Jin just smiles.

"Follow me, honey." He starts walking toward their room, tugging Namjoon by the wrist behind him. Namjoon follows him blindly.

When they enter the room, Jin starts undressing Namjoon slowly. Namjoon tries to return the favor, with what little clothes Jin has left on, but Jin stops him with a soft, "Nuh-uh. This is about you."

"M-me?" Namjoon stutters. He's so cute, Jin thinks.

"Yes, you. I said I was gonna show my Alpha how much he means to me, huh?"

"Yeah," Namjoon says as Jin pulls his sweatpants down.

"Yeah, what?" Jin asks as he straightens back up, pushing Namjoon backwards onto their bed. "What are you, baby?"

"I'm your Alpha." Namjoon breathes, eyes tracking over Jin as Jin pulls his own shirt over his head, leaving him in just the skimpy briefs.

Jin smiles, climbing onto the bed and straddling Namjoon's thighs. His Alpha is already half-hard with anticipation. "That's right. You're *my* Alpha. You always take such good care of me, Joonie. But right now I'm going to take care of you."

Jin leans down, pressing kisses down the golden skin of Namjoon's throat, inhaling the smokey scent coming off of him like it's a drug. He traces his tongue along the hollow of Namjoon's throat, down over his collarbones, and presses soft kisses in their wake. Namjoon shudders at the soft touches but Jin continues, spurred on by the little approving nosies falling from his Alpha's mouth. He kisses down

Namjoon's sternum before making his way to his pert, dusky nipples.

People tend to forget that Alphas are more than just their cocks, Jin muses as he circles the nub with his tongue before pulling in into his mouth. But this is, personally, one of Jin's most favorite activities. Namjoon has the most delightfully sensitive nipples, almost more so than Jin's own, and Jin loves to suckle on them until Namjoon is a shaking mess. Alphas aren't the only ones that can have control, after all.

Namjoon's hips buck up as Jin pulls away to move to the other, neglected nipple. The long length of his cock rubs against Jin's thigh. Jin lets him do it; this is about Namjoon, in the end, and if he wants to hump Jin's leg then Jin won't stop him. Jin suckles the Alpha's other nipple until he's satisfied that it's gotten equal treatment. Namjoon whines when he lets it loose and starts kissing down his stomach, but Jin has a feeling he'll like the next bit even more.

Jin leaves sucking kisses all over Namjoon's stomach, enjoying watching the play of muscle under his skin as he shifts and tenses up. He makes it down to Namjoon's hip bones pressing a kiss into first one divot, and then the other, bypassing his cock altogether. He nips at Namjoon's thighs, knowing they're the only marks he can leave that won't show. As he ventures into namjoon's inner thighs he uses his hands to usher Namjoon's legs up, propping them over his shoulders as he lays down on the bed between Namjoon's parted thighs. Namjoon sucks in a deep gasp, probably having figured out Jin's plan. It's something they've talked about plenty of times, but have never gotten around/had the time to do. Now is the perfect time, Jin thinks.

He bites at Namjoon's thigh teasingly, testing his jaw around the soft skin. "This okay?" he asks, unwilling to continue if Namjoon is uncomfortable.

"Y-yeah," Namjoon stutters. "Yes, please, Seokjin, *god* -"

Jin chuckles a little, nudging closer to the center of Namjoon's body. With his legs propped over Jin's shoulders, the most hidden part of him is on perfect display. Jin watches the little furl of muscle twitch under his gaze, already salivating at the sight. This was something that most people *definitely* forgot Alphas had, but Jin will-be-damned if he let's that continue. He bites Namjoon's other thigh one last time before he noses down Namjoon's balls and licks tentatively at that little ring hidden underneath.

“Oh, *fuck* ,” Namjoon gasps. Jin hums in response, laving all over Namjoon’s asshole until it’s wet and shiny. Namjoon doesn’t produce slick like Jin does, of course, but he still tastes *intoxicating* , musky and heady in the best of ways, little notes of his smoke scent hiding there. Namjoon isn’t used to this kind of play, not like Jin is, so it takes a little coaxing before Jin can slip the point of his tongue inside.

Namjoon groans, low and loud, and it makes Jin shudder. He is just...so unbelievably happy he can make his Alpha feel this way. As he licks and suckles and delves deeper, he finds himself unceremoniously humping their mattress, slick and precum making his briefs cling to him like a second skin. He’d shuck them off, but he’s all too busy eating his Alpha out. Namjoon’s moans start to get deeper, a little more desperate, his thighs clenching around Jin’s head. He pulls away, spit dripping down his chin, just enough to say. “Honey, stroke yourself for me. I want you to cum like this.”

Namjoon obliges immediately; Jin can feel the movement above his head. He gets back to work, delving his tongue in and out before licking wide, swooping circles around the ring and starting all over again. Namjoon’s hips twitch minutely, bucking into his own hand and humping himself onto Jin’s tongue. Jin grinds his own hips harder into the mattress, the friction too much and not enough at the same time. He’s so in tune with Namjoon’s body that he can tell when his alpha starts getting close by the way he clenches around his tongue, the way his gasps hitch, the way his hand speeds up over the impressive length of his cock. Jin pulls himself away, pushing Namjoon’s legs off his shoulders. He slaps Namjoon’s hands away, leaning down to take the tip of Namjoon’s cock into his mouth, sucking with all his might. He reaches one hand underneath Namjoon, seeking with his fingers, and he’s so wet and loose from Jin’s tongue that Jin’s fingertip easily slides inside and-

Namjoon *shouts* as he cums, filling Jin’s mouth with warmth and salt. Jin swallows it all greedily and the taste, the smell of them combined, the fact that he can feel Namjoon’s clenching and bearing down on his finger has him cumming in his briefs, white pearlescence leaking through the front as he whines through it, finally letting Namjoon’s cock go with a wet pop. Before he can collapse on his face, Namjoon is pulling him up, kissing him deeply despite all the places his mouth has been. Jin whimpers into it, letting his alpha cradle him to his body.

They pull away after a moment, and Namjoon stares at him like he’s hung the moon and stars before his eyes. “I love you, Jin.” He

breathes. “God, I love you so much.”

Jin grins, tracing light patterns over his Alpha’s chest. “I love you, too, sweetheart.”

They cuddle for awhile until Jin starts to get uncomfortable, slick and cum drying tacky in his underwear. Namjoon, on slightly shaky legs, carries him to the bathroom. He wipes him down with a cool cloth, pressing sweet little kisses to his chilled skin as he does so. Jin doesn’t mind be taken care of a little bit, now. They’re relationship is a give and take, and he’d have it no other way.

Chapter End Notes

I LOVE BREAKING STATUS STEREOTYPES SO MUCH <3

Also, I just wanted too say thank you to everyone that offered their kind words on the chapter yesterday. It was a rough day, but you guys made it so much better :3 Thank you again, I don't think I could ever say that enough.

So, what'd you think? Please let me know!!! <3<3<3

Twitter: rangerwray12

Group I (An Interlude)

Chapter Summary

Group chat shenanigans that end in some Bangtan family quality time <3

Chapter Notes

DJ Khaled voice another one.

Sorry, I couldn't help myself. Here's your regularly scheduled update! Enjoy :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bangtan Sonyeondan Family Chat

PinkJin: why is this chat so dead i am Depressed

PinkJin: we haven't posted anything here since ggukie presented!!!

Taetae: hyung its probably bc we uh live togther? And see each other all the time? And when we arnt together were busy workn?

PinkJin: youre in here now arent you?

Taetae: yah bc im sitting across from u in the living room and u said i couldnt have dinner if i didnt join soo

Hopehobi: damn get called out hyung

PinkJin: Hobi!!

Hopehobi: hi! <3 kookie and i are on break from dance

Ggukkook: what we have here

Ggukkook: is a failure to communicate

PinkJin: see even ggukie gets it!

Ggukkook: its a meme hyung

Ggukkook: wait whats that supposed to mean

Chimchim: Jeon Jeongguk? Golden Maknae and now Omega Maknae? Doesn't realize he's the literal worst at communication especially when it comes to texting? Wow god bless.

Ggukkook: hey

Ggukkook: fuck you

Chimchim: so eloquently put I've been proven wrong

Hopehobi: wait is it just me or does that NOT sound like jimin at all?

Chimchim: ah you caught me

Chimchim: its yoongi, jimin left his phone in my studio

Chimchim: thought I'd have some fun

Ggukkook: what we have here

Ggukkook: is a failure to communicate

Hopehobi: memelord jeon jeongguk everybody

Taetae: waitt!!!!!

Taetae: kookiee dat means u said fuck you to yoongihyung!

Hopehobi: uh oh lmao

Ggukkook: oh shit

Chimchim: yeah oh shit you better be ready for when I get home

PinkJin: okay this is really weird to see from Jimin's screen name

MinGenius: yeah oh shit you better be ready for when I get home

MinGenius: there, better?

PinkJin: yes <3

Joonie: what the hell is going on in here, why is my phone is exploding?

PinkJin: we are having a nice family talk in the family group chat

because that's what families DO

Joonie: ....did I miss something?

Ggukkook: what we have here

MinGenius: Jesus Christ

Ggukkook: is a failure to communicate

Chimchim: ok this is actually jimin and im gona have to ask jeongguk to sTOP

Hopehobi: seconded

Taetae: thirded

Joonie: 1) tae that's not really a word, you should just say third 2) fourthed

Taetae: wait fourthed is a word and thirded isnt? Ive ben robbedd!!!!

Joonie: I'm...not gonna touch that one

Ggukkook:

Chimchim: jeonggUUKKK

PinkJin: who is this old white man and why am I having to look at him with my own two eyes

Ggukkook: hes the meme, i guess its from some old american movie??

MinGenius: jeongguk if you don't knock it the fuck off I will kick

your entire ass

Ggukkook: my entire ass huh?

MinGenius: dont test me I will do it

Hopehobi: im literally sitting next to him I can just take his phone from him

Ggukkook: nnNNOOOOOOO

Joonie: do it

PinkJin: do it

Chimchim: do it

Taetae: do it

MinGenius: do it Hoseok before I snatch him through the phone

Hopehobi: got it fam

Ggukkook: NO

Ggukkook: WHATT EWD HVER HEDE

Ggukkook: IS AFLFHRETO CMMM

Joonie: Well

Joonie: He tried

Hopehobi: I have done my good deed for the day :)

Chimchim: thank you hobi hyung <3

Hopehobi: aww poor lil ggukie is pouting

Hopehobi:

Hopehobi: he left me and went to pout by himself :(

Taetae: oww my haerrt

PinkJin: oh no what have we done

PinkJin: no my poor baby!

MinGenius: he was being a brat he brought this on himself

MinGenius: dont feel bad for him now

PinkJin: yoongi hes just a kid come onnnnnn

MinGenius: ughh oh my god he is NINETEEN

Chimchim: what if we let him have his phone back but only if he promises not to say the stupid meme again??

Joonie: that sounds reasonable to me

Taetae: yeah lets get gguki back in here ＜3

Hopehobi: works for me

Hopehobi: he honestly looks really sad guys 3:

MinGenius: yeah ok

Hopehobi: ok ill brb guys

PinkJin: i didn't want him to be sad :(

Taetae: its ok hyung, hell be perfectly happy once he gets his phone back <3

Ggukkook: hey

Ggukkook: sorry for being annoying

PinkJin: aw ggukie its okay <3

MinGeniues: yeah we're pretty used to it tbh

Chimchim: hyung! Don't be mean!!

Ggukkook: whatever i'll lay off the memes

Ggukkook: ...for now

Hopehobi: well now that everyone is back in the chat again….

Hopehobi: jin hyung why did you really wanna revive this chat?

PinkJin: i can't just want to chat with my dongsaengs?

Hopehobi: no of course you can

Hopehobi: i guess i just mean why now?

Chimchim: yeah it did seem a little random tbh

PinkJin: oh

PinkJin: well tbh it feels like we've been isolating ourselves lately

PinkJin: me and joonie, yoongi and jimin (and tae has taken to spending time with them), hoseok and jeongguk

PinkJin: it just seems like we're spending less and less time as a group

PinkJin: and more time separated

PinkJin: we have our group meals when we can ofc, but when's the last time we had a movie night? Way before ggukie presented. The

last time we spent time all together outside of practice and dinner was that group cuddle we had after namjoon and i reconciled

PinkJin: so idk. I just kind of wish things were back like they were

PinkJin: i'm so happy where we are as a group and everything, but we've developed this...rut i guess where we only really talk to our little units, instead of with everybody

PinkJin: I guess I wanted to revive the chat to help build that back up some??

Chimchim: awww hyung <3 thats so sweet

Taetae: i guess i do really miss when we all hung out together

Hopehobi: yeah me too <3

Ggukkook: yeah same…

Ggukkook: also you know youre making it really hard not to use that meme right?? Just sayin :P

Joonie: we should start looking at schedules from a group standpoint again, seeing when we can all spend time together (or even just a few that don't spend much time together usually)

Joonie: although there will be times were Jin and I or Yoongi and Jimin will want to be by ourselves (since we are couples, after all)

MinGenius: yeah i reserve my right to steal Jimin away from you assholes

Taetae: hyuuunnnnggggiiiiie :(:(:(

Chimchim: well, except for taetae of course because he has special privileges <3

Taetae: yayy! <3<3

Ggukkook: awwww <3<3<3

Hopehobi: am i...missing something?

Ggukkook: nah theyre just best friends right? Bros before hoes and all that.

MinGenius: am i the hoe in this situation???

Ggukkook: god dammit

MinGenius: yeah youre damn right god dammit

Chimchim: anyways...taetae youre home with jin hyung right?

Taetae: yisssss

Chimchim: u should go cuddle with him. It seems like he thought a lot about this and its maybe been bothering him??

Taetae: oh okayyyy!!!!!

PinkJin: wait you don't need to do that haha im fine

Taetae: too laaaate!!!!!!!

Taetae:

Hopehobi: aw now that's precious :3 <3

Chimchim: ^^^ <3<3

Ggukkook: soo...does that mean we can have a movie night after the rest of us finsih practice/vocals/studio stuff? We'll all be home….

Taetae: yesssss!!!!!!

Chimchim: yeah and we can order takeout so jin hyung doesn have to cook :D

PinkJin: ….that would be nice actually

Hopehobi: yes lets do it!

Chimchim: @MinGenius @Joonie that means you two cant hole up in the studio all night!!!!!!!

MinGenius: you realize we have a lot of work to do right

Taetae: hyuuuung!!! :(pleaaasee????

Ggukkook: yeah hyung come on dont be a spoilsport

Chimchim: hyungie pleeeaaaase??? <3<3 (∩□∩)

Joonie: yeah we can definitely work on our stuff another night

MinGenius: …

PinkJin: Min Yoongi if you do not come home with everyone else you will be cooking for yourself until the next comeback

MinGenius: ugh fine

PinkJin: jeez dont make it sound like such a hardship lmao

Taetae: awwww yay im so excited!!!

Ggukkook: who gets to pick movies?

MinGenius: definitely not you you little brat

Ggukkook: rude :(

Chimchim: jin hyung should get to pick one for sure :)

Hopehobi: yeah we can figure it out after that

PinkJin: ok ok. What do you want for takeout? I'll schedule our order

Taetae: BARBQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQ

Chimchim: yeah that sounds gooood

Joonie: works for me

Ggukkook: awww hellllll yeahhhh

Hopehobi: i havent had barbecue in forever :0 yes!

MinGenius: ive already been outnumbered so yeah thats fine

PinkJin: alright! See the rest of you tonight. Tae and I are gonna cuddle some more <3

Taetae: yeah buddy <3<3<3

Chimchim: im almost done with vocals ill se you guys soon!

Hopehobi: yeah ggukie and i are pretty close to done we'll be back soon too

Joonie: i'll make yoongi hyung finish up soon

MinGenius: yeah yeah yeah

MinGenius: see you soon i GUESS

Hopehobi: hes so extra lmao

Ggukkook: would he be yoongi hyung if he weren't???

Hopehobi: nope :)

MinGenius: IM STILL HERE

Taetae: hahahaha omg

PinkJin: oh god what have i done

Chapter End Notes

I had a lot of fun writing this chapter :3 <3 Let me know what you thought!!!

My twitter: rangerwray12

Hopekook II

Chapter Summary

Hoseok and Jeongguk have some fun in the dance studio ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Not really a whole lot changes after Jeongguk and Hoseok confessed to each other, except now they sleep together nearly every night and the last half hour (or sometimes hour, if Jeongguk is lucky) of their late night dance practices ends up with them making out against the mirrors. So maybe not a lot has changed, but every moment of it makes Jeongguk happier than he's been in years. And he knows Hoseok feels the same, can see it in his Beta's eyes when they're alone. For so long it had seemed like Hoseok was holding himself back, but he doesn't have to anymore. Jeongguk craves the casual touches that come sporadically throughout the day, careful not to attract the eyes of their bandmates. He loves the soft words they whisper to each other at night, and shivers still run down his spine whenever Hoseok calls him *bunny* .

On this particular night, it doesn't take much convincing on Jeongguk's part to get Hoseok to push him against the mirror and claim his lips. Jeongguk doesn't question the change, however. He's more than happy to have Hoseok's lips on his own. Over the past couple of weeks they've grown more and more adventurous with each other. For awhile it was the same chaste kisses they shared the first time in the dance studio, but gradually they built and built into something more until Hoseok finally pried Jeongguk's lips open and their tongues tangled together, under the cover of dark in their shared bedroom. It had been a little awkward at first, a little messy, but Jeongguk was always a quick learner and Hoseok is an amazing teacher.

So now, Jeongguk kisses Hoseok back with ease, their tongues tangling together like silk. Hoseok has his hands planted on either side of Jeongguk's head, his thigh pressed between the Omega's, and Jeongguk is rutting into it with hardly concealed passion. They've been steadily working up to something like this, trading chaste kisses for longer, fuller ones and toying with the edges of lust. Jeongguk has absolutely no qualms with taking the Next step, but Hoseok is always

so careful, always worried he'll scare Jeongguk away.

But it takes a lot to scare Jeon Jeongguk, so he pulls Hoseok closer with a firm grip on the Beta's waist, fingertips dipping under his shirt to touch all that warm, smooth skin. He moans into their kiss as the change in position shifts the pressure on his aching cock, giving him more room to grind against.

Hoseok pulls away, looking down at Jeongguk with heavy-lidded eyes. "What's this?" He asks, pushing his thigh up into Jeongguk's crotch. Jeongguk bites back another moan, embarrassment heating his face. "Is my little bunny horny?" Hoseok teases.

Jeongguk ducks his head but can't stop his hips from twitching, still grinding against Hoseok. His fingers tangle into the fabric at the hem of Hoseok's shirt, clenching it in his fists for something to do. "I-I'm always horny." He stammers, blushing harder. He peeks his gaze up to see Hoseok's eyes darkening, his smile almost predatory. It makes Jeongguk shudder.

Hoseok leans down, nipping at Jeongguk's earlobe before whispering, "Do you want hyung to help you?" His breath is hot on Jeongguk's skin, and he feels like his burning up from the inside out.

Jeongguk whines, clutching harder at Hoseok's shirt. "Please, hyung." He pleads, looking at Hoseok with those wide doe-eyes. "P-please help m-me."

"Oh, bunny." Hoseok sighs, pressing little kisses under Jeongguk's ear, down his jaw. "Don't worry, hyung will take good care of you."

Jeongguk finds himself pushed to the floor, splayed out on his back parallel to the mirrors they had been leaning against. Hoseok is looming over him, kneeling between Jeongguk's spread legs and eyeing his prone form with open hunger. Jeongguk watches as the Beta's eyes trace over his clothed form like he can see right through it. Jeongguk squirms under his gaze, blush creeping down his neck and seeping into his chest. "Hyung," he whines. "You said you would h-help."

Hoseok gives him that same predatory smile. "Just be patient, Ggukie. I've been waiting for this for a long time. I want to make it last." But he does finally lean down. Jeongguk cranes his neck up, attempting to meet Hoseok in the middle, but Hoseok bypasses his lips all together and goes straight for his jaw, nipping at the sensitive skin underneath, achingly close to the scent glands nestled there. Jeongguk whines,

letting his head drop back down. Hoseok growls, just a little bit, deep in his throat, and captures one of those scent glands between his teeth.

Hoseok's teeth aren't sharp like and Alpha's, but it's still more than enough for Jeongguk. Jeongguk mewls as the pressure releases hormones straight to his bloodstream, making his scent kick up immediately. It's amplified by his blush, the blood that's so close to the surface letting the scent pheromones roll off of him in waves. The rush makes him dizzy in the best way, head spinning and fingers tingling. Hoseok releases the gland just before it all gets to be too much, laving his tongue over it to soothe the ache. "God, you're so gorgeous." Hoseok groans. "So pretty for me. Look at this blush; are you embarrassed, bunny?" Hoseok presses light kisses up Jeongguk's cheek as he waits for a response.

Jeongguk can't speak, afraid his voice will betray him and go out, so he nods helplessly. Hoseok seems pacified, grinning widely. "Aw," he coos, breath fanning cool across Jeongguk's heated skin. "Why's that, sweetheart? Are you just so needy?" He unceremoniously reaches a hand down to cup Jeongguk through his sweats, palm pressing deliciously into his hard cock. Jeongguk is getting so worked up, he can feel the precum leaking steadily into his underwear, slick threatening to do the same. "You're so hard for me, huh? You want hyung so badly?"

Jeongguk moans, eyes almost rolling back into his head. This is so much better than getting off on his own, holy fuck. He's never going to be able to jerk off again. Words are spilling out of his mouth on their own volition, brain-to-mouth filter completely off line with the amount of hormones flushing through his system, all his blood redirecting elsewhere. "Yes, I w-want you so badly, Hoseokie. Please, please, I *need* you." His voice pitches higher as he talks, the heat building around them and the need thrumming in his veins making him desperate.

Hoseok hushes him softly, pressing a kiss that's entirely too chaste for the situation they're in to Jeongguk's plush lips. But it serves to calm him down from the near-panic escalation, born from need and pent up frustration. Jeongguk breathes hard through his nose as Hoseok kisses him pliant, but he's still breathless by the time the Beta pulls away. "Hey," Hoseok says carefully, looking into Jeongguk's eyes until the Omega blinks and focus returns to them. Hoseok had removed his hand from Jeongguk's crotch at some point and he whines a little at the loss. Hoseok shushes again. "Bunny, it's okay." The rumble of his voice puts Jeongguk at ease. "It's okay," he says again, leaning down

to rub his nose against Jeongguk's. It's something the Beta seems to love to do, and Jeongguk has adapted to it quickly. It's become a comforting gesture between the two. "I'm going to take care of you." He murmurs, breath ghosting across Jeongguk's lips. "I won't tease you so much, okay? Let me take care of you."

"Y-you can tease me a l-little." Jeongguk murmurs, returning the eskimo kiss with a nuzzle of his own. "A little bit is okay."

Hoseok grins again, pressing a light kiss to Jeongguk's lips. "Whatever you want, bunny. Just tell me what you want and you can have it."

Jeongguk squirms, Hoseok pretty much having laid the world at his feet. It's one thing to think about your desires, fantasize about them in private; it's another thing entirely to try and voice them aloud. Jeongguk finds his tongue tied, thoughts jumbling around and fighting for center attention. What ends up tumbling out of his mouth is: "I-I want you to finger me."

Hoseok stills with shock but perks back up immediately. "Really, baby?" He practically purrs, nipping at Jeongguk's mouth.

Jeongguk nods feverishly. "R-really. I've been thinking about it since...since…"

"Since I walked in on you three fingers deep, cumming untouched across your cute little tummy?" Hoseok supplies, that predatory smirk back in place.

Jeongguk whines, embarrassed, but still nods. "Yes h-hyung. I've wanted it so bad ever s-since."

"Why keep you waiting any longer then, hm?" Hoseok kisses Jeongguk one last time before raising to his knees, fingers reaching out to trail down Jeongguk's chest. The touch is muted by Jeongguk's shirt, but the Omega shudders all the same. Finally, Hoseok reaches the hem and curls his fingers into it, pushing it up Jeongguk's taut stomach. Jeongguk, entirely too impatient now that Hoseok is actually *doing* something, raises up just enough to grab his own shirt out of Hoseok's grasp and whip it over his own head. He's about to toss it aside, but upon second thought balls it up and sets it under his head as he lays back down. The floor of the dance studio is unforgiving at best, after all.

Hoseok is smiling with amusement at the Omega's antics, but he's clearly pleased that more of Jeongguk's skin is on display. His fingers

reach for him as if seeking heat, trailing down the muscled grooves of his chest and abs, the tips digging into the squishy layer of fat overtop given to him thanks to his Omega biology. It had bothered him, for a while, but with the way Hoseok is watching him so reverently and touching him like he's some sort of precious gem, he feels nothing but appreciated, almost... *coveted* .

Hoseok keeps his touches featherlight and it's driving Jeongguk mad. He whines, muscles twitching under the ministrations, and tosses his head back. "Hoseok-" he gasps, mouth dropping open. "Hoseokie, please, you said- you said-"

"I know what I said," Hoseok says evenly and he digs the tips of his fingers into Jeongguk's stomach, amplifying the pressure and making Jeongguk keen. "Doesn't mean I can't take my time getting there."

"Hyung," he whines, long and high. "Please, please, I need you to t-touch m *e* -!" The last syllable breaks into a squeal when Hoseok suddenly grabs them hem of his sweats and underwear, all at once, and practically rips them down his thighs. His head shoots up to find Hoseok smirking at him.

"That fast enough for you?" And then his eyes are travelling lower, and lower, until they lock and Jeongguk's straining cock with barely contained glee. Jeongguk's blush somehow manages to deepen further, bright red and spreading clear down to his stomach. "Oh," Hoseok breathes, inching himself back and dragging Jeongguk's pants with him. They're eventually pulled all the way off, tossed to the side, and Hoseok lowers himself until he's nearly eye level with Jeongguk's cock. The Omega squirms under his intense gaze, embarrassed and more than a little self-conscious. "How could you have ever thought you'd be anything other than an Omega?" Hoseok muses, and Jeongguk swears he can feel his breath ghosting across his heated cock. Or maybe it's just anticipation. Hoseok finally, finally wraps his hand around the straining member, his long fingers completely encompassing him. "You're so little," he says, but it's completely fond, not a hint of mean spirit in sight. "So cute for me, bunny."

"Hyung," he whines again, wrapping his legs around Hoseok's still (unfortunately) clothed thighs to try and pull the Beta closer. Hoseok doesn't budge, though. "Don't t-tease me." He whimpers, a pout wobbling on his lower lip.

Hoseok coos, giving Jeongguk's little cock a solid stroke before letting him go. Jeongguk hisses as the warmth of his Beta's hand is replaced

by cool air. “You did say I could tease you a little bit, didn’t you, bunny?”

“I take it b-back.” Jeongguk says petulantly and Hoseok chuckles.

“Okay, bunny,” he says, a laugh still lilting in his words. “Whatever you want.” His hands move to grip under the Omega’s thighs, lifting them up until Jeongguk plants his feet flat on the ground. Hoseok pushes his legs further apart until his asshole is on perfect display.

He has been leaking slick pretty steadily ever since Hoseok started touching him; Jeongguk can feel it clinging to the underside of his asscheeks and he wouldn’t be too terribly surprised if it was starting to leave a puddle on the floor. He leaks a ridiculous amount of slick when he’s really turned on, and right now he is *unbelievably* turned on. “Next time,” Hoseok says, voice deep as he watches a thin line of slick drip down the curve of Jeongguk’s ass. “I’m going to eat you out until you can’t say anything other than my name.” Jeongguk sucks in a breath, the words sending heat straight through his veins. “But right now,” Hoseok continues, eyes flicking up to Jeongguk’s. “I’m going to finger you until you can’t say *anything* .”

Before Jeongguk can even think of anything to do to respond, whether it be moan or actual words, Hoseok is reaching a hand between his cheeks and sliding the pad of his finger of his his slick dampened hole. All coherent thought flies out the goddamn window as Jeongguk’s brain short circuits, Hoseok still rubbing tight, maddening circles around the ring of his hole.

“Speechless already, bunny? This may be easier than I thought.”

Jeongguk whimpers, tossing his head to the side to hide his face. “Sh-shut up.” he stammers. “No one has t-touched me there b-before.”

“Except you, huh?” Hoseok teases, putting the slightest bit of pressure against Jeongguk’s quivering hole.

Jeongguk mewls, fingers tightening into fists at his sides. What little Hoseok has done to him already feels better than anything Jeongguk has done to himself- including the *incident* . “E-except me.” He mutters. “Please, hyung, please just get *in me already* .”

Hoseok blinks, a little shocked, and Jeongguk is pleased that he could knock the cocky Beta down just a peg. “Fuck, that’s hot.” Hoseok mutters before grinning again, shifting into a more comfortable position. “Whatever my bunny wants, my bunny gets.” he sing songs

and then his finger is sliding into Jeongguk's hole, nearly unresisted with the amount of slick already there. Jeongguk's hands splay open, slapping against the floor in shock at the feeling. Hoseok's fingers are so *long* , and even with just one inside of him, he can already tell that Hoseok has the advantage to reach all the places Jeongguk couldn't even hope to on his own.

"Hy *ung* ," he groans, thighs tensing as Hoseok pumps his finger in and out. "God, *fuck* ."

"The mouth on you," Hoseok chuckles. "Ready for another one?"

Jeongguk nods vigorously. "Yes, please , please, *please* ."

Hoseok obliges immediately, pulling his finger nearly all the way out before pressing a second one next to it, sliding back in slow and easy. Jeongguk moans at the stretch, arousal flaring hot in his belly. And then, as Hoseok ventures deeper, the Beta crooks his fingers up and effortlessly finds the bundle of nerves that lights Jeongguk on *fire* . Jeongguk keens, hips bucking up on their own accord. Hoseok uses his free hand to push them back down, dragging his fingers relentlessly over Jeongguk's prostate. Bright white stars flare in Jeongguk's eyes, tinged prismatic on the edges. He moans, high and tight, his brows furrowing as he tries to bear down on Hoseok's fingers.

"More," he pleads. "M-more, more, I can take it, hyung, I can, you know I can, *please* ." He rambles, all sense of dignity and thought gone as Hoseok milks his prostate.

"Hush, bunny." Hoseok coos, kissing the inside of Jeongguk's thigh softly. He adds a third finger easily and Jeongguk's eyes actually roll back this time, the burn so fucking *good* it's nearly overwhelming. His breaths rattle hard in his chest and his nails scratch against the floor. Hoseok pumps in and out of him fluidly, brushing his prostate on every pass. A lewd squelching noise fills the room as Hoseok's fingers pull more and more slick from Jeongguk's hole. Jeongguk would be embarrassed if he weren't so out of his mind with pleasure. "You're being so good for me, Jeonggukie. So good for hyung, yeah? Could you cum like this for me?"

"Yeah, yes, yes." Jeongguk pants. "I c-can, I can, p-please let me-" He breaks off into a moan as Hoseok gives him a particularly harsh thrust, landing square on that sweet bundle of nerves.

"Cum whenever you want, bunny." Hoseok says, nipping lightly at the soft insides of Jeongguk's thighs. "Cum for hyung."

He's already so close, it only takes a few more thrusts and Jeongguk is shouting, those white stars exploding into a million pieces, the fragments flaring hot and running through his blood at lightspeed, sending tingles to the tips of his fingers and toes. He moans through it, Hoseok milking him the whole way as he shoots rope after rope of cum across his stomach, his chest, painting his torso white. "Hyung!" he squeals, body vibrating like a plucked string until he suddenly collapses, his thighs falling open like he can't hold his own weight up anymore. Hoseok keeps teasing his prostate and violent aftershocks shoot through Jeongguk's core, making tremors sprout through his entire body. "T-too," he gasps. "T-too much, it's too m-much!"

Hoseok finally takes mercy on him, pulling his fingers out gently. Jeongguk blinks his eyes back into focus just in time to see Hoseok admiring his slick coated fingers before he pops them into his own mouth, moaning as he swirls his tongue around them.

"F- *fuck* ," Jeongguk groans. "Hoseokie, hyung, come here please??"

Hoseok pulls his fingers out of his mouth and climbs up Jeongguk's body, meeting him in a messy kiss like he can read Jeongguk's mind. Jeongguk shoves his hand down Hoseok's sweats, a little irked that the Beta is still dressed after all this time. He curls his fingers around Hoseok's throbbing length, jerking him hard and fast. He's never done this with another person before but it's not all too different from what he's done with himself. Just a different angle, a different weight.

Jeongguk can taste himself on Hoseok's tongue and he whines into their kiss. Hoseok groans in response, thrusting his hips into Jeongguk's hand. He pulls away from Jeongguk's lips, gasping for breath. "Fuck, baby," he pants. "God, I'm not gonna last, I'm-"

"Cum for me, hyungie." Jeongguk purrs. "I wanna see you cum, please?"

He feels Hoseok twitch in his hand before warmth spreads over his fingers, trapped in the confines of Hoseok's underwear. Hoseok shivers and moans, arms threatening to give out where he's holding himself above Jeongguk. Jeongguk kisses him lightly through it, strokes slowing until they stop completely. He pulls his hand free and gives Hoseok a lascivious grin before poking his tongue out to tangle around his white coated digits. Hoseok whines, finally dropping his weight, albeit off to the side so he doesn't crush his Omega. Jeongguk wraps himself around his Beta, mindless of the mess they're both covered in.

They simply breathe for a while, cooling down together. Jeongguk noses up Hoseok's jaw until they're eye-to -eye. He gives Hoseok a soft smile, but there's mischief hiding in the corners of it. "Hyungie?" he asks quietly.

"Yes, bunny?" Hoseok breathes, stroking Jeongguk's sweaty hair off his forehead.

"When's next time gonna be?"

Jeongguk grins contentedly as Hoseok cackles.

Chapter End Notes

I COULDNT RESIST MAKING THEM DO IT IN THE DANCE STUDIO OK I JUST CANT HELP MYSELF

Well, what'd ya think?? Let me know!!! :3

My Twitter: rangerwray12

Taegimin VI and kinda Hopekook III

Chapter Summary

Taehyung, Jimin, and Yoongi finally come out to the group.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's finally time, they've decided. The next time they're together in the dorm as a whole group, Jimin, Yoongi, and Taehyung are going to come out to the rest of the group.

They've been wanting to for awhile, but the group chat conversation that Jin instigated really set everything into motion for them. The rest of the group obviously noticed that Taehyung was spending more time with Jimin and Yoongi, both from that text and Namjoon's interference several weeks ago. Plus...they're all feeling a little guilty that they've kept it hidden for so long.

As Jin had described, though, it's incredibly easy to fall into a rut of behavior and not even really notice it. The three of them got so used to sneaking around in the middle of the night, holing up in Yoongi's studio, having secret chat conversations when they had to be apart. It was so easy to keep doing that, to not risk change.

But there's not much of a risk when the Bangtan boys are involved. They have no doubt that Jin, Namjoon, and Hoseok will be just as accepting as Jeonggukie was when Taehyung confessed to him. But...knowing that doesn't make doing it any easier.

A night finally comes and Yoongi had already asked the others to meet them in the living room for a group chat. The trio are in their room, and Taehyung is nearly having a panic attack. He's sitting on the edge of the bed, head buried in his hands as he takes quick, ragged breaths. Jimin is beside him, rubbing soothing circles across his back and Yoongi is on his knees in front of him, talking softly in an attempt to urge the Omega to calm down.

"Deep breaths, Taehyungie," Yoongi is saying, bracing his hands on Taehyung's knees. "It's going to be okay, I just need you to *breathe* ."

"What if they just think I'm intruding?" Taehyung asks hysterically, fisting his hands into his hair. "What if they think I'm j-just some kind

of whore, w-what if they don't *understand?* "

"Taehyungie," Jimin murmurs, pressing his forehead to Taehyung's temple. "It's all going to be okay. Just remember Jeonggukie, yeah? He didn't bat an eye when you told him, right? What did he tell you?"

Taehyung sniffles a little. "He said the he was happy for us and that- that we would be good for each other."

"Exactly," Jimin coos, kissing Tae's cheek before pulling back a little. "And if our little, socially inept maknae thinks that, don't you think the others will feel the same?"

Taehyung barks out a helpless laugh, finally letting go of his hair and raising up a little. "I g-guess so. It's just...it's really scary."

"It is," Yoongi agrees, rubbing circles into the sides of Taehyung's knees with his thumbs. "But they are our family, and they deserve to know the truth."

Taehyung nods, but it seems to be more for himself than to show agreement. "Okay. Okay, just- just give me a minute, and I'll be ready."

"Of course, baby." Jimin says and presses another light kiss to Taehyung's cheekbone.

Yoongi rises from where he had been kneeling, leaning over to press a kiss to Taehung's, and then Jimin's, forehead along the way. "I'll go out and get everyone settled. Lord knows Jin is probably having a heart attack."

The Omegas giggle as their Alpha leaves. They give him a few minutes to make sure everyone is round up before Jimin finally stands, tugging lightly on Taehyung's arm. Tae takes a deep, settling breath and gets up as well. They leave the room arm in arm, Taehyung trying to wipe the terrified look off his face.

They had already told Jeongguk what was going to happen, so the youngest Omega wouldn't be too shocked. He had beamed at Jimin and Taehung, who had cornered him after dance practice that morning while everyone else was headed back to the van. He then threw his arms around them both, practically hollering, " *It's about time!* "

Jimin and Taehyung enter the living room to find the rest of the

group; Yoongi is by himself on the couch, Jin and Namjoon sitting together on the loveseat, and Hoseok and Jeongguk in the two armchairs opposite. Jimin moves in front of Taehyung, unconsciously shielding his Omega with his body. They go to sit by Yoongi, Taehyung sitting between the Alpha and Jimin, so close their thighs brush. Namjoon arches one, single brow but doesn't say anything. And then, Yoongi wraps a protective arm around Tae's shoulders and Jin's eyes nearly bug out of his head. Jeongguk is clearly hiding a grin, and Hoseok just looks confused.

They had already agreed Yoongi would do most of the talking, since he's better with words than either Jimin ot Tae are. He clears his throat, taking the attention off of Taehyung and onto him. "We wanted to share something with you all." He says, calm and collected. "The three of us." he clarifies. As he speaks, Jimin reaches down to tangle his fingers with Taehyung's, who has started to breathe a little too rapidly to be normal. He squeezes gently, offering at least some comfort. "As you all have noticed, Taehyung has been spending more time with Jimin and I. That's not coincidence, and it's because of a very important reason." He blinks, turning to look at his partners. Jimin smiles encouragingly, and Tae bites his lip nervously. Yoongi rubs soothing circles on Tae's shoulder before turning back to the room. "We're all together, in a relationship. The three of us love and care for each other unanimously. Our relationship is healthy and normal, just with three people instead of two." He pauses and the room remains silent, the rest of the group just staring (except for Jeongguk who is grinning broad and white, practically jumping in his seat). "We're willing to answer any questions you may have." Yoongi adds, hoping to facilitate some sort of response.

"How long have you all been together?" Jin asks, leaning forward like if he gets close enough he'll get the information faster.

"A couple months, now. We got together officially the day after Gguk-ah started presenting." Yoongi responds easily.

Taehyung perks up a little bit, since no one is freaking out or yelling. He sits up straighter between his partners, asserting his presence more, letting himself be part of the room instead of cowering between Jimin and Yoongi.

"Why did you wait so long to tell us?" Hoseok pipes up, looking intrigued but also a little hurt.

Jimin jumps in to answer this time. "We wanted to let Ggukie have his

moment, and we were also still just finding our places together in our relationship. It wasn't easy, leading up to us getting together, and we wanted to be more comfortable with ourselves before we got everyone involved. It has nothing to do with you guys, really, it was just us."

"To be completely honest," Taehyung says, voice steady and surprising nearly everyone. "I told Jeonggukie about us a couple weeks ago….he helped me through a really vulnerable moment and it kind of just happened. That's not to say we don't trust the rest of you; we do, of course! It's just…that's just how it happened." He finishes, a little weakly.

Hoseok looks at Jeongguk almost accusingly, but the younger just shrugs with a bright smile on his face. "I would never betray their confidence. It's nothing against you, hyungie, I just wanted to make sure they were, you know…happy."

"Okay," Jin says, taking a breath. "Now that we've gotten your admission and we all agree that we love and support you no matter what, can I just be a little extra for a second?"

The trio on the couch look at each other, confused, but eventually just nod. "Go ahead, I guess." Yoongi says.

Once he's given the all clear, Jin jumps to his feet and throws his arms out and practically screams. "I fucking *knew it!* " Everyone jumps a little, but he continues with a huge grin. "I knew it, I *knew it* ."

"How- how did you know?" Jimin asks, clearly startled.

"You're all so soft for each other!" Jin gushes. "And Tae-yah stated spending so much time with you guys, I knew there must have been *something* . And Joonie caught Tae and Jimin kissing that one time, so…I eventually just put it together."

"Wait, *what* ?" Hoseok blanches. "How the hell did everyone know about them except for me?!"

"It's okay, hyung." Jeongguk says in a fake-sweet sort of way. "You're just a little slow, that's fine."

It's enough to make the tension break in the room and everyone laughs, except for Namjoon Yoongi notes skeptically. Jin finally sits back down, cuddling up to his Alpha. Yoongi inclines his head to Namjoon, who had still been watching them. "Have you got something to say, Namjoon-ah?" Yoongi asks, curling his arm a little

more protectively around Taehyung. Everyone else quiets, watching the two Alphas warily.

“You’re treating him well, right?” Namjoon says stonily. “You know, he came to Jin and I months ago and cried his eyes out because he liked someone? I told myself then that I would never let someone make him feel that way again.”

Yoongi bristles a little bit, but Taehyung turns to coo in his ear, placing a gentle hand on his Alpha’s thigh. “It’s okay, Yoongi-hyung.” Then he turns to face Namjoon. “That was way before any of this was instigated. I was just…very overwhelmed at the time, because I knew that I liked Jiminie, but…then I started feeling that way about hyung, too.” Jimin squeezes Taehyung’s hand in his own, shooting his Omega a soft smile. “And we had some missteps along the way, sure. But they take really good care of me and…I love them, Namjoon-hyung. I promise, they’re so good to me.”

Namjoon eases visibly, relaxing against Jin. “Okay. As long as they make you happy, then I’m happy, too.”

“Uh,” Hoseok says. It seems like he and Jeongguk had been having a silent discussion on their own. “I think…Well, Jeongguk and I have something to tell you guys, too.”

Jimin and Taehyung brighten up. Jeongguk never explicitly told them that he and Hoseok had gotten together, but with how much happier their best friend has been in the last several weeks, they figured *something* had happened.

“Let me guess.” Jin says with a grin, clearly joking. “You two are together, too, huh?” He’s teasing, but has no idea how spot on he really is.

“Well…” Hoseok says, looking at Jeongguk sheepishly. Jeongguk simply smiles, raising his hand up to rest on the arm of Hoseok’s chair. Their fingers tangle together naturally. “Yeah, actually. We are.”

Jin’s jaw drops to the floor. Namjoon smiles brightly. Yoongi doesn’t show much outwardly, but he’s got a small smile curled in his lips, and his eyes are soft. The two Omegas next to him squee excitedly, launching off the couch to tackle Jeongguk in his chair. “Kookie, I’m so happy for you!” Jimin squeals. Taehyung expresses a similar thought, with a little more screaming. Jeongguk has to let go of Hobi’s hand to brace the Omegas on top of him, to make sure they don’t all end up in the floor.

“We’re so gay, how did this group get so gay?” Jin ponders, but he’s smiling, genuine and clearly fond.

“Excuse me, I’m bi, thank you very much.” Yoongi huffs from where he’s been left alone on the couch.

“Same,” Jeongguk says, but it’s muffled from underneath his squirming friends.

Jin rolls his eyes, but chuckles a little. “ *Queer* then.”

The four hyungs watch the three maknaes cuddle awkwardly, far too many limbs and moving body parts for one chair to handle. “So,” Jin says, eyeing the entire group sternly. “No secrets now, right? *Right?* ”

And they all vehemently promise to keep no more secrets, to keep things more transparent. Happy, Jin raises from the loveseat, pressing a soft kiss to Namjoon’s temple. “I’m going to make dinner, then.” He says, still smiling broad and white, so hard his cheeks hurt. He’s just so happy for all his dongsaengs, for the whole group.

And he knows the sentiment is shared by everyone else.

Chapter End Notes

THEY DID IT EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYTHING NOW AHHHHHHH FINALLY sorry its a little short tho :(

Let me know what you thought!!! Comments and kudos are always appreciated uwu

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Taegimin VII

Chapter Summary

Yoongi, Jimin, and Tae get some time alone in the dorm ;)

Chapter Notes

Some visuals for this chapter :3
Jimin: Kitten ears/tail
Taehyung: Fox ears/tail
Aaaaand collars for them both.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One morning, Yoongi corners Namjoon alone in the bathroom as the younger Alpha is trying to brush his teeth. Yoongi stares at him through the mirror until he finally sighs and spits into the sink, mouth still a little frothy around the edges. He turns to face his hyung, asking “What?” a little exasperatedly.

Yoongi continues to stare hard at him for a moment, crossing his arms over his chest. Finally, he says, “I need you to keep everyone out of the house tomorrow night.”

Namjoon’s eyebrows shoot up. “Excuse me?”

Yoongi’s eyes narrow. “Keep everyone out tomorrow night. Except Tae and Jimin, of course.”

“Okay, fine, hyung. What are you guys going to do?”

Yoongi just keeps staring, but his lips twitch up in a little smirk. And then he turns on his heel and leaves.

It’s quiet for a moment before Namjoon suddenly shouts, “Yah, you guys are gross! Keep it to your room, at least!!!”

Yoongi has half a mind to trick Taehyung and Jimin into Namjoon’s bed for that comment, but he wouldn’t want to disrespect Seokjin that way. The younger Alpha is damn lucky for that.

~*~

Despite his complaints, Namjoon is true to his word. After practices the next day, the trio return to a blissfully empty dorm. Yoongi doesn't know how Namjoon did it, and doesn't really care. He's too preoccupied with his precious Omegas.

They make him sit on their bed, claiming to need to go "get ready." Yoongi doesn't really know what that entails, considering their bodies "get ready" naturally, but he waits. The giggles he heard as they went down the hallway don't comfort him any. He's starting to get a little impatient, foot tapping, and he's about to holler out for them when the bedroom door opens a little and Taehyung pops his head inside.

Inexplicably, the Omega is wearing a headband with two big, orange fox ears on it. It's well made, blends with his hair incredibly well, and he looks *cute* , Yoongi thinks. But he's confused, to say the least. Tae's also done up his makeup, stark black eyeliner making his eyes pop. Yoongi can see some of his neck as well, and he can see a hint of black lace. What are they up to?

"Are you ready, hyungie?" Taehyung asks giddily.

"I've been ready since we got home." Yoongi says, a little gruff, and Taehyung just giggles.

Taehyung pushes the door fully open, revealing himself and a shy looking Jimin behind him. Jimin's got dark black cat ears perched on his head as well, clearly made in the same style as Taehyung's. They both have wide, black lace chokers with little rhinestones embossed on them wrapped around their necks. And, as they venture further into the room, he can see that they're both completely naked, but they have long, thick tails that match their ears trailing behind them.

...oh.

Oh .

They most definitely have to be wearing butt plugs with tails attached. Yoongi can smell their slick in the air now. *Holy shit.*

"Do you like it, hyungie?" Tae practically purrs, his hips twitching back and forth to make the tail sway behind him. "Jiminie wasn't sure if you would…"

Yoongi is aware enough that he's been staring at them, open-mouthed

but completely silent. He also knows how much both of his Omegas crave attention, crave praise. He finally closes his mouth, letting a soft smile grace his lips. “You both look *stunning* . Of course I like it.” He affirms. They both preen under the praise, Jimin inching around from where he’d been hiding behind Taehyung. Yoongi open his arms, inviting them both over. “Come here, sweethearts.”

They scramble to comply, each taking one of his thighs to straddle. Jimin ends up on his left, Taehyung on his right. He wraps his arms around their backs, palms settling on the smooth curves above their asses to brace them. “So pretty,” he murmurs after seeing them up close. Now that he can actually see Jimin’s face, he notices that his makeup is done similarly to Taehyung’s. Simple and understated, but still gorgeous. He presses a soft kiss to Jimin’s lips, making the Omega melt into him. He spends a moment there before pulling away, enjoying the way Jimin’s eyelashes flutter and dip, and then he turns and does the same to Taehyung. He pulls back and watches them both, watches as their breathing deepens and they look like they’re fighting between leaning in and claiming more and waiting for him to call the shots. They must make such a sight; his two gorgeous Omega’s with their naked skin and animal ears, tail plugs tucked between their cheeks, straddling him when he’s still fully clothed from their day, in ripped jeans and a loose t-shirt.

He makes them wait it out a moment, payback for making him wait so long while they got ready, before he says, “I want you to kiss each other. Give hyung a show.”

They obey immediately, turning in his lap so they can reach each other. Jimin reaches a hand up to cup Taehyung’s jaw, and then they’re leaning in to capture each others lips. Yoongi watches them, enraptured. They’re beautiful on their own, but the cat and fox ears add an ethereal air to them, making them seem a little more like magical creatures than normal Omega’s. They keep it chaste for a moment, before Jimin is poking his tongue out to trace the seam of Tae’s lips. Tae opens up immediately and their tongues tangle together, moving into a full blown make out session. Their hands start roaming, tracing each other’s smooth skin with reverence. One of Jimin’s hands reaches back to grasp at Yoongi’s forearm where it's wrapped around the Omega’s back, whether its for balance or for some other kind of support, Yoongi isn't sure.

“Look at you two,” Yoongi breathes. “Absolutely gorgeous.” They moan into the kiss as it gets that much more heated. “Did you do this in the bathroom, huh? Get each other all worked up? Is that what

took you so long?”

They don’t answer, but Yoongi doesn’t expect them to. Jimin’s darkening blush and the way Taehyung squirms in his lap is answer enough. Yoongi trails his fingers down both their backs, making Jimin let go of his arm. He doesn’t seem too fazed, though, moving it instead to wrap around Tae’s neck.

He smooths his palms over the curves of their asses, feeling the plush give of them but also the slick gathered on the undercurve of them, dripping down both of their thighs. They definitely got themselves worked up before they put those plugs in. Speaking of the plugs, Yoongi threads his fingers into the soft faux-fur at the base of each one, tugging lightly so the plugs shift inside his Omegas.

They break apart, keening and holding onto each other. They turn and glare at him a little, but he just grins and tugs again, making them shudder in each other’s grip. Their cocks are hard and straining between them, have been since they got in his lap. Yoongi’s jeans are starting to feel more than a little uncomfortable. Perhaps it's` time to get the show on the road, the Alpha thinks.

“Taehyungie,” he says, voice deep and rumbly. Taehyung perks up immediately, looking at his Alpha with wide, trusting eyes. “Do you want your reward now?”

They decided to label Taehyung’s spanking as a ‘reward,’ to start, especially since he thought he would enjoy it. It would be a reward for being so patient, so trusting, and all in all for just being *him*. Taehyung nods eagerly. “Please, Alpha.” he mewls. “Please, I’d really like my reward.”

“Okay, baby.” Yoongi says, peppering iight kisses to Tae’s cheeks before they all shift around. Yoongi stays in pretty much the same spot, but Jimin moves to his side, chin hooking over the Alpha’s left shoulder so he can get a good look at what’s about to happen. Taehyung lays face down across Yoongi’s lap, hips perched carefully on the edge of his Alpha’s thigh so that his ass is at perfect spanking level. He crosses his arms under his head, pillowing them so he’s comfortable. Yoongi traces a line from Taehyung’s shoulder all the way down the lean line of his back, stopping when he reaches the swell of his butt. Tae shivers underneath him, hips twitching to rub his cock along Yoongi’s thigh. The long length of the tail runs along Tae’s thigh, the orange a beautiful contrast to his tanned skin.

Jimin coos into Yoongi's ear. "He's so pretty, hyung." He sounds awestruck.

"He is," Yoongi agrees, fingers running lightly over the curve of his ass. "But he'd look even better with some marks on him, hm?"

Taehyung whimpers underneath him. He can feel Jimin grinning next to him, even if he can't see it. "Yeah, hyung. He really, really would."

Yoongi flattens the palm of his hand over both of Tae's plump cheeks, jostling the plug in the process. Taehyung jerks, a moan hiccuping in his chest. "Are you ready, Taehyung?"

Taehyung nods jerkily, fox ears bouncing atop his head. "Yes, hyung, I'm r-ready."

Yoongi strokes along Tae's soft skin and says, "I'll start slow, okay?"

Just as Taehyung stutters out an, "O-okay." Yoongi pulls his hand back and let's it slap across Tae's right asscheek, not very hard but the sound still echoes across the room. Taehyung yelps, hands coming out from under his head and scrabbling across their blankets.

Yoongi rubs his hand over the stinging mark. "Was that okay?" Yoongi asks, but he pretty much already has his answer in the way Taehyung is rutting his cock into Yoongi's jeans.

"M-more." Taehyung gasps. "More, Alpha, p- *please* ." As he begs, Yoongi rears his hand back again and lands it on the other cheek, only marginally harder, making Taehyung voice pitch higher. He keens, mouth dropping open as he pants.

Yoongi stops holding back. He becomes relentless with his hits, barely keeping a rhythm as Taehyung moans and hiccups through it, tears building in his eyes and running black down his cheeks as they mix with his eyeliner. Tae's ass cheeks turn bright red under Yoongi's palm, skin becoming more and more sensitive with each slap. After a dozen or so hits Yoongi pauses, trailing his fingers over the now-heated skin. Taehyung flinches from the light stimulation, muscles jumping under Yoongi's touch.

Yoongi can feel Jimin breathing harder in his ear, and the Omega isn't doing a very good job of hiding the fact that he's stroking himself- Yoongi can feel Jimin's arm moving, but even more so he can *hear* it, the slick sounds of his fist running over his precum-slicked cock. Yoongi reaches his left hand up from where he'd had it braced on

Tae's shoulder, gripping Jimin's chin between his thumb and forefinger, holding him in place as he swivels his head to look at the other Omega.

"Did I say you could touch yourself?" He growls, voice rumbling deep with a slight Alpha timber that he usually keeps hidden. But he knows Jimin likes to hear it, especially when they play like this.

Jimin shiver, eyes dropping down. They just meet with Taheyung's instead, who looks equal parts intrigued and fucked-out. "N-no," he whimpers, his hand immediately letting go of his own cock. It throbs in the air in tune to his heartbeat.

"No, what?"

"No, A-Alpha." Jimin's voice shakes as he talks.

Yoongi lets him go suddenly and Jimin nearly topples over. "Go sit at the end of the bed." Yoongi commands. "You can watch, but you cannot touch. Us or yourself." Yoongi adds as Jimin scrambles to the end of the bed. He sits cross legged and gets a perfect view of Taehyung's ruddy asscheeks, the orange tail that snakes along the backs of his legs, a lighter cream at the tip. He doesn't like the fact that he's not allowed to touch anymore, though. However, whenever he shifts the slightest bit the plug inside of him shifts deliciously, but he refrains from doing it too much. If his Alpha caught on, he surely wouldn't be happy.

But this, this is what Jimin likes. He likes being told what to do, likes being praised when he does well and reprimanded when he breaks rules. He loves Yoongi's deep voice when he gives him commands, his deft, elegant fingers when he's doling out punishments or rewards. He'll endure this little punishment if it means he'll get more out of it later, when it's his turn.

After ensuring that Jimin listened and is behaving himself, Yoongi returns his attention to Taehyung. He skims his hand over his smooth skin, a little raised in areas where the curves of his fingers hit. "Ready to keep going, Tae-yah?" Taehyung nods mutely but enthusiastically. He really does look fucked out, a flush sitting high on his cheeks, black smudged all around his eyes from his tears. Yoongi is so in love.

Without too much preamble, Yoongi starts spanking Taehyung again. He interchanges hards hits with gentle, teasing ones, making sure each cheek gets equal attention. He revels in the changes in Tae's whimpers and moans with each different hit, keeping note of which places he

seems to like to be hit harder, which one jostle his plug just right to make him keen into the mattress. He goes until his hand starts to go numb, his shoulder aching, and Taehyung is a shaking mess in his lap. He strokes a light hand down Taehyung's back, easing him down. Taehyung pulls shuddery breaths into his lungs, clenching his fingers into their bedding.

Yoongi puts gentle hands under Tae's shoulders, urgin him up slowly. Taehyung manages to get himself up onto shaking knees, straddling Yoongi's lap and whimpering when his abused skin brushes across the rough denim of Yoongi's jeans. Yoongi reaches up to cup Tae's jaw in his hands, stroking the tears off his cheeks with his thumbs. "Was that okay, sweetheart? Use your words for me."

Taehyung nods, lower lip wobbling as a few more tears slip down his cheeks and catch in his palms. "I r-really liked it, Alpha." He stutters out, sniffling just a little.

"Good, baby." Yoongi murmurs, and pulls Taehyung into a slow, gentle kiss, easing him into the transition he's about to make in the scene. Their tongues tangle together languidly, Tae's shaking arms coming to loop around Yoongi's neck, pulling himself closer. The line of his cock rubs up against Yoongi's shirt, making Taehyung jerk a little at the oversensitivity. Yoongi takes his time, enjoying the taste of his sweet Omega and the way he melts in his lap. He eventually pulls back though, knowing that Jimin is bound to be getting restless, watching his two partners make out right in front of him. Taehyung's lips are left spit slick and shiny, eyes unfocused and a little glazed over.

"How would you feel if Jiminie rode you, hm?" Yoongi can see Jimin perk up from out of the corner of his eye. Tae's lips drop open, a breathless sound escaping him. "You wanna see him bounce on your pretty cock, all desperate and whimpering for you?"

Taehyung nods jerkily, those fox ears bouncing with the motion. "Yes, hyung, p-please. I want- *I want it* ."

Yoongi leans in and captures Tae's lower lip between his teeth, nibbling lightly before letting it go. "Okay, sweetheart. Go lay down on the bed for me, I'll get him ready for you."

Taehyung crawls off of him, going to lay down in the space behind. As he goes, Yoongi gets one last good view of the Omega's bright red ass cheeks, turning darker in the areas he hit hared- along the top most

curves, on the underside where his thighs meet his ass. He sees a glint of silver winking against Taehyung's hole as the tail moves and he has to bite back a groan at the sight.

He turns his attention to Jimin, who still sitting at the end of the bed, hands curled into fists at his sides to avoid touching himself. Yoongi resituates himself, sitting where he's facing Jimin with Taehyung spread out beside him. "Come here, Jiminie." He says, voice soft and adoring.

Jimin does so, crawling over on his hands and knees with his back arched a little to show the smooth lines of his back and the black cat tail peeking from between his cheeks. The soft ears on his head give him an air of innocence, but Yoongi knows better. Jimin finally climbs into his lap, slotting there easily and looping his arms around his Alpha's neck. Yoongi holds him close, hands skimming across his back. "You've been such a good boy, Jiminie. So good for your Alpha." Jimin preens under the praise, whimpering lightly. Yoongi leans in and nibbles at Jimin's jawline, biting softly and tonguing over the scent glands there. Jimin's sweet berry scent is thick with arousal, hanging around them and melding with Yoongi's sandalwood and pastries and Taehyung's lingering vanilla and caramel. Yoongi inhales it deeply, but doesn't let himself get too lost in it. They've still got more to do.

"Why don't you help hyung strip down, hm?" He murmurs as he pulls back, Jimin's breath fanning hot against his face.

"Okay," Jimin breathes, reaching down with shaky hands to grip the hem of Yoongi's t-shirt. Yoongi lets him pull it over his head, finally exposing some of his pale skin, the lean muscles threaded into his torso and arms. Jimin wiggles out of his lap so he can unbutton Yoongi's jeans, and the Alpha raises his hips up so Jimin can pull them and his underwear down. They're tossed off to the side and Yoongi groans as they pressure is finally taken off of his aching cock.

He welcomes Jimin back into his lap and pulls him into a kiss, letting his palms settle on Jimin's plush backside. Jimin moans as the movement jostles the plug, muffled against Yoongi's lips. Yoongi inches his fingers towards Jimin's crack, letting his fingers brush across the soft black fur before looping the tail around his fingers. Jimin pulls back gasping, letting his forehead rest against Yoongi's. Using the leverage he has now, Yoongi tugs on the plug before it finally starts to slip free. Jimin whines prettily against him, hips arching against the sensation. Yoongi hushes him softly, pulling slowly

but steadily until the widest part of the plug is free and the rest slips out easily. Jimin groans at being suddenly empty, but Yoongi just sets the plug aside and trails his fingers between Jimin's slick coated cheeks, slick leaking steadily out of him after being plugged up inside of him for so long. He's probably sufficiently stretched from the plug, but it's better safe than sorry. Yoongi pushes two fingers in easily, Jimin still loose and wet from the plug.

Jimin keens, throwing his head back in pleasure. Yoongi grins, leaning in to bite at Jimin's collarbones as he adds a third finger. He thrusts them in and out steadily, scissoring them a little to add to the stretch. He purposely avoids Jimin's prostate, not wanting the Omega to get too worked up before he gets onto Taehyung's cock. Jimin whines and groans, hips twitching like he wants to grind back onto him, but knows he can't when Yoongi hasn't given him permission. His slick drips down Yoongi's hand and wrist, squelching almost obscenely with each pump of his fingers.

Finally satisfied with how loose Jimin is, and more than ready to see the Omega bounce on Taehyung's cock himself, he pulls his fingers free. Jimin whines but Yoongi silences him with a kiss before pulling back to say, "Go to Taehyung, baby, he's waiting for you."

Jimin practically flies off his lap, but Yoongi doesn't mind. He's just as excited, even if he doesn't show it outwardly. He gets onto his knees and turns to face his Omega's, met with the sight of Jimin straddling Tae's waist and leaning down to kiss the living daylights out of him. Tae's long, hard cock is nestled between Jimin's wet cheeks, but it seems like their waiting for Yoongi to join. Or they're just too lost in each other's mouths, it's hard to tell.

He ventures over to them, letting his hand cup the back of Jimin's skull. Jimin shudders and pulls back from Taehyung with a gasp and a little, wet *pop* . His Omega's look up at him with trusting eyes and his heart squeezes with fondness. He presses a soft kiss to Jimin's temple, reaching his free hand down to stroke Tae's hair, fingers catching against the fox ears. His youngest Omega whimpers, Jimin following suit, and Yoongi pulls back to admire them both a little more. Before the silence can stretch too long he licks his lip and murmurs, "Don't you wanna ride Taetae's cock, Jiminie? He's so big and hard for you, you shouldn't keep him waiting."

Jimin groans, broken and high. Taehyung moans beneath them, hips twitching. Yoongi reaches back and grips the base of Taehyung's cock to keep it steady as Jimin readjusts himself and starts to lower down.

Both Omegas keen in unison as Taehyung's cock finally, *finally* breaches into Jimin's hole. Yoongi removes his hand as Jimin sinks further down. He watches in awe as his partners bring each other pleasure, Jimin rocking his hips slowly up and down. Yoongi wants to touch himself but doesn't, knowing the gorgeous sight of his Omegas would tip him over the edge far too soon.

But then Taehyung gasps out, "Hyung," looking deep into Yoongi's eyes, and his fingers latch onto Jimin's hips, guiding the other Omega in a steady rhythm.

Yoongi hums, carding his fingers into Tae's hair again. "Yes, baby?"

"Do, *ah* , do you remember back in the hotel room? What you said?"

Yoongi racks his brain but it doesn't help much. He said *a lot* in that hotel room, his mouth tends to get away from him during sex.

Taehyung takes the reins, though, as he sees his Alpha struggling. "You said, *mmm* , y-you said that J-Jimin would love to suck your cock while I fucked him." Jimin and Yoongi both gasp a little at his words, and he continues on. "Do you th-think he'd still want that?"

Jimin turns to Yoongi, still grinding down onto Tae's cock. His eyes are wide and desperate, his mouth dropped open on silent moans. "Please, hyung, *please* ." He cries. "Please, I need your cock, I need both of you, *please* ."

"Of course, baby," Yoongi assures, raising to stand on the bed. He steps over Taehyung's body, one foot on either side of his waist. His cock is at perfect level with Jimin's pouty mouth, and the second Yoongi is steady he wastes no time before taking him into his mouth, swallowing him halfway in one go.

The wet heat, the amazing suction of Jimin's mouth is something that Yoongi will never really get used to. Not that he would want to, really. He's not as smooth as he's normally be, since he's being jarred up and down on Taehyung's cock as well, but Yoongi thinks it's perfect regardless. He threads his fingers into the back of Jimin's head, just behind those cat ears, and tightens them just on the edge of *too much* , knowing full well that Jimin likes that little bite of pain.

Jimin moans around his cock and moves sloppily up and down, spit leaking out the corners of his mouth. He's too far gone to keep it clean, but Yoongi couldn't care less at this point. The vibrations that go through his cock let him know how embarrassingly close he is, but

the way Jimin's movements on Tae's cock go sporadic, the way Taehyung's moans are getting higher pitched tell him that he's not the only one.

Taehyung cums first, Yoongi can tell by the way his moans suddenly choke off and the humping beneath him slows considerably. He realizes, a little belatedly, that Taehyung still has his plug in so he's been stimulated from the inside and the out this whole time. Jimin cums next, probably from the warmth of Taehyung's cum inside him and the stretch of Yoongi's cock down his throat. He cums untouched, painting his own chest white as some of it lands on Taehyung as well. Hearing his lovers get off puts Yoongi right on the edge, and he uses his grip on Jimin's hair to pull him back until just the tip is inside his mouth. He cums with a loud groan, pleasure zipping fast through his veins, pooling hot and heavy in Jimin's waiting mouth. Jimin swallows greedily, always eager to take all that his Alpha can give him.

He pulls Jimin off and collapses to his knees next to Taehyung, flopping over face first. His shoulder is wedged on top of Tae's, the Omega's head resting neatly in the space next to Yoongi's neck. He hears his Omegas giggle as Jimin climbs nimbly off of Taehyung, moving to lay out on top of him, his head on Taehyung's chest and his hand coming up to stroke across Yoongi's back.

They breathe together, cooling down slowly. Eventually, Taehyung starts shifting uncomfortably and Yoongi groans as it shakes the whole bed. "Tae-yah, *stop it* ." He growls halfheartedly.

"I still have a plug deep in my asshole, *hyung* ." The Omega shoots back with a whine. Jimin tries and fails to hide his giggles.

Yoongi sighs, raising himself up. "Come on then, we could all use a shower now."

Taehyung ends up in the hallway first, walking to the bathroom ahead of his partners with a sway in his hips that makes that fox tail swish prettily. Jimin turns to Yoongi and waggles his eyebrows, and the Alpha just snorts, pushing his Omega into the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

> Sooooo part of their sexual fantasies from that one chapter have been completed! And the last part will be coming reallyyyyy soon!!! (you know which part)

Let me know what you thought!!!!!

Twitter: rangerwray12

Namjin IX/Hopekook IV/Taegimin VIII

Chapter Summary

Namjoon and Jin being naughty, Jeonggukie's first heat, and Yoongi's fantasy. Oh my.

Chapter Notes

Some visuals :3

Jeonggukie's plug (not really nsfw but it *is* a sex toy. So.): Here
Yoongi's ears: Here

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All of this is one hundred percent, completely and truly, Namjoon's fault.

He's the one that came home with the little box in his hands, smiling shyly and asking Jin to try it out knowing full well that they were going to be spending the evening with Jeongguk and Hoseok in the living room, watching movies and pigging out on popcorn. He's the one that used those ridiculous puppy dog eyes until Jin finally caved, because he is weak for this man that he loves so much.

And that's how Kim Seokjin finds himself in their living room, lap covered with a blanket and a bowl of popcorn, cuddling with his Alpha on the love seat with Ggukie and Hobi on the couch. Oh, and Jin has a plug nestled in his asshole that's vibrations are controlled by an app on Namjoon's phone.

Yeah.

His Alpha keeps it pretty tame through the first movie, a quiet romantic comedy that Hoseok picked out. The vibrator sits on a low thrum the hole time, low enough that Jin can almost forget about it unless he shifts around or moves his legs. The first movie is fine, but the second movie is infinitely worse.

The second movie is some slasher flick with crescendoing music and screams every minute or so. Namjoon uses the loudness of it as cover to hike up the vibrations, making Jin jump and yelp, but it's completely inconspicuous since it's in time with all the scares in the film. His hands start shaking not even thirty minutes in, the muscles in

his thighs shaking with the spikes in pleasure coursing through his veins. He pushes the bowl of popcorn into Namjoon's lap, increasingly worried that he'll end up tossing it to the floor. His cock his hard in his sweats, digging uncomfortably into his waistband, leaking precum onto his skin and into the fabric. The *only* reason he is thankful for the plug is that it's keeping all his slick *inside* instead of staining his clothes and the couch.

During a really suspenseful part, Namjoon cranks the vibes up to a hundred a leaves them there for awhile, making Jin tense up and reach out to clutch Namjoon's arm. He digs his nails into Namjoon's skin, making sure to do it as hard as he can because Namjoon is an asshole and he *deserves* it for what he's making Jin go through. After that, the scene calms down and so do the vibrations. Namjoon keeps it relatively low for the rest of the movie, only spiking the vibes up a few more times but never as intense as before.

As Hoseok starts the third movie, Namjoon leans over and whispers into Jin's ear, "Are you getting close, baby?"

Something in Jin kind of just...snaps. He shoves the blanket off of his lap and stands up, headless of the tent in his sweats and the obviously darker patch growing on the front. He grabs Namjoon's wrist and hauls him up as well, pulling his Alpha down the hall and shouting a callous, "We're going to bed!" over his shoulder.

The second they're in their room, Jin slams the door closed and pushes Namjoon onto the bed before tearing at the Alpha's sweats. Namjoon looks a little shell shocked by Jin doesn't *care* , he just needs to be fucked *now.* He pulls Namjoon's pants off just far enough to release his cock, and then shucks his own pants off. He reaches behind him and pulls the plug out, wincing a little as he does so, and tosses it across the floor. He climbs onto Namjoon with a sneer, spitting out a harsh, "You're a fucking asshole." before he lowers himself onto the Alpha's cock and sheaths it inside himself in one fell swoop.

Namjoon moans in surprise and in pleasure, hands reaching up to steady around Jin's lean waist. Jin takes control, not even letting Namjoon getting the leverage to try and thrust up, just fucks himself hard onto his Alpha's cock until he's seeing stars. He pants hard, the harsh sounds of their breathing and the slapping sound of skin on skin echoing through the room. He's usually pretty adamant against having sex when the others are home but this is *Namjoon's* fault, not his.

They fuck hard and fast, Jin already close to the edge after being

teased for nearly four hours. With a particularly well aimed thrust to his prostate, he falls apart, shooting ropes of cum across Namjoon's shirt and even some up onto his own. His hole clenches around Namjoon as he cums, and the milking motion makes Namjoon cum as well, pumping his semen deep into Jin as they both moan through it. Jin collapses onto Namjoon's chest, and doesn't remember much else because he passes out almost immediately.

The next morning, after cleaning himself up and glaring at his shy looking Alpha, he makes his way to the kitchen to start everyone's breakfast. A few minutes into it, Hoseok bounces into the kitchen, making his way over to Jin and tossing an arm around his shoulders. "You know, hyung." he says seriously, but a broad smile is on his lips. "I think you scarred poor Jeonggukie."

Jin tenses, hands stilling from where he was stirring porridge on the stove. "Sorry," he says sheepishly. "We'll...we'll try to keep it down next time."

"Nah, not that." Hoseok says, jostling his arm so Jin sways a little bit. "No offense, but we could smell you two the whole time in the living room. Poor Ggukie may not be able to scent you guys the same way again."

Jin drops his spoon, stepping away from Hoseok with a murderous look in his eyes. "Excuse me for a moment, Hobi."

Hoseok just nods, a knowing grin on his face.

Jin stalks out of the kitchen and down the hall to where his Alpha is still in bed. He takes a deep breath about halfway down the hall and shouts. "KIM NAMJOON, I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!"

Hoseok's laughter can be heard through the whole house.

~*~

Jeongguk wakes up one morning feeling uncomfortably warm and needy.

He can tell it's earlier than they need to be awake, but he's suddenly too antsy to fall back asleep, energy thrumming under his skin. He

pushes his ways closer into Hoseok's arms; they had a tendency to cuddle with each other in the night, an ever growing need to just be closer to each other. He chalks the weird feeling in his veins up to being wrapped up in their covers and his Beta's arms, to a night of good sleep that ended too early.

Jeongguk blinks blearily, eyes focusing on the sharp lines of Hoseok's collarbones. The Beta forwent a shirt when they went to bed, since Jeongguk is a natural furnace and puts out enough heat on a normal night for the both of them. But Jeongguk is feeling even warmer than normal and the sight of those beautiful dips and curve make his teeth itch. He knows, he *knows* he shouldn't because they have shows and other promos coming soon, but he can't help but trace his lips over Hoseok's shoulder, inching toward his neck. When that doesn't satiate his need, he starts to nibblie lightly with his teeth, enjoying the soft give of Hoseok's skin, they way it flushes pink so easily. It's almost an addicting feeling, the way he wants to keep marking Hoseok's skin, to claim him as his own. But then Hoseok is groaning sleepily above him, so he changes tactics again and starts peppering soft kisses over Hoseok's skin.

Hoseok brings a hand up to thread into the hair at the back of Jeongguk's head. Jeongguk abandons his task and looks up to Hoseok's face to find the Beta watching him with tired eyes, but there's a soft smile on his lips. The sight makes an overwhelming fondness bloom in Jeongguk's chest and he whimpers, shoving his face into Hoseok's neck to hide, but to also inhale the fresh citrus coming off his skin, that fills his head so nice and feels like *home* .

Because of this, Jeongguk misses the look of concern that etches over Hoseok's face, the slow dawn of understanding. "Are you feeling okay, bunny?" He asks, voice sleep deep but careful.

Jeongguk whines a little bit, nosing into Hoseok's throat. "I f-feel *warm* ." He stutters out, and he's surprised how rough and broken it sounds. "And i-itchy." he whimpers.

"Oh, sweetie," Hoseok coos. "Baby, I think you're going into heat."

"I-I don't f-feel that bad." Jeongguk insists.

They had no clear cut way of knowing the exact time Jeongguk's heat would hit, but the doctor he had been seeing had guessed it would be sometime soon. The managers were keeping Jeongguk's schedule lighter than normal to accommodate, but now that it seemed to be

happening, Hoseok knew he'd have to convince them to let him stay with the Omega. They knew they were a couple; it was in their best interests to be as open with the company as possible, even if they couldn't come out to the public. But the issue still remains that Hoseok is a Beta, and they won't see his place with Jeongguk as as important, like they would if he were an Alpha.

He and Jeongguk had had some pretty lengthy conversations. Even though they cared about each other so much, and had known each other for so long, their relationship was still a fledgling. Hoseok had assured Jeongguk that he didn't have to let Hoseok help him through it. But Jeongguk had been adamant that he wanted him to. "You take such good care of me, Hoseokie. I know it'll be better with you there."

"It's just starting, Ggukie. It'll get more intense from here."

Jeongguk whines and burrows closer, but he seems more distressed than he was before. "H-Hoseokie, I'm-m scared."

Hoseok hushes him softly, carding his fingers through Jeongguk's hair. "It'll be okay, bunny. Hyung is gonna take good care of you, okay? I just need to go talk to Namjoon so we can get everything sorted with the managers."

Hoseok tries to disentangle himself from Jeongguk's arms, but Jeongguk latches onto his wrist as he tries to stand up, so hard Hoseok is sure it'll leave bruises. "N-no, hyung, you c-can't leave me!"

Hoseok's heart breaks because Jeongguk's eyes look so wide and panicked, so lost. This is a completely new experience for the Omega and, despite all of the advice they've tried to give him, he looks terrified. Hoseok leans back in, pressing a soft kiss to Jeongguk's temple. Jeongguk whimpers brokenly, trying to pull the Beta close again. But Hoseok gently pushes him away, freeing his wrist from Jeongguk's grip. "I'll be right back, Ggukie. I just need to talk to the managers and Namjoon. I'll be right back, I promise."

Jeongguk hates the idea of his hyung leaving, but knows Hoseok wouldn't do it if he didn't need to. He nods sulkily and burrows down into their covers, arranging pillows and blankets all around him until he feels more comfortable. *Nesting* , he thinks, *that's what Jin-hyung called it* .

He doesn't know how long Hoseok is gone for, but he does know that he's getting more uncomfortable by the second. The heat is building aggressively under his skin, making him flush red all over. He's

sweltering at this point, but doesn't want to shed clothes or the blankets for fear of losing his dear Beta's scent. There's also a desperate arousal thrumming low in his veins, not overpowering but definitely *there* . It aches in his belly, making his cock half hard and slick leak persistently from his hole. They had taken to sleeping with the plastic mattress covers, just in case his heat hit suddenly like this. Hoseok has always been smarter than most people seemed to believe.

Unconscious whines are falling from his lips. He couldn't stop them if he wanted to, they build in his throat unbidden and escape no matter how hard he clenches his jaw. Suddenly, the blankets he had wrapped around his head and upper body are being pulled away. The sudden hit of cool air is like heaven on his heated skin, but the disappearance of Hoseok's skin makes him cry out, makes tears well in his eyes. He can't lose his hyung, he *can't.*

But then familiar hands are smoothing the sweaty strands of his hair off his forehead before reaching down to pull at the hem of his shirt. Jeongguk whimpers, but the cool air feels so nice. It's an incredibly slight reprieve, but he appreciates it nonetheless.

"God, sweetheart, you're burning up." Hoseok murmurs. Jeongguk latches onto the voice like a lifeline, clutching onto Hoseok's arms and making it ultimately difficult for Hoseok to continue to strip him down. But the Beta takes it in stride and eventually Jeongguk is bare, the excess blankets pushed to the floor. Hoseok climbs into the bed and is blissfully already naked. Jeongguk doesn't question it, just clings to him and ruts his aching, leaky cock into his hyung's thigh.

"I n-need you, hyung." He keens, burying his face into Hoseok's neck to inhale his scent desperately. "I need you, I need you, please make it *stop* ."

Hoseok urges his face up with a steady hand. He lets Jeongguk continue to hump his thigh and claims the Omega's lips in a sweet, sloppy kiss. Jeongguk's too gone to use any sort of finesse, but Hoseok doesn't seem to care. Jeongguk pours everything he can into the kiss; his need, his desperation but also his love, the overwhelming thankfulness he feels. The kiss doesn't do anything to quell the heat in his veins, but it settles the desperation just a little. His thrusts against Hoseok's leg become erratic, less controlled, and he's already so close to his first orgasm.

Then Hoseok pulls away, leaning down to bite at Jeongguk's earlobe and whisper huskily, "Cum for me, bunny. Cum for hyung."

Jeongguk does with a shout, the orgasm more intense than anything he's ever felt in his life, amplified by the heat in his veins and Hoseok's scent stuffing his nose.

The second he starts to come down from the high, Hoseok rolls him onto his stomach, grabbing his hips to pull him up onto all fours. The desperation is suddenly back again, flaring hot in Jeongguk's belly. He can feels slick dripping down his thighs, the new position letting it leak more freely. He usually prefers being on his back, being able to see Hobi's face, but something about the heat and being on all fours is making his Omega side scream with delight.

"Fuck me," he mewls, wiggling his hips to entice Hoseok. "Please, fuck me, hyung, I need you in me, I need your cock, *hyung* ."

"Sh," Hoseok says, smoothing his palms down Jeongguk's back. It all seems too gentle for the situation, but when he reaches Jeongguk's ass cheeks he uses one hand to push them apart and expose his dripping hole, and then two fingers of the other are being shoved inside without preamble.

Jeongguk, honest to God, *screams* . The feeling is so intense that he nearly blacks out, legs trembling violently. But he manages to keep it together, even as Hoseok slides in a third finger and thrusts against his prostate mercilessly. Each thrust punches moans out of Jeongguk's throat, chitters escaping in between. Hoseok reaches his free hand around and clasps it around Jeongguk's aching cock. The moment he starts to stroke in tune with the thrusts of his other hand, Jeongguk cums again. He shouts as his hole clenches around Hoseok's fingers. Hoseok milks him through the whole thing, pumping rope after rope out of him and soaking the sheets under him.

Hoseok reaches one hand up Jeongguk's back and threads it into the Omega's hair, pulling his head and neck back. Hoseok kneels over him, growling straight into his ear. "You want hyung to fuck you, huh? Like the needy bunny you are?"

Jeongguk whimpers, pushing his body back into Hoseok's. He can feel his Beta's hard cock against the curve of his ass, long and hard and he *wants it* . "Please," he pants. "Please, I want you, I *need* you, hyung, please. P-please, please fuck me."

Hoseok leans in to bite at the juncture of Jeongguk's neck and shoulder. Jeongguk keens, arching into it. Hoseok laves his tongue over the mark before murmuring, "What my bunny wants, my bunny

gets.”

He braces one hand on Jeongguk’s shoulder, reaching down with the other to line up his cock. He pushes in, slow and steady. Jeongguk sees stars, Hoseok’s cock so much better feeling than his fingers were (although they were still lovely). Black dots tinge around the edges of his vision as Hoseok starts to thrust, building up an animalistic pace immediately.

Jeongguk white-knuckles the sheets, crying out with every thrust. The heat has consumed every pore of him now, making him dizzy and fuzzy, the only points holding him to reality the slick slide of Hoseok’s cock in his hole and the Beta’s deep, sex-dripped voice.

“Fuck, you feels so good, Jeonggukie.” Hoseok pants. “So wet and loose for hyung, yeah? Want me to pump you full of cum, fill that little tummy of yours?”

Tears are dripping down Jeongguk’s face. Hoseok perfectly hits his prostate on every thrust, sliding along all his sensitive spots along the way. He cries out, moving his own hips back to meet Hoseok’s thrusts. “Please, please, hyung. Please fill me up, I need your cum, I need it so *bad* .”

“Fuck,” Hoseok grits out, gripping onto Jeongguk’s hips to help the Omega slam back onto his cock. “Fuck, bunny, you keep that up and I’m not gonna last long.”

But Jeongguk wants Hoseok to cum *now* , needs it in him like he needs air. He uses the last of his strength to push back even harder, practically bouncing off of him. The lewd sound of skin on skin, of dripping slick fills the entire room and Jeongguk loves it.

“Cum in me,” he groans. “Please, hyung, cum in me now, now, *now-* ”

Hoseok’s grip on his hips tightens so much that Jeongguk can feel the bruises forming. He fucks into him brutally, so hard that Jeongguk can’t even thrust back anymore, can only hold on for the ride. He keens through it, tears and snot dripping down his face, his hole and his cock leaking slick in copious amounts. Hoseok is close, he’s gotta be, and Jeongguk wants it.

Hoseok suddenly shouts, his hips stilling as he thrusts as deep as he can go. Jeongguk wants to whine at the loss of friction, but then he can feel Hoseok’s cock throbbing, the first shots of cum filling him.

Hoseok's cum still feels hot, even against Jeongguk's heated insides. It feels like a miracle; Jeongguk is suddenly washed with relief so intense that it makes him cum, too, and it's almost too much, he's so sensitive, but it pushes some of the heat out of his veins, and he feels like he can breathe again as he comes back down. Hoseok holds his hips close but leans away to reach for something. And then he's pulling his hips back and Jeongguk panics.

"Nonono, it's gonna come out, hyung, I need- I need it, *no* -"

Hoseok coos softly. "It's okay, bunny, I've got you." His softening cock slips free but before Jeongguk can panic again a smooth, cold, blunt edge is being nudged against his hole before any of the cum or slick can start to drip out.

Jeongguk knows what it is. Hoseok had bought it as a "joke," even though Jeongguk knows the Beta really put a lot of thought into it. It's a silver plug, wide enough to stretch a little but not be uncomfortable. It has a heart-shaped stone set into the base in a pale purple color. ("Because you're scent has lavender in it." Hoseok had said with a shy smile.)

Jeongguk relaxes immediately as the plug is pushed into his hole, effective trapping Hoseok's cum inside of him. He lets Hoseok manipulate him onto his side, nudging him over to the dry side of the bed. Hoseok lays in the wet spot, ever the gentleman, and wraps Jeongguk up in his arms. Jeongguk is experiencing a nice reprieve, but he knows from the talks he's had with the other Omegas it won't last long before the next wave hits him. But at least, for now, he can doze in Hoseok's arms and bathe in his scent.

~*~

Yoongi whispers it in the middle of the night to his Omegas, so quiet they almost don't hear:

"I think I'm ready."

There's no context, but they know exactly what he means. They grin and hold him close, one on either side of him, cooing soft words of comfort and scenting until they eventually fell asleep. They can work on logistics in the morning.

It takes several days before they can get the dorm to themselves, their schedules just too busy to get any free time, let alone enough time to treat Yoongi how he deserves. They also have to get supplies they've never needed before; namely lube, but Taehyung also picks up something from the local party store that has Jimin cackling. Hopefully Yoongi won't actually kill them for it.

The day finally comes and Jimin and Taehyung can tell Yoong is nervous. They still have to go to vocals that morning, but the afternoon sees the dorm all to themselves as the rest of the group continues practices and studio work. During vocals, Jimin and Tae sit on either side of Yoongi, unintentionally protective. It seems to calm their Alpha down some, thought, so it's all worth it.

They make it through vocals without incident and a driver takes them back to the dorm. The Omegas take Yoongi by each wrist, pulling him to their room with soft, excited smiles. When they finally make it and the door is shut behind them, the Omegas start to strip their Alpha immediately, pressing soft, worshipful kisses to his skin as they go. Yoongi lets them do as they please, knowing that the point of this all is to let them take control. They push him to sit on the edge of their bed. Jimin crawls into his lap to claim his lips in a sweet, comforting kiss as Taehyung strips himself. They then switch places so that Jimin can do the same.

The Alpha goes pliant for them immediately, seeming all too eager to give up the control he's usually tasked with. With them all naked, they collapse into the bed. The Omegas hover over Yoongi, taking turns kissing his plush lips. While one does that, the other trails kisses down his jaw and neck. Jimin pulls away from the kiss, stroking the hair off Yoongi's forehead. Taehyung doesn't reclaim them right away, just looks at their Alpha with a soft, fond expression. "You look so good, hyung. So pretty for us."

Yoongi shudders, eyes slipping closed. Jimin presses a kiss to the Alpha's cheekbone. "If it ever feels like too much just tell us to stop and we will, okay?"

Yoongi nods in an affirmative, eyes blinking back open. He reaches one hand up to cup Jimin's cheek. "I trust you." He whispers, voice halfway to wrecked already.

Jimin finally pulls away, letting Taehyung take his spot to kiss their Alpha some more. He changes tactics, however, crawling further down Yoongi's side to trail his fingers down the Alpha's pale chest, ever the

lean muscle hiding under his slender physique. He reaches one hand under the pillow by Yoongi's head, pulling a bottle of lube free. They had hid it there that morning before they left, so it would be within easy reach. Jimin tucks it between his thighs so it'll start to warm and continues to trace the lines of Yoongi's body.

"You're so gorgeous, hyung." Jimin breathes, loud enough for the other two to hear him. Yoongi gasps, breaking away from Taehyung's mouth and letting his head drop back. Taehyung takes it in stride, pressing sucking kisses down Yoongi's neck and to his chest. "Taehyungie," Jimin murmurs. Tae doesn't stop, but makes a noise to show he's listening. "Why don't you get the surprise you bought for our Alpha, hm?"

Yoongi's head perks up, his brows pinched in confusion. Jimin smiles beatifically at him while Taehyung hops off the bed. He goes over to their closet, where they hid the little gift so Yoongi wouldn't see it. The youngest Omega clambers back to the bed, carrying a slim headband in his hands. It's not like the ears Tae and Jimin have; the little koala ears are made of craft felt, but it was too perfect to pass up on. Yoongi eyes it a little warily, and Jimin feels the need to say, "You don't have to wear it if you don't want to, hyungie. We just thought it'd look cute."

Taehyung's fingers twist anxiously around the headband. "Yeah, don't feel pressured to wear it, Yoongi-hyung."

Yoongi stares a second longer before chuckling lightly, reaching a hand out. "Fuck it. Give it to me. But I reserve the right to take them off."

"Of course!" Both Omegas chirp and Taehyung hands over the koala ears. Yoongi admires them, turning the headband over in his hands, before reaching up and slotting the band behind his ears. The little felt ears sit on the crown of his head, partially obscured by the poof of his hair. It's undeniably *cute* and Jimin has to hide a squee. He and Taehyung share an overly fond look, both clearly brimming with fondness.

Yoongi pouts, but its completely offset by the ears. "If you don't go back to touching me, I *will* take them off."

"Ooo, he's making demands now?" Taehyung coos. "That's not what's supposed to happen, is it, Jiminie?"

"Nope," Jimin says, lips popping on the 'p'.

“We’ll listen this time, hyungie.” Tae teases. “But you better learn your place.”

A blush rises on Yoongi’s cheeks, and his gaze ducks down. Jimin coos, gliding his fingers along Yoongi’s thigh. Their Alpha is already mostly-hard, his lengthy cock laying against his thigh like it’s too heavy to hold up on its own (it is, Jimin knows this from experience). Jimin continues his featherlight exploration, letting the pads of his fingers ghost over the base of Yoongi’s cock. Yoongi twitches and gasps. Jimin smiles at his responsiveness. Taehyung returns to kissing Yoongi’s neck and jaw, laving his tongue over the Alpha’s scent glands and making tiny moans hiccup in Yoongi’s chest.

Jimin plucks the lube from between his thighs, maneuvering around the bed until he’s in between Yoongi’s legs. He lays down between them but props himself up on one elbow so that he has some leverage. He lets the Alpha’s leg lay over his elevated shoulder, giving him room to work. He keeps the lube curled in one fist, but before he jumps right in he leans down and takes the head of Yoongi’s cock in between his lips, sucking on it lightly. Yoongi jumps, having been unable to see Jimin from where Taehyung is on his chest. But he moans approvingly, hips twitching a little but knowing he can’t push his luck too far.

Jimin takes Yoongi a little further into his mouth, laving his tongue across the underside. He can feel Yoongi’s cock hardening in his mouth, and it’s such a unique and utterly addicting feeling. He loves that he can bring their Alpha so much pleasure, and that he and Taehyung will get to show him new facets of sex that he hasn’t been able to experience before.

With Yoongi fully hard in his mouth, he pops the cap on the lube and spreads some across the fingers of his free hand. He recaps it and sets it aside for later, bringing his now-slick fingers to circle around the rim of his Alpha’s asshole. Yoongi groans, loud and unabashed. Jimin hums appreciatively, and swallows further down as he eases the tip of one finger inside. Yoongi seems receptive to it. Jimin looks up through his eyelashes to see Taehyung watching him, having twisted his body around to mouth at Yoongi’s torso and watch Jimin at the same time. Jimin grins at him as best he can around Yoongi’s cock, and then swallows his cock all the way down as he presses his finger further inside.

Taehyung and Jimin had discussed this all beforehand. They had agreed to let Jimin finger their Alpha open, but Taehyung would be

the one to fuck him this time. They thought about switching, but didn't want to overwhelm Yoongi too much for his first time. They would have plenty more opportunities later on.

As Jimin pulls back up, he nudges a second finger against Yoongi's entrance. He glides back down and presses the second finger in. Yoongi is so *tight* , Jimin just knows he's going to feel amazing around Taehyung's cock. He sucks Yoongi's cock and pumps his fingers in and out in time. He scissors them a little, adding a bit of stretch, and Yoongi groans above them. It takes some time, some coaxing and soft words, and some more lube, but eventually Jimin is sliding three fingers in and out easily, fanning them out for some more stretch, just to makes sure.

"I'm ready," Yoongi moans, head tossing back and forth across the pillow. Jimin pulls off Yoongi's cock, intrigued, but keeps pumping his fingers. "I'm r-ready, please, just fuck me."

Hearing Yoongi beg for it, unprompted, sends arousal straight through Jimin's core. Jimin meets Taehyung's eyes and they share a silent nod. They think he's ready, too.

They switch positions, Jimin going up by Yoongi's torso and Taehyung kneeling between his spread thighs. Taehyung slicks up his own cock generously, and drizzles a little more straight onto Yoongi's hole. Yoongi shudders, but Jimin presses sweet kisses to his cheek, down his jaw, to soothe him. Taehyung lines himself up and pushes slowly in. Jimin watches as Yoongi's eyes blow open, his mouth dropping open in a perfect little 'o'. Jimin nuzzles his nose behind Yoongi's ear, accidentally nudging the koala headband, and purrs, "How do you feel, hyungie?"

"Full," Yoongi gasps. "F-full, but it's good. It's-it's really good."

Jimin grins, happy that the Alpha is enjoying it. Taehyung sheaths himself slowly, biting his lip in concentration. "God, Alpha, you're so *tight* ." Taehyung grits out. "You feel so fucking good, hyung, holy *shit* ."

Yoongi seems to preen under the praise, his chest puffing up a little. Taehyung begins to thrust a little, short and slow at first until Yoongi gets used to it. When he starts to get used to it, to loosen up a little more, and Taehyung's thrusts become a little more free, JImin asks, "Hyungie, do you want more? Can I fuck myself on your cock?" Yoongi gasps, gaze whipping over to Jimin who is grinning broadly.

“You can fuck me while Taetae fucks you. Do you want that?”

Yoongi looks a little dazed, pleasure already coursing his veins from Taehyung’s cock. He nods dumbly, mouth opening and closing but no words coming out. Jimin’s grin widens impossibly and he leans in to peck at Yoongi’s nose. Then he moves, straddling the Alpha’s waist so that he’s facing Yoongi. He’s been leaking slick steadily ever since they started, so he knows he’s more than ready to take the Alpha’s cock. He reaches back to steady himself and sits slowly down, Yoongi’s cock breaching him easily. He takes a moment to just feel, memorizing the tempo of Tae’s thrusts so that he can move in counterpoint. When Tae thrusts in Jimin pulls up, and when Tae pulls out he pushes back down. Within a few thrusts their moving in perfect tandem, tearing their Alpha apart from the inside and the outside.

Yoongi moans freely, more freely than he normally does. His hands come up to grip Jimin’s waist, but they don’t try to force or guide. It’s more like he’s just trying to anchor himself, and so Jimin let’s him.

“Are we making you feel good, hyung?” Jimin pants and Yoongi nods seriously, his little koala ears getting knocked even more askew. Taehyung brings a hand up to clamp on Jimin’s shoulder for leverage, mouthing at the back of Jimin’s neck. Jimin groans, tossing his head back so it lays acorss Taehyung’s shoulder. Taehyung takes advantage of the more exposed skin, sucking and kissing and licking all across Jimin’s neck.

Predictably, Yoongi cums first. They expect it, since he’s being the most stimulated. He cums deep into Jimin, fingers tightening to the point of pain on Jimin’s hips, but it just adds more pleasure for Jimin. Taehyung cums next, probably spurred from Yoongi milking him with his clenching hole. But as he cums, he digs his teeth into the meat of Jimin’s shoulder and the bright point of pain blurring into pleasure pushes him over the edge, as well, shooting white all over Yoongi’s stomach.

They work their way down from the crescendo, until both sets of thrusting slow to a stop. Yoongi is pulling deep, shuddery breaths like he’s overwhelmed and Jimin climbs off of him, forgoing his own discomfort to ame sure their Alpha is alright. But as he gets closer he realizes that in his slight panic he missed that Yoongi is *grinning* , so broad his gums show. Jimin grins back, leaning down to pepper kisses all over the Alpha’s face.

Taehyung appears on Yoongi’s otherside, plucking the ears off his

head and stroking Yoongi's hair softly. "You did so good for us, hyungie." He coos, nuzzling his nose across Yoongi's temple. "So, so good, we're so proud of you."

"So, so proud." Jimin adds.

They all collapse together, the Omegas completely encompassing their Alpha. They forgo clean up for the moment, prefering to bask in each other. They scent idly, stealing kisses from each other, and just enjoying the sweet afterglow.

After awhile Yoongi sighs, dropping his head back so he can look at both Jimin and Taehyung. "I love you," he murmurs. "God, I love you both so much."

The Omegas coo and purr, nuzzling into Yoongi's neck. "I love you, too, hyungie." Jimin mewls. "And I love you, Taehyungie."

Jimin can feel Taehyung's smile through Yoongi's skin. "I love you both, too. So fucking much."

They go back to scenting, to sharing kisses, bathed in the warm glow of affection and the lowering sun in their window.

Chapter End Notes

A little smut for each couple before the end :3

Also.

Next chapter is the end???? I'm. In shock. To be honest.

Please let me know what you thought?? Comments and kudos are always, always appreciated!!! <3<3<3

My twitter: rangerwray12

Group II (The Finale)

Chapter Summary

BTS has their first concert since the leak of the Namjin pictures. Will it all work out???

Chapter Notes

Just a heads up that there's gonna be a long, emotional Author's Note at the end. Enjoy the final chapter <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today is their first concert since the pictures of Namjoon and Jin were released.

The stadium was sold out, completely. Every seat is full. The boys can hear the fans screaming and chanting from where they are backstage. Tensions are running high, everyone a little more anxious than normal, but they huddle up and Namjoon does what he does best, sliding easily into his role as leader.

“We are a group. A family.” The Alpha says. “Now more than ever. All those people out there- they’re are family, too. They’ve supported us through it all. Let’s give them the show they deserve.” He puts his hand into the middle of their circle. The remaining six follow his lead. “Hana,” he starts, and the rest join in.

“Dul!”

“Set!”

“Bangtan!”

~*~

They still have a bit of time before they have to go on stage. They stay close by, but split off into groups by their relationships. Jin and Namjoon; Yoongi, Jimin, and Taehyung; and Hoseok and Jeongguk.

Jin and Namjoon are closest to where they queue to go on stage.

They're tucked against a wall, Namjoon unconsciously blocking Jin from the rest of the room with his body. Jin seems to be the most affected right now, the poor make up noonas having to retouch his eyeliner and the foundation round his eyes because he keeps breaking into tears. Namjoon had pulled him aside to attempt to calm him down more effectively.

"It's going to be okay, sweetheart." He murmurs. "Everything is going to be absolutely fine. Those people out there- they're our fans, our *ARMY* . They love and support us. They wouldn't be here otherwise."

Jin takes a deep, settling breath, blinking back still more tears. "I know, Joonie, I *know* . It's just- this is our first show since...since all this *shit* went down. I know we've had fans support us, but we've also had some turn on us. We've had people calling us fairies, *faggots* , people calling for our disbandment. I'm just- I'm terrified. We've been living in a bubble at the dorm, but this- this is *real* ."

"I know." Namjoon assures. "Believe me, baby, I know. But the best thing that we can do right now is go out there, give them our best, and show them that it's not that easy to take Bangtan down. Okay?"

Jin breathes deeply again. "Okay. Yes. Okay, we've got this."

Namjoon grins, cupping Jin's face to press a sweet kiss to his lips before taking him over to the noonas to get repowdered.

~*~

Yoongi, Jimin, and Taehyung are huddled in their own little corner. None of them are particularly worried for their own sakes- more so for Jin and Namjoon, because they know that this is going to be the hardest for them.

"Jin-hyung is taking this so hard." Jimin murmurs, playing with Taehyung's fingers that he has in his grip. "I feel so bad. I wish we could help."

"They'll be okay." Yoongi assures, as cool and strong as ever. "Namjoonie is taking care of him. Everything will be fine."

Jimin just hums, turning his gaze back to Jin and Namjoon. Jin is

smiling now, albeit weakly. Jimin smiles a little too, squeezing his fingers around Taehyung's. "Yeah. Yeah, it's gonna be okay."

Taehyung purrs, nuzzling his cheek into Jimin's. "Everything is going to be A-okay, Jiminie." He chirps. "This is gonna be our best show ever."

Jimin grins, pressing a kiss into Tae's hair. Yoongi watches them with a soft smile.

"It is, Taehyungie." Jimin agrees. "We're gonna knock 'em dead."

~*~

"Is hyung gonna be okay?" Jeongguk asks in a small voice. He and Hoseok are sitting against a wall, Jeongguk sitting in his Beta's lap.

"Of course he is." Hoseok murmurs, wrapping his arms around Jeongguk's middle and tilting side to side so that the Omega sways. "Everyone's nervous right now, but once we get out there it'll be right as rain. We'll perform, have the time of our lives, and give the ARMY an amazing show."

Jeongguk hums, putting his hands over Hoseok's. "You're right, Hobi. You're always right."

Hoseok chuckles. "Maybe not *always* , but I'll take it, bunny."

~*~

"Boys!" The concert director calls out, clapping his hands to get everyone's attention. "Time to get into places! The show starts in five!"

The seven boys group back together, pulling each other in for last minute hugs and encouraging words before they take their places. Everyone puts their game faces on, taking deep breaths and squaring their shoulders.

It’s time for the show to begin.

~*~

Each of them pours every ounce of their heart and soul into the performance. They give all of their energy to the crowd, and the crowd returns it tenfold, a continuous feedback loop that keeps them going even when exhaustion tries to creep in, even when doubts weigh too heavy on their minds. The cheers, the flashing lights of the ARMY bombs, and the little moments of support they can offer each other allows them to fight through.

The entire stadium dims between the main concert and the encore. The boys take a moment to breathe, to drain water in an attempt to rehydrate, to pull each other close despite the sweat and heat to scent each other and offer comfort and strength.

The darkness in the stadium seems to last much longer than normal when they return to the main stage, but they chalk it up to nerves and adrenaline. The line up horizontally, taking each others hands to prepare for their bows.

The lights finally come up, the screens behind them coming back alive. The crowd cheers and chants their names as they raise their hands up, and bring them back down in a low bow. They raise their hands again and catch glimpses of white, seemingly more signs in the crowd than there were before, but they continue their bows before they can notice for sure.

They break apart, smiling and clapping and pushing each other around in excitement. Jimin is the first to look out into the crowd and see what all the signs say.

“W-what is this?” He asks aloud, shocked, but a bright grin spreads across his face.

Hoseok scans the crowd next. “Oh, my god.” He breathes with a soft chuckle.

The rest realize simultaneously, exchanging shocked and confused expressions but all with smiles, albeit a little bewildered.

It seems every person in the crowd is waving a sign over their heads, blinding white with thick black characters. They all say: *Love conquers hate. We support BTS!*

Namjoon wanders over to where Jin is surveying the crowd in awe, wrapping his arm around the Omega's shoulders in a show of solidarity. The crowd screams, chants growing louder. Namjoon leans down, whispering quiet enough that their mics can't pick it up. "This is for us. For *you* . The ARMY loves you. *I* love you."

Jin stares a moment longer before breaking into a grin, whirling around to grab the front of Namjoon's jacket and pull him into a kiss.

The crowd goes *mental* , screaming and chanting something that sounds suspiciously like, " *Namjin, Namjin, Namjin, Namjin!* "

Namjoon smiles into the kiss, holding his Omega close. The managers, and especially the PR team, are going to hate them. But with Jin in his arms, the crowds overwhelming positivity flowing toward them, and the rest of the band either cooing or cajoling them, Namjoon just can't find it in himself to care.

~*~

What feels like days, but is more realistically a mere few hours, later the group is being escorted back into their hotel, skin still vibrating and ears still ringing from the concert hall.

Even though they mostly want to drop into bed and sleep for a week, they know they need to eat and the managers have set up a group meal for them in the sitting area of Jin and Namjoon's room. They're ushered there on tired feet, talking softly with each other. Yoongi has his arms wrapped around his Omegas to keep them steady, and Hoseok does much the same with Jeongguk. Jin and Namjoon walk ahead of them with the managers, probably getting quietly reprimanded for that impromptu kiss.

They're let into the room and the smells of various foods hit them. Kimchi, rice, bibimbap, japchae, barbecue, and various others all spread out across the coffee table and side tables. Their mouths salivate at the sight and smell, and they all rush to grab seats and start passing food around. There are three loveseats shoved into a

semicircle. Jin and Namjoon take one, Hoseok and Jeongguk another, and Yoongi and Jimin the final one with Taehyung wedged between their legs and the coffee table, sitting cross legged on the floor.

They eat quietly for a moment, letting the first several bites of food satiate the aching hunger created from running, jumping, and dancing on stage under stadium lights for hours and hours.

After a little bit, Hoseok leans back in his seat with a container of kimchi fried rice, Jeongguk tucked into his side with some barbecue. He turns to look and Jin and Namjoon, saying softly, “I’m really proud of you guys.” He uses his chopsticks to stir his food around. “What you did up there tonight was really brave, even if management doesn’t like it. I think it’ll send a positive message.”

A slight blush creeps up Jin’s cheeks. “Thank you, Hobi. But I’ll be honest…I wasn’t really thinking when I kissed Joonie. It just…it felt right. So I did it.” Namjoon wraps a protective arm around Jin’s shoulders, holding him close.

“I think Hoseok is right,” Namjoon says around a mouthful of rice. “There will be backlash, sure, but ultimately it shows us in a good light. It shows how much we truly care about each other.”

“The leaked pictures showed that, too.” Jimin murmurs. “Even though they were really invasive and awful because of that, the moment itself was incredibly sweet and heartfelt. Anyone could see that.”

“Except bigoted asshole,” Yoongi mutters, stuffing beef bulgogi into his mouth soon after.

Jimin shrugs. “Yeah, sure. But any normal, sane person. They could see.”

After that, the conversation turns much lighter as they finish their meal. It ranges from the show, the amazing surprise the ARMY gave them, to what they’re going to do with their free time before the next concert. Eventually, the maknae line starts to doze off, Jeongguk against Hoseok’s shoulder, Jimin against Yoongi’s, and Taehyung with his temple pressed to Jimin’s knee.

“Maybe we should all head to our rooms and go to bed.” Hoseok murmurs, stroking the fringe of Jeongguk’s hair off his forehead. Jeongguk groans, an adorable little pout tugging at his lips.

There’s a murmur of agreeance, but as his Alpha starts to make him

get up, Jimin blinks his eyes open and scans the room. “Wait,” he says, biting his lip as everyone looks at him. “I…could we have a cuddle pile tonight? I just…I thought that might be nice.”

Taehyung coos, wrapping his arm around Jimin’s calf. “That sounds really nice.” He says around a yawn. “Can we?”

Jeongguk doesn’t say anything, but makes wide, pleading eyes at Hoseok. The hyungs all look at each other with silent discussion, but they’re so lost to the maknaes that there really was no question.

“I’ll get blankets and pillows from our bed.” Namjoon says, pressing a kiss to Jin’s temple as he gets up.

Hoseok stands up, cradling Jeongguk easily in his arms. He takes him over to Taehyung, setting him gently on the floor with the other Omega. Taehyung squees as Jeongguk blinks sleepily, and Taehyung wraps himself around his best friend. Hoseok turns to Yoongi. “Hand me your room key, hyung.” He says. “I can grab more pillows and sheets from our rooms.”

Yoongi nods easily, reaching into his pocket to retrieve the key card. Hoseok takes it and heads out into the hall.

Fifteen minutes later finds the loveseats and tables pushed aside to open up a good chunk of the floor. It’s much smaller than their living room at the dorm, where they would normally do something like this, but they’ve certainly dealt with worse in their years as a group. Hoseok and Namjoon spread out thick comforters along the floor, layering sheets over them for more cushion. They then pile pillows at the “head” of their makeshift bed, finishing it all off.

Yoongi lays down first, at the leftmost edge, and Jimin and Taehyung crawl onto either side of him automatically. Jeongguk curls up next to Tae, and Hoseok takes his place behind him, pulling the Omega into his arms. Jin and Namjoon make up the right edge, slotting together easily. The space is a little cramped- a lot of legs and arms get thrown over each other until they aren’t really secluded in their little units anymore. They’re well and truly tangled together in an old school cuddle pile.

Namjoon had flipped off the light before he laid down, so they’re shrouded in darkness. They mumble goodnights to each other, and the couples press kisses to lips, cheeks, necks- wherever they can reach. It isn’t too long until they’re each drifting off, exhausted and with their bellies full.

As Yoongi drifts up, he can't help but think of how incredibly lucky he is. He thought he had it all a few months ago; a cute, passionate, loyal Omega, a promising career, and amazing group to work with. But his life became infinitely more whole, more satisfying as Taehyung entered their relationship. His heart, which he had thought wholly belonged to Jimin, opened up easily to welcome Kim Taehyung, and now that the three of them are together he could see it no other way.

Jimin also thinks of how fortunate he is. He has the most loving, caring Alpha in the world looking after him, as much as he is looks after Yoongi as well. And on top of that his best friend, his partner in crime, the last of third of his heart Kim Taehyung is by his side as well. He loves his two partners wholly and equally, and cannot believe they opened their hearts to him as well.

Jeongguk can't believe how much has changed, and yet ultimately stayed the same. A few months ago he was nineteen and stressed out- from being unpresented, from feeling like an outcast, from preparing for their comeback and practicing and everything else. But then he presented. He became an Omega, and settled into his new biology a lot easier than he expected. And then there were the hiccups with Hoseok, but they still lead to Jeongguk being happier than he could have ever imagined. Hoseok loved him for who he was before he presented, and continues to love him now. Jeongguk could ask for nothing more.

Hoseok is overwhelmed by how much he cares for the Omega curled in his arms. He'd cared for him for years, mainly as his hyung but secretly, from a distance, as something more. He never thought Jeongguk would want him, especially not after he presented. Even though it's such a stereotype, he fully expected Jeongguk to want an Alpha. He's so, so grateful that that wasn't the case. His heart feels like it's tripled in size since their relationship started, and each day that passes he finds a dozen new things to make him love his bunny a little more. He can't wait to make new memories with him.

Taehyung is convinced he's the luckiest son of a bitch in South Korea. Maybe the whole world. He has amazing friends, a skyrocketing career, and his group mates have become his second family. And now, now he has the two most perfect partners he could have ever asked for. He has a cool, confident Alpha that trusts him enough to give up the control he's fought so hard in his life for. Yoongi is so sincere, so sweet, and so much more loving than his typical outward appearance would lead to believe. And Jimin- God, Jimin is the sweetest Omega that could ever exist. Taehyung knew that before their relationship

was even a question in his mind. And now he gets to see it plus another tenfold. He's so, so lucky and he'll thank whatever being he has to every day to keep them in his life.

The last several months have been a rollercoaster for Namjoon. It started with him living practically domestically with Jin and their Bangtan family, carrying out his duties as leader and main rapper for the group and coming home to a loving embrace, a comforting scent. That was all flipped upside down when the pictures of him and Jin were leaked in the park, and Bang Sihyuk called them into a meeting. The weeks that followed were tumultuous and heartbreaking- both of them thinking the other wanted the relationship to end. But they managed to come back together (with a little help from a certain mochi) and their love is stronger than ever before. While the pictures caused a disturbance in their public image, their concert tonight more than showed that they have a wide number of fans that still love and support them. Namjoon can't wait to continue to perform for them, and to continue to push boundaries with their music.

Jin is so unbelievably happy and content with his life. He has the most caring, loving Alpha in his arms. He has five other amazing, talented, and passionate dongsaengs to care for. Their careers are at the highest yet, and it's only looking up from here. The pictures of him and Joon were unplanned, but now he sees just how they can use them as a platform for discussion, for furthering their beliefs that they've been open about up until then anyway. And maybe, just maybe, they can create a safe and healthy environment for Yoongi, Jimin, and Taehyung and Jeongguk and Hoseok to come out publicly in as well. It might take awhile, but it would be amazing nonetheless.

The group of them has grown so much; altogether and individually. New places were made, new relationships formed, but they still remain a family. And they always will be. They have so many more experiences to have, more stories to tell, more lives to touch with their music. They still have so much to do, so much of the world to explore, but they'll do it together. As a family. Because that's what they've always been, and what they will continue to be.

Chapter End Notes

(If the order that their final thoughts are in seems a little weird, it's because it's the order they were each introduced to the story :3)

This...this is it. I honestly can't believe it. This is the first long

work I've ever finished: fanfiction, original work, or otherwise. This is absolutely nuts. This story has been an absolute blast to write. It was my first venture into A/B/O, and I truly hope I did it justice. I cannot believe the following this story has amassed. I just want to say thank you to each and every one of you that has read, commented, left kudos, bookmarked, and everything else. I will be forever grateful to each and every one of you. This story has let me meet and interact with more people than I could have ever hoped. I've made some new friends through this story (you know who you are) and I have genuinely enjoyed reading and replying to all the comments on each chapter. Thank you, again, for all the feedback and support. You all are truly amazing.

And I just want to say- this isn't the end. For my writing, or even for this universe. I have plans in the works for one shots and eventually a sequel to take place in the same AU as Hello, Hello. I have other fics I want to work on first, but I will eventually return to these characters and this storyline. Don't ever doubt that < 3

I feel like I'm rambling. I just want to say thank you again. I'll never be able to say that enough. And for the last time in this fic- let me know what you thought? Comments and kudos are forever, and ever, appreciated < 3 < 3

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Fighting!

End Notes

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